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BELGIUM OLD & NEW

L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE

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·GWE·

Belgium
Old and New

In Loving Memory
of My Best Friend
A. J. C.

Maison du Roi (Broodhuis), Brussels, the Royal Entrance

Maison du Roi (Broodhuis), Brussels, the Royal Entrance

BELGIUM
OLD & NEW
GEORGE-
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"In your book," said Rarus, "pray you tell me what sort of people you found them. What do they do? Are the men likable? What the women look like. Of their inns, and how they live. Of their work and how they do it:—if there be unusual rogues among them I care not, for well I know that honest men outnumber them.—Then tell me of their good and valiant King and Queen, and if the Country be prosperous—and how much my money will buy there, and I'll thank ye,—and I'll seek the rest for myself."

"The Wanderings of Rarus."

Foreword

"To me," said King Albert, on the occasion of his triumphant entry into Brussels, "the sweetest of sounds will be the ring of the workman's hammer," and this speech proclaims the man upon whom all eyes are now turned, who occupies so modestly the position of the Hero King. And now the hammers are indeed ringing, and the country is rapidly returning to normal conditions. It is perhaps not generally known that Belgium, in proportion to its size, is the most thickly populated country in Europe; its population per square mile being more than three times that of France, and nearly double that of England.

The excellent condition of Belgium's finances and industries before the war has to a large extent made this rapid recovery possible. With an area of 11,373 square miles, somewhat larger than Vermont, and a population in 1914 of 7,500,000, equal to that of all the New England States, Belgium was the most densely populated and intensively cultivated country in the world, one man in every six being a land-owner. The thrift and industry of the Belgian people had earned their country the eighth place among the nations of the world in wealth and the sixth place in volume of total foreign trade, which in 1912 amounted to $1,723,000,000.

FOREWORD

Before the Great War the customs returns showed that commercially Belgium occupied first position as regards the value of imports for 1,000 inhabitants, and this is remarkable when it is considered that fifty years ago the little country was merely on the threshold of colonial expansion, having no shipping of her own, and depending upon foreign transport for her oversea commerce. Belgium had in that short period attained a position in the front rank of commerce by unflagging energy and enterprise, and the merited confidence inspired by the probity of her manufacturers, and the excellence of her products. Her industrial activity is displayed in almost every direction: coal mines, copper mines, iron and steel and zinc works, the manufacture of plate glass, an art in which her workmen are world famous; sugar refineries and carpet weaving—in each of these pursuits Belgium led.

What wonder then that Germany cast covetous eyes upon such a land, and quietly sent her agents with full purses to Antwerp and Brussels to purchase controlling interests in her enterprises for years before William was ready to move on the way to the Channel?

Briefly, the country is divided into two distinct regions: The western and northern portions, made up of wide plains which, especially in Flanders, are of unequalled fertility, where the inhabitants are exclusively Flemish. To the east and south the Walloons are to be

found, and here the country changes its characteristics and language; a land of wood and mountain with great escarped cliffs and mysterious horizons. Here are the grand valleys of the Meuse, Lesse, Houyoux, Ambleve, Ourthe, Semois, and the rugged summits of the ranges of the Ardennes, which formed, before the war, the regions of the great Belgian industries in coal mines, smelting and steel foundries, and glass works before mentioned.

Belgium, although thus given over to commercial enterprises and the exploitation of her mineral resources, had not entirely lost sight of the arts for which her masters were so celebrated in past centuries.

"Flanders is the epitome of the past; a marvelous relic of the Middle Ages; the cradle of two races which have produced men of state and men of affairs; bold governors; great artists and scholars, fearless warriors; a land of heroes, saints and martyrs."

The Flemish towns, bearing names renowned in the arts of painting and architecture and for the sumptuous taste of the people, still retained their characteristics up to the time when the terrible flame of war swept the land; and while Ypres has vanished forever, the cathedrals and halls of such towns as Bruges and Ghent, and Brussels and Antwerp, remain for our delight, with all their rich treasures of paintings and sculpture.

The country is so rich in resources that its complete recovery must be very rapid. Its people are workers, and

its merchants purposeful. Millions of Belgian capital are also invested in foreign and colonial enterprises. The reorganization of Siamese administrative affairs was placed in the hands of Belgians, who successfully exploited it, and the customs and postal service of Persia are managed by Belgian officials. It has perhaps been forgotten that Belgium was the first European nation to establish a railway, and that she had a greater mileage of railways in 1914 (2,530 miles) than any other continental country. These are but a few of the surprising facts concerning this tiny kingdom whose coast line on the channel is only forty-five miles in length, and whose Constitution, drafted in a time of great emergency, has only required modification in matters which the increase of population and the march of democratic ideas have brought up in every country. This is because it was based upon the principles of a very comprehensive and unfettered liberty.

Let us see something of the high state of civilization which prevailed in the low country, now Belgium, in the Middle Ages, when parchment and paper, the arts of printing and engraving, blown glass, steel, gunpowder, clocks, telescopes, the mariner's compass, the decimal notation, the reformed calendar, trigonometry, counterpoint, algebra and chemistry all were there in common use. When the Menapians occupied the provinces of Flanders, Antwerp, and Brabant, many of them held high

posts in the Imperial Roman Army. "The remains of the ancient towns in these provinces, which were overwhelmed by inundation, are at present covered by the sea, and fierce storms often cast up on the shores flotsam and jetsam bearing Latin inscriptions referring to ancient Menapians." (Grattan.) Even in the earliest period of their occupation they were known as a maritime people, exporting salt to England and salted meats to Italy. "The men," continues Grattan, "were handsome and richly clothed; and the land was well cultivated, and abounding with milk and honey." Later on they were to grow up the great merchant cities of the Hanseatic League, the pioneers of modern progress.

The Crusaders from Bruges and Ghent introduced silk and sugar into Europe; likewise the windmill, which, invented in Asia Minor and transported to Flanders, was to prove of untold value in the country's development. We find that the Flemish guilds to manufacture salt, and for bringing under cultivation the marshy grounds, ascend to the Roman epoch. (Moke's "Moeurs et Usages des Belges.") From the early seventh century Bruges, Antwerp, and Ghent are "ports," or privileged markets, serving as commercial depots for both north and south.

It was in a great degree due to the valor and prudence of Godfrey de Bouillon, a Flemish knight, and his ten thousand horsemen and eighty thousand infantrymen, that the first Crusade owed its success.

In the year 1272 there was such a body of Genoese in Flanders that Charles of Anjou petitioned to have them driven out of the country. So strong, however, was public opinion, that they remained, maintaining cordial relations, and later Philip the Fair of France compelled Guy de Dampierre to restore the property he took from the "Lombards" settled in Flanders. Dealing in money and jewels was confined strictly to these Lombard Jews. Their goods were displayed in a large warehouse called the House of the Lombards, and similar warehouses were established in other towns. Guiccardini, who is an authority upon the manners and customs of the Netherlands in the sixteenth century, was a Florentine, nephew of the famous Italian historian, who lived in Antwerp for many years, and in 1563 published there an extensive descriptive volume. Hallam, writing of the commerce of Europe, says: "The northern portion was first animated by the woolen manufactures of Flanders." A writer of the thirteenth century asserts that all the world was clothed from wool wrought in Flanders. Robertson ["Charles V," Am. Ed. 1770, i, 69] says that the manufacture of wool seems to have been "considerable in the Netherlands in the time of Charlemagne."

"The manufacture of woolen cloth was an industry so important to northern nations that its introduction marks an epoch in their history. Before this period they had nothing but skins as material for warm clothing. This

had its origin in Flanders, but at a period so early that historians cannot fix the date." (Douglas Campbell, "The Puritan in Holland, England and America.")

Thus with the cloth industry and the manufacture of silk, linen, tapestry, lace and Dinanderie or copper working, Flanders became the manufacturing as well as the commercial headquarters of the world. Her exports increased, and there gathered in her splendid cities of Bruges and Ghent the products of all markets; velvets and glass from Italy; drugs and spices from India; wines from France and Spain; furs, metals, wax and copper from Norway and Russia.

In 1370 in the town of Malines there were thirty-two hundred woolen factories, while in Ghent were gathered forty thousand weavers and one hundred and eighty-nine thousand members of Guilds bearing arms. Bruges had a Guild of Goldsmiths in 1380 which formed an entire army division. (Taine, "Art in the Netherlands," page 86.)

About 1380, the English, taught by the Flemish emigrants, first began to make coarse woolen cloth. (Southerden Burns. "Protestant Refugees in England," page 4.) When Philip the Good founded at Bruges his new order of chivalry, he chose as an emblem a golden fleece. The Artists of the Netherlands (Flanders) had woven the wool into gold. (Conway's "Early Flemish Artists," page 57.)

FOREWORD

With wealth pouring in from all quarters, art naturally followed in the wake of commerce. Nowhere was the cultivation of architecture more general than in Flanders. Knowledge of the Middle Ages is so imperfect that little can be written with certainty about the men who designed and built the wondrous cathedrals and guild halls; but it is believed that these superb structures owe their origin to a great secret masonic league or guild, bound probably by religious vows, with headquarters in France and the Netherlands, and branches elsewhere in Europe. To a branch of this league are attributed the splendid buildings with which the Netherlands adorned the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. "Chief among these buildings were the cathedrals of Flanders and Brabant" (Motley). Burgher opulence and energy are grandly and vigorously expressed in the secular buildings of these towns. For example, we have the Hall of the Cloth Makers (destroyed in 1915), at Ypres; Town Hall at Bruges, 1284; Council House at Bruges, 1377; Council House at Brussels, 1401–55; the still more magnificent Town Hall at Louvain, belonging to the second half of the fifteenth century; and that at Oudenarde, built in 1527—(destroyed in 1915). (Lubke's "History of Art.")

In presenting this study of economic life and manners of the Belgians, the result of years of observation and sympathetic appreciation of the remarkable qualities

of the people of whom so little was known up to the outbreak of the war, the author realizes that it is far from complete, that it contains many errors, some misstatements and omissions, and that he has merely touched superficially upon the lives, manners, and admirable accomplishments of the Belgians, whose fair country has yet again served as "the Cockpit of Europe," but he ventures the hope that the reader will discover, writ between the lines, something of the enthusiasm which animated his work. The author desires to express his appreciation and thanks to the Belgian Consul in New York, the Hon. Pierre Mali, for his kindly interest and assistance in furnishing many details otherwise unobtainable, and also to Messrs. Winkelmolen, Coninckx, and Claessens of Antwerp for the verification of important historical data, expressly stating that none of these gentlemen are responsible for the defects of the book, or for any of the statements or conclusions.

THE AUTHOR.

Greenwich, Connecticut, July, 1920.

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Belgium
Old and New

Prosperity and the "Flamingant" Movement

NO sooner was the Armistice signed, than Antwerp awoke as from a terrible nightmare. The open gateway of the nation, through which it receives and sends forth the products of the industrious people, its docks, once more resound with the clamor of a busy mart, and already it has resumed its place as one of the chief ports of Europe. Belgian exports, especially its coal,

are again going forth, and this is certainly an excellent symptom of the Renaissance. For the first time in history the Belgian franc exceeds the French franc in value.

Against this cheerful tableau is the national debt of 18,000,000,000 francs, and the havoc and ruin of the Belgian factories, the result of the German removal and destruction of machinery and buildings. Although a number of these have been rebuilt and equipped with restored and new machinery, many hundreds of the great works are still in a ruinous state, and this has brought about a new danger which is causing great anxiety to the Belgian capitalists and employers.

There has been a great exodus of workmen to England and France from the districts where the factories are ruined. The French have offered very high wages, and a good Belgian workman can get ten thousand francs a year in France with better living, whereas formerly in Belgium he received hardly more than a third of that sum. What wonder then that he is eager to leave the country.

One learns from the leading journals that the country now is not so much concerned over the industrial conditions as it is about the political problem now confronting it. The leading men do not now fear the menace of revolution which before the outbreak of the Great War had assumed threatening proportions. Belgium then had an anarchical party working with more or less secrecy to un-

dermine the foundations of social order, but, as one official said, "The great mass of the Belgian people are gifted with a fund of common sense which will render any such attempt abortive." The Belgians are slow and not easily fired by any show of passionate emotion. What is really more of a danger to the unity of the country is the attempt to separate the people by a linguistic division.

It is difficult for a foreigner to understand what is now happening in Belgium. There is a very strong and determined movement on the part of the Flemish-speaking people to boycott the use of French as a national secondary language. The people now for many years have been bilingual—Flemish and Walloons. French was the official language of the courts and municipalities of the country before the Austrian domination. German propaganda, before and during the Great War, inaugurated a powerful campaign to drive the use of French from the schools and the press, and substitute Flemish as the written and spoken tongue. To those who cannot read between the lines this may seem merely historical, and of trivial importance. Really it represents a great danger to the nation. It is carefully nursed and fomented by reactionaries who fear the loss of the power they hitherto have held.

Before the war the clericals were most powerful in all matters of state. They were closely organized and held

a majority of the seats in Parliament. They are now faced by a proportional representation, and also the increasing power of the labor groups. Their majority is thus challenged and at stake, and they see in the future little chance of maintaining their former mastery of the Government unless their arguments prevail with the people. The Flemish movement being powerfully supported by the various parish priests—who are almost entirely recruited from the peasant class—the clerical party, by the use of the reactionary spirit, hopes that they may retain their strength and power.

The most liberal minded of the Catholics, headed by Cardinal Mercier, are all said to be strongly opposed to the so-called Flemish movement, and the attempt to separate religion from politics. They desire the maintenance of the Flemish tongue, but they also advocate the retention of the bilingual system which unites the two peoples and enables them to maintain their relationship with European culture. The men who are now at work to nullify this "Flamingant" movement are all men of the highest order of intelligence and patriotism, and the new party which they are forming aims at the gathering together of all the liberals in the nation, whatever their religious belief, to work for the unity and progress of Belgium, and its attainment of a larger place in the great world by right of industry, liberty, and social well-being. They look to the demobilized soldier, now rapidly resum-

ing his place in the rebuilt workshops and mills, to help them attain this place. These soldiers have had their baptism of fire; they have been in touch with the men of other nations, and their point of view must necessarily be enlarged and broadened. The problems of life have been brought before them, and they have seen death in horrible form. These men now think as they never thought before. They are become the propagandists of national Belgian unity. They must see more clearly the reason of closer communion with their neighbors; that suspicion of the good will shown them is unworthy, and that the future prosperity of Belgium is in the hollow of their hands.

Three socialist ministers, Wauters, Anseele, and Vandervelde, are at the head of the administration, and are exerting a powerful influence in discouraging the strike tendencies among the workmen, due to propaganda. These officials, aided by such men as M. Ferdinand Neuray, editor of the *Nation Belge*, which has a wide and rapidly increasing influence throughout Belgium, are keeping constructive ideals before the eyes of the workmen, and there are also very able administrators like M. Jaspar, Minister of Economic Affairs, and M. Renkin, Minister of Railways, whose work has been of the very greatest importance in the reconstruction of the destroyed railway system of Belgium.

The problem which confronted M. Renkin might have

appalled another man, but to-day,—due to his efforts—the activity of the railways is a definite economic advantage over both France and Germany. At the date of the signing of the Armistice, according to his report, the Belgian State Railways had scarcely five hundred locomotives available, and some of these needed repairs; yet, on the first of October last, two thousand passenger trains were in operation over reconstructed lines, and he was able to move 178,000 tons of freight. This is a remarkable result, when one reads in the report that practically the whole railway system west and south of a line drawn through Alost to the German frontier was completely destroyed by the Germans before they retired. All the bridges and the railway stations were blown up, and the rails were so twisted as to be useless. The whole signaling apparatus was destroyed; yet now, he says, the entire Belgian system of railways, except for about fifty kilometers of branch lines, is in working order and operated.

Of course the railways could not be run without coal, and it is a fact that the coal mines are now almost in full operation and producing not merely enough to run the railways and the rebuilt factories, but producing a larger proportion of their pre-war output than those of any country in Europe. Factories for the production of beet sugar are also in operation, likewise a number of those devoted to the production of glass, matches, and textiles. Thus little Belgium, for years prostrate beneath the heel

of the invader, is once more erect and bravely hard at work. The port of Antwerp is again open, and there is now a great coming and going of ships, all laden with prosperity.

"Vive la Belgique!" The world rejoices.

The Campine and Beyond

ON the way to Liége, after leaving Louvain, one takes leave once for all of everything Flemish. Here is a new harvest of Belgian characteristics, and one is in the midst of another order of landscape. Brabant may be described as a sort of halting place between Flanderland and Liégeland. Westward lie the lowlands, the sand dunes, and the North Sea. Eastward are the wooded hills, the first encompassing husbandry; the latter, manufacturing interests. Between the two is Brussels, like unto a vast, open-mouthed pocket into which the abundant treasure of both provinces is poured. Above the line of Antwerp, Malines, and Louvain is the great region, little known to the tourist, called the Campine, which divides north from south Belgium. The diversity of the landscape of Belgium has been well described by an Englishman (Mr. C. B. Huet) as "a faithful picture of the national unity born from opposite principles."

Belgium is strikingly different from Holland, although the Flemish and Dutch tongues are so similar. In little Belgium one may see the sun rise over the sand dunes at

the edge of the North Sea, and see it setting the same day among the cliffs of the wooded Ardennes, the smoking furnaces of Liége, or among the black pits of the Borinage. One may take luncheon on the Place Verte to the sound of the silvery chimes in the Cathedral, and sup well at "The Rosette" at Spa. When on the little glass-covered terrace of this most famous hostelry, which is run by the former chef of the late Queen of the Belgians, he can be sure of his omelette.

In his "Patria Belgica," M. Eugene Van Bemmelen has so well described the Campine district, that one cannot do better than quote it: "With the exception of the territory in the immediate neighborhood of Antwerp and Malines, the remainder of the province, and nearly the whole of Belgian Limburg are comprised in the Campine: a vast region of moorland extending to the Dutch frontier. To fully appreciate the aspect of the Campine, one must do more than follow the high roads and the banks of the canals. Favored by improved means of communication, these spots merely represent the numerous attempts at reclaiming the land, attempts which have converted certain localities into what fitly may be called the battlefield of agricultural experiment. The soil adjacent to the communes has been greatly improved, and the crops remind one now and then of those of more prolific countries. The villagers have their dwellings close to one another; they are well constructed, kept in good repair, and

upon the whole unlike the preconceived ideas with regard to them. Among the towns Herenthals, the capital of the Campine, has a very interesting appearance, thanks to its long street gradually widening into an oval open square, in the center of which uprises the Town Hall with its belfry; after which it becomes narrower and narrower, and ceases abruptly on the confines of the country. Nor should we omit to mention a few country seats like Westerloo, surrounded by magnificent parks, at the end of which runs the Grande Nethe, and a few priories like that of Averbode, preserved in almost pristine splendor, or like that of Tongerloo, which has nothing left of its past grandeur but an imposing avenue of centenarian lime trees. But all this is not the Campine, and has no interest save for its presenting the unexpected contrast of civilization in the midst of the desert. To get the full impression of this strange contrast, of the weird nature of the whole, we must make our way by hill and dale direct from Diest or Sichem to Averbode, and from Averbode to Westerloo. Several very steep banks topped by stunted larches and fantastically shaped old pines are but the introduction to the scene, then come vast tracts of gorse, of small heather; huge tufts of broom grass, very like hair standing on end, a mass of somber coarse vegetation, altogether contrasting with the green, calm, smiling landscape on the banks of the Demer one has just left. In a little while we get to the endless plantations of firs

of all sizes, intersected only now and then by downright oceans of sand, and sand hills spotted with bluish patches like ash heaps. Long avenues where one sinks knee deep in grass, or ankle deep in fine impalpable sand, wind across the forest, their paths and ruts sloping now this way, then that. Solitude reigns supreme; silence everywhere, not even a singing bird; one hears nothing but the hum of the bee as it poises on the heather bloom, and the keen and melancholy winds soughing through the tops of the fir trees. The tourist who enters the Campine from the land of Waes between Ghent and Antwerp, can scarcely believe that nothing but a river divides him from the Garden of Flanders. The environs of St. Nicolas and the environs of Averbode appear each to be situated in a different part of the world, or only to belong to each other like 'Arabia Petra' and 'Arabia Felix.' As eagerly as husbandry made itself master of the soil in one region, as indifferently did it abdicate to the picturesque in the other, leaving moor and fir undisputed sway. Railways, as I have already said, intersect the Campine without having inspired the least wish to reclaim the land. Canals do not exist. Sand and pine woods and heather claim half the province of Limburg for their own." (C. B. Huet.)

"The Limburg Campine," continues M. Van Bemmelen, "presents different aspects still; some more melancholy, others more austere. In parts, fir plantations less

dense and fewer than elsewhere do not obstruct the view; and one beholds an immense plain, dotted with small hillocks and riddled with swamps and peat bogs. To the north of Hasselt and Diepenbeck one comes first of all upon some pastures with stunted and straggling grass, and equally meager crops, surrounded by oak fencing. Towards Beeringen on one side and Genck on the other, bogs and stagnant ponds succeed each other uninterruptedly, and lend themselves to a kind of romantic poesy that has often attracted the landscape painter. The effect is especially striking when at nightfall those silent water sheets reflect the setting sun and lurid copper sky, while everything else around is already wrapt in darkness, and the outlines of the few juniper trees and gnarled pines stand boldly against the clear horizon in the far distance. But woe betide the stranger who loses his way here at dusk, woe to him if even in the day time he should deviate from the beaten track; should venture on those 'mosslands' ('Veenen' they are called in Flemish) whose surface when dry seems substantial enough, but when one lingers upon it, gives way, opens, and becomes an abyss that does not give up its prey."

Between Hasselt and Leuven one comes upon the strange, little, almost forgotten town of Los, which is called Loon by the people of the countryside. Lying at the foot of a hill, it straggles along the road in a haphazard fashion at once comical and melancholy, formed over

from the hilltop by the ruins of a former mighty stronghold. There is no railway near it, and there is, seemingly, little reason for its existence. According to history however Los was of considerable importance in the sixteenth century, for the Bishops of Liége descended upon its stronghold and drove the family of Count Vossins, one of the chief supporters of the Reformation, into exile.

In this castle of Loon, Ada of Holland spent the last few years of her life, and in the Abbey of Herkenrode is still to be seen the tomb of this unhappy woman and her lord and master.

The inquisitive tourist in search of information finds that considerably more than one-half of the population of the Kingdom of Belgium lives away from the large towns and cities. To this fact is attributed the remarkably cultivated appearance of the landscape as seen from the windows of the railway carriages, especially in the provinces of Flanders, Brabant and Hainaut, where the farms and houses are so close together that it seems to be one continuous village in the midst of beautifully cultivated fields.

The district west of the Scheldt River, known as the "Pays de Waes," extending from Antwerp southwest to the city of Ghent, formerly an almost desert waste of marsh and bog, was, at the outbreak of the war, an almost unbroken area of splendidly cultivated market gardens.

In these fields the peasants toil the livelong day from early dawn to nightfall, and at the end of the day one sees long lines of peasants wending their way homeward, across the fields. It would seem as though the lot of the Belgian laborer must be intolerably hard.

Throughout the two provinces of Flanders, which produces more than half of the total crops of the kingdom, there are no great landed proprietors with extensive holdings. The soil has been parcelled out generally among the peasant class, and where the commune owns the land, as in Hainaut and Brabant, the holdings are sublet to competent farmers who have the means and the ability to work such large tracts, instead of dividing them. In Flanders, however, the small proprietor is the rule. The reason for this difference is said to be due to the fact that up to the French occupation in 1795, Belgium was controlled by the civic and feudal representatives of the aristocracy and the church. Of these the latter was the chief proprietor of the soil, owning more than double the amount of cultivated land controlled by the nobles. These last had not the capital nor the labor to make their holdings productive, and their possessions consisted of great forests and unworked and unproductive plains.

Upon the annexation of Belgium by France, all lands claimed and controlled by the church and the nobility were at once forfeited, and turned over to actual farmers. Thus the Flemish peasants became actual owners of the

land they worked. At that time only a small proportion of the farm lands was under cultivation, the population being sparse, and much ready capital was required for clearing and tilling the ground. For this reason the vast territory of Brabant and Namur remained uncultivated, while in Flanders, which was more thickly populated, the whole countryside soon became a garden spot.

Later on, when the fierce ardor of Republicanism in Brabant and Namur cooled somewhat, many of the proprietors returned to their homes, and gradually recovered and occupied their former possessions without hindrance because the land was not then considered of great value. Some of these nobles afterwards repurchased the estates from the communes of Brabant for nominal sums. The overthrow of Napoleon was marked by a general recovery of the estates of the aristocracy, subject however to certain rights of occupation on the part of the farmers. In Flanders however the new rights of the grantees displaced forever the ancient title deeds. One finds on inquiry that there are now practically no great landed estates such as are to be found over the border. The only really large holdings are now in the Ardennes and thereabouts where the land is considered of comparatively small value, and almost entirely unproductive.

Judging by a superficial view, the lot of the Belgian laborer seems a very sordid and unhappy one, but official authorities deny this. They emphasize the fact that the

laborer is working for himself and his own profit, and thus performs more or less cheerfully and willingly tasks which he would otherwise refuse to undertake. The women and children toil early and late in the fields as travelers have noted from the windows of railway trains passing through the country, but they are far from discontented with their lot.

Market gardening in Belgium is really a science, but of course such labor is not calculated to produce a high degree of intelligence among the people, so that they are, as has been said of them by writers, "sunk in a state of extraordinary ignorance." On the other hand the heads of the church point to their record as "sound Catholics."

Seen close at hand toiling in the fields they are certainly not picturesque as are the peasants of Holland or France. They wear little or nothing distinctive as a costume. The men wear a clumsy sort of cap with a peak, a short smock of "glazy" dark blue linen, rough-woven corduroy trousers, bound about the calf of the leg with a string, and on their feet large wooden sabots painted yellow. The women wear a nondescript jacket and dress of some dark woolen stuff, and on their heads a stiff linen bonnet.

These people are not meat eaters, their breakfast before going into the fields consists of simply a poor grade of coffee and thick slices of coarse rye bread. In the middle of the day they eat bread dipped in grease or

"tartine," and wash it down with thin sour beer called "Faro." Their supper, long after sundown, is of a thick vegetable soup with thin strips of bacon, and rye bread. As a rule each family keeps a pig, or a large number of rabbits and chickens.

In Flanders the laborers' houses are huddled together so that the high road is lined with them, one town merging into another; but in Walloon they live in scattered communities.

It is hard to ascertain the amount earned by the laborer per annum. One is informed, however, that the average is about five hundred francs, and that upon this sum a Flemish laborer can manage to live, providing he has no rent to pay. This is hard to believe, but it comes from a high source of information.

Passing from the Campine district to the region of Liége, one happens upon the types of ancient "châteaux" and chalets. These old places are most pleasingly picturesque, with their walled gardens and small forests. Built generally of a sort of brownish yellow stone which mellows beautifully with age, they harmonize delightfully with the landscape, and recall those minute photographic descriptions by Balzac in his novels. The families occupying these ancient châteaux are said to be most exclusive, and to maintain much of the ancient customs of régime.

The ambition of the Belgian merchant is to have a

"chalet au campagne," so, as soon as he has gained a competence, he proceeds to Walloon country and there erects a brick or stone villa surrounded invariably with a high brick wall. The favorite style seems to be red brick with yellow or white trimmings, and ornamented with iron balconies and a steep blue-slate roof. A piazza, as we know it, is never to be seen, and the front door, generally quite narrow, and reached by a steep flight of brick steps, is a marked feature of these modern villas of which the owners seem very proud. They are occupied for only a few months in the year, and thus locked, bolted and barred, they seem all the more incongruous with their surroundings.

In this region the small houses of the peasantry are better built and seemingly cleaner than those in Flanders, being of stone and often covered with vines. On the ground floor is the general living-room and kitchen in one, with a sort of ell at the side or back where the servants sleep. Overhead there are several bedrooms and these with a large loft under the roof complete the accommodation. Each house has an immense barn as solidly built as the house, and there is almost invariably a huge pile of manure uncovered in the yard, most disagreeable and distressing to the stranger, but which the inhabitants not only do not mind, but point to with great pride, since to them it is of the greatest value and importance on the farm. While the Walloon lives on meager fare, he

waxes healthy upon it, and by reason of the climate and surroundings, is of a larger and lustier frame than the Fleming, and consequently more representative of the Belgian race.

Antwerp

PERHAPS no other country in Europe is so devoid of what is called "scenery" as Belgium from the coast to Brussels. Entering the wide mouth of the Scheldt from the Channel, the traveler sees on the right hand a long, low line of grayish-yellow sand dunes fringed with coarse grass, occasional sparse clumps of dwarf spruce, and here and there a tall tower of some church showing against the generally luminous sky. On the left are the clustering roofs and towers of Flushing in Holland.

The fifty miles of river up to Antwerp is bordered by high embankments on both sides to protect the flat country, and is lined with guns and forts, so jealous of its rights over the river and Dutch Zeeland is Holland. It is ever a sore spot in the economy of Belgium that she was compelled to give up her rights and recognize the sovereignty of Holland over the mouths of the river Scheldt and its southern bank, which had formerly been part of the Belgian Province of Flánders; hence the name of Dutch or Zeeland-Flanders, by which it is still called to-day. Belgium now claims the return to her

The Terraces—Antwerp

of the small but important territory wrenched from her in 1839, as a consequence of Treaties of Neutrality intended to protect Belgium, but the futility of which was demonstrated in 1914, when Germany called them "mere scraps of paper." Belgium urges that "the Treaties of 1839 were imposed by the Great Powers of Europe on Belgium, after her revolution against Holland." The War of 1914, which started by the appalling violation of that neutrality guaranteed by the powers, by one of its principal guarantors, has destroyed the whole system of 1839, and makes its reconstruction imperative.

The claims of Belgium in reference to these questions were presented to the conference, and the French Foreign Minister, M. Stephen Pichon, read to them the report of the commission which examined the subject, and whose conclusions were wholly favorable to the Belgian claims. The report exhaustively sets forth details of these claims, and concludes by saying: "Endless trouble (to reach Antwerp) arises from the way in which the officials of the Dutch Government, inevitably in favor of Rotterdam as against the Belgian ports of Antwerp and Ghent, carry out the agreements concluded for the maintenance, at Belgian expense, of the channel in the muddy river and of the small harbor of Terneuzen, which is the outlet of the ship canal from Ghent to the sea, through the Dutch Territory."

The contention of Belgium is that both for the safe-

guard of its military security on the north, and for its economical development, it must have absolute control of the southern half of the River Scheldt, which implies possession of its left bank. The experience of 1914 has made it clear that unless Antwerp can maintain even in time of war its free access to the sea, unhampered by the quibbles of a neutral neighbor, the position of Antwerp is rendered indefensible for any length of time. It can almost entirely be surrounded on land, while it is cut off from any military assistance whatever by its normal way of access from the sea. The peril is made all the more acute by the fact that Antwerp is the only seaport available in Belgium for big ships such as army and ammunition transports. The harbors on the flat coast of Flanders are small, and cannot, by the nature of the land and the sea, furnish anything like sufficient bases to take the place of Antwerp. From the economical point of view it is absolutely necessary that Belgium obtains the right to manage without let or hindrance, as a sovereign and independent power, the whole water system, not only of the channel of Scheldt River from Antwerp to the sea, but also of the low lying lands of Northern Flanders and of the ship canal from the port of Ghent to the Scheldt at Terneuzen. Quite recently a prominent Dutch jurist, Prof. Van Eygina, has acknowledged that the only country concerned in the navigability of the river Scheldt, is Belgium. "The keys to Antwerp are at present in for-

eign hands; Belgium claims them back on the strength of principles of international law, to-day universally proclaimed, but never before respected in the case under consideration." (Statement in support of the claim to the left bank of the river Scheldt . . . brought by Belgium before the Peace Conference in Paris.) According to latest reports a "modus vivendi" or agreement between Holland and Belgium as to the operation of the Scheldt and the Ghent canal at Terneuzen has been amicably arranged by the representatives of the two Governments. (1920.)

Regarding the question of the return of Limburg to Belgium, M. Stephen Pichon [1] urged that the difficulty arose, at least partly, out of the iniquitous instrument of 1648. The Treaty of Munster gave to the Netherlands the city of Maestricht, whereas the balance of Limburg remained attached to the Belgian provinces.

In 1713 the Netherlands obtained a few more sections of Limburg; but both new acquisitions, and the City of Maestricht, were reincorporated in the Belgian provinces, where they belonged under Napoleon I.

In 1815, however, the whole territory, according to the new Treaty of Vienna, was delivered over, along with the Belgian provinces, to the newly established Kingdom of the Netherlands, but was always considered a part of the Belgian provinces. When Belgium revolted

[1] At the Peace Conference in Paris.

against the obstinate misrule of King William I of Holland, the whole of Limburg, and for that matter the whole of Luxemburg, sided with the Belgian provinces. Their deputies in the Netherlands Parliament had always sat on the Belgian or Southern benches of that Assembly, and naturally felt the same grievances against the autocrat who favored his Northern Dutch subjects more than his Belgian Southern people.

However, the influence of his particular friend, the King of Prussia, was brought to bear on the London conference after the 1830 revolution, and at the Peace Conference in Paris one-half of both Limburg and Luxemburg, over and against the furious protests of the populations of these countries, was given to the King of Holland in order to compensate him for the loss of his Duchy of Nassau, which Prussia had taken from him.

"The possession of the Southern part of Dutch Limburg in the hands of Holland practically lays the northeastern frontier of Belgium open to all attacks, because the Dutch Government recognizes the impossibility of defending Limburg against an invader coming from the East, that part of the province is so narrow (in one place it forms a small neck of land hardly five miles wide, between Germany and Belgium) that an army defending Maestricht would be in perpetual danger of being instantly cut off from the rest of Holland. It is this fact which prevented Holland from providing for the security

of that part of her territory in 1914, and practically compelled her in November, 1918, to let a whole German army escape through Limburg into Germany with baggage, cattle, and plunder carried from Belgium.

From the economical point of view it is absolutely necessary for the port of Antwerp to gain an easy and direct access to the enormous coal fields of Westphalia in Western Germany, and that can only be achieved by digging a large ship-canal on level ground from Antwerp to Duisburg, clear across the territory which is now Dutch Limburg. Belgium's contention on this point is based not only on the direct importance of Antwerp for Belgium itself, but on the international importance which attaches to the full development of a great international port such as Antwerp; whereas Holland's attitude has always, and naturally of course, been inspired by the idea of fostering the port of Rotterdam exclusively. Belgium's claim is dictated by the anxiety for Antwerp's future, in which it sees not Rotterdam's rival (Antwerp's prosperity need not detract from Rotterdam's own advantages), but an economic factor quite as important for the welfare of the whole of Western Europe as it is for Belgium itself.

"Thus," says M. Pichon, "Belgium does not want to grab territory from Holland. It only craves a reconsideration of the iniquitous arrangement of 1648–1839, in the light of modern principles, and offers ample com-

pensation. It is pointed out in this regard, that for the same reason that Belgium considers itself entitled to the left bank of the Scheldt and to the southern part of Limburg, it maintains that Holland is fully entitled to claim from Germany a couple of provinces which are really Dutch territory, and largely inhabited by Dutch speaking people, namely Ostfriesland and Cleef. She would find there not only ample compensation from the economic point of view, but an accretion of security for her own territory from the strategic point of view. The southern part of the territories especially would provide Holland with a rich industrial region and abundant coal fields, and its possession would protect large Dutch cities, as Nymegen for instance, which is only about one mile from the frontier and completely undefended from any attack from the East. The desire is expressed in Belgium, in case these necessary arrangements are granted, to show due respect to the people occupying the areas which must needs change hands, that none of the inhabitants of the territory claimed by Belgium, as a matter both of justice and necessity, must be made to change their allegiance to Holland, and some combination may easily be devised to allow them to retain, not only their nationality, but even some form of local self government suitable to their novel condition, until they themselves acknowledge the benefit which the new situation con-

fers upon them, and express the desire to become Belgian citizens.

"Although any idea of giving up territory to Belgium is looked upon by Holland with more or less horror and indignation, some of the newspapers in the Netherlands discuss the matter quite calmly. One of these published in Hulst in Dutch Flanders, called the *Volkswil* (The People's Will) actually stated as far back as 1911, that the 'honest way out of the difficulty would be to give that territory back to Belgium, so as to make it a living province instead of a neglected far away corner of Holland,' but at that time, for obvious reasons, the Belgian Government could not raise the question, nor would the Dutch Government do it. And early in 1914, the same newspaper claimed that 'the Treaty of Munster had been an ethical crime against both Belgian Flanders and Southern Zeeland, and that the whole future of Holland is conditioned by the restoration of Southern Zeeland to its Belgian cradle, because the present régime in that part of the country is one of oppression both in the economical and political sense.'

"No wonder," he concludes, "therefore, that official pressure succeeds in calling forth a number of addresses of loyalty to the Queen of the Netherlands. In Limburg, only 38% of the population could be got to sign such documents, the papers must acknowledge that there

is no real popular love for Holland, and the Governor of the province has recently brought about the removal of officers of the Dutch Army, because they had declined to join the movement."

It was of Antwerp that Napoleon said, after the city had come into possession of the French in the wars of the Revolution, "c'est un pistolet chargé que je tiens à la gorge de l'angleterre;" and he believed it to be such, for it was then not only one of the most strongly fortified cities of the world, but one of the greatest commercially. Apart from this, he regarded it as one of the priceless jewels of his crown. He was enraptured over its ancient guild halls and Flemish houses; its lace-like Cathedral tower, its magnificent art collections, and its superb river alive with commerce and traffic. At once he set about enlarging its already great docks and planned the vast basins carried out by Napoleon III which still bear his name. Situated fifty miles up the estuary from the sea, the city queens it over the River Scheldt which is here of great breadth, forming a semi-circular area with extensive, if now obsolete, fortifications on both banks.

Tradition ascribes the name of Antwerp (Flemish "Antwerpen") to Handwerpen (Throw the Hand) from the legend of one Antigonus who was said to be in the habit of cutting off the hands of the unfortunate captains of vessels who refused to pay ransom or toll, and throwing the bleeding hand over the castle wall "pour en-

courager les autres." Some authorities, however, say that the name means "lay to" or "alongside," and this is more probable. Thus the word means the unloading place, quay or wharf, where vessels might lay to and unload, for already in the thirteenth century Antwerp had an immense trade with the ports of the Orient, and this increased remarkably up to the middle of the sixteenth century when the quarrel with Philip II resulted in war.

Antwerp in the middle of the sixteenth century was, next to Paris, the largest city in Europe. In its superb Exchange five thousand merchants daily congregated. Twenty-five hundred merchant vessels often lay at once at its wharves. Guicciardini says that the city contained ten thousand carts constantly employed in carrying merchandise to and from the neighboring country, besides hundreds of wagons for passengers, and five hundred coaches used by people of distinction. "In 1564 the first coach was introduced into England from the Netherlands, being imported for the use of Queen Elizabeth." (Drake's "Shakespeare and his Times," page 415.) "It caused great astonishment among the islanders."

Many of the merchants were possessed of great wealth. The Fuggers of Augsburg, Germany, with a house at Antwerp, furnish the most notable example of the vast fortunes accumulated by manufacturers and commerce during the Middle Ages. Antony, one of the two

brothers, who died at this time, left six million gold crowns, besides jewelry and other valuable property, and landed possessions in all parts of Europe and in both the Indies. It was of him that the Emperor Charles V, when viewing the royal treasures at Paris, exclaimed, "There is at Augsburg a linen weaver who could pay as much as this with his own gold." Of him also the story is told that, receiving on one occasion a visit from the Emperor, he heated the halls of his princely dwelling with cinnamon wood, and kindled the fire with bonds for an immense sum representing money borrowed from him by his royal guest.

In wealth the Fuggers were the Rothschilds of their time, while in political influence they far surpassed this modern family. Both brothers were ennobled by Charles V, and in 1619 forty-seven counts and countesses were numbered among their descendants. Later some of them became princes of the empire, and in the beginning of this century their landed estates covered about four hundred and forty square miles. Like the other continental merchants of their time, Antony and his brother Raimond were liberal patrons of literature and the Arts. Their houses were filled with rare paintings and costly books; they supported artists and musicians, founded hospitals, schools, and charitable institutions almost without number. "At this time (says Motley) the Sovereign was simply Marquis of Antwerp, and was

sworn to govern according to the ancient Charters and laws."

The city then had "upwards of two hundred thousand inhabitants, nearly all rich"; thus Philip's hangman (The Duke of Alva) found it, and in a word brought ruin and devastation to it at the hands of ruthless soldiers. After repeated onslaughts covering twenty-three years, in 1590 the inhabitants had been reduced to a pitiful fifty-three thousand all told, and when by the clause in the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, the Scheldt River was closed to commerce, it was further reduced to thirty-five thousand. It languished until after the French Revolution, when Napoleon revived its shattered fortunes; thereafter it grew by leaps and bounds. Fortune flowed towards it upon the bosom of the Scheldt, and there is not in all Europe a city of greater interest for historical story, for art and for splendor than Antwerp.

The artists love it for its shrines of Rubens, Metsys, Van Dyck, Teniers, and Jordaens. Strange it is that Antwerp, the Great Commercial City, should have retained its dominant position as the custodian of the world's rarest and most perfect treasures of art. Metsys the blacksmith's apprentice, according to a popular [and unconfirmed] story, rose to eminence here in a little dark street of the ancient Spanish Quarter. Dying in 1530, he was spared the painful experience and sights of the Spanish domination. To him there was no other Em-

peror Charles than that resplendent youth who made his triumphal entry into Antwerp on that bright sunny day in 1520. Metsys belongs to that period preceding the struggles of The Netherlands. It was after his death that the religious persecution began in Belgium. His family, living in Louvain, suffered terribly at the hands of the reformers. His niece Catherine, who had married a woodcarver named Jan Beyaerts, was accused of heresy, and both she and her husband were put to the rack, on which, forced by their agonies, they both confessed that they believed neither in the Pope nor transubstantiation. They were beheaded publicly in the great market place, though some say that Catherine was buried alive. The accounts state that Catherine's fellow victim, the wife of a burgher, had a lovely young daughter, who witnessed her mother's treatment in the market place, and when she saw the black robed priests filling up the pit, her strength failed her and she fled hither and yon through the streets of the town calling upon Heaven to witness the horrible deed. The Latin account is by an eye witness: "The terrible cries of agony from those being tortured in the cells were heard throughout the town, so that even Inhumanity and Cruelty themselves should have been moved to mercy and compassion."

Antwerp of 1520 was described well in the Diary of the Great Painter Albert Dürer, who was certainly a good Lutheran though not an intolerant one. His ar-

tistic eye delighted in the rich draperies and decorations of the city prepared for the entry of Emperor Charles. He entered minutely in his diary every detail of the splendor and cost, each item set down in orderly fashion. Thus one reads that the great triumphal arch in the Grand Place, cost "four thousand guilders" for "paintings and joinery."

Observing the procession with the eye of an artist seeking for color and line, he records his impressions as follows: "The whole population of the City of Antwerp seemed to be assembled in the streets in and about the Grand Place and before the Church of Our Lady which was hung with flags, banners of the Shields, and green garlands. The craftsmen and the members of the corporations were costumed in most costly fashion, each according to his station and position, wearing his distinctive badge whereby one might recognize his guild. Among the most noteworthy objects which they carried about were the large costly wax candles, and their old-fashioned elongated silver trumpets. There were also a great many pipers and drummers clad in German style, who with their musical instruments produced a 'powerful sound and most terrific noise.' That is how I saw them march through the streets, very distinct and widely separated, each guild from the other, that there might be no mistaking them, so that there was ever a long distance between them. They proceeded in this order:

Antwerp.
Guild Houses
JMC
©

row of prophets and scenes from the New Testament, the Salutation of the Angels, and three Magi riding on dromedaries with a following of blacks and gorgeously clad Egyptians, and various rare and wonderful animals tastefully equipped, also the flight of Our Lady into Egypt very reverently represented. Then came a huge dragon led by a rope in the hands of Saint Margaret and her maidens. The former was in front and followed by St. George and his servants, a very brave warrior in breastplate and glittering helmet.

"In addition to all this the procession contained many young men and sweet looking maidens on horseback and on chariots very tastefully dressed and representing the various saints."

The observing painter, evidently tired of his tabulation of the details long before the pageant passed his window, for he concludes: "The procession from beginning to end took more than two hours to pass before our house, the particulars therefore were entirely too many to be all noted down in a book, for which reason I omitted the remainder."

Dürer came to Antwerp in 1520, drawn thither by accounts of its great riches and the success already achieved by Quentin Metsys, who was already a person of European celebrity. Whether or not one accepts the story of the smithy or relegates it to the realms of the fable, Van Mander, that faithful chronicler, records how Metsys

being of the age of twenty, and knowing no other craft but that of the blacksmith, had been stricken by illness that left him too weak to wield the hammer, and being in sore need of money to support his aged and dependent mother, was advised by a visitor to utilize his artistic ability by cutting small images in wood, and coloring them for the sick in the Lazarus Hospital of Antwerp. This he did, says Van Mander, "with success," and it was thus that Metsys revealed himself as a born painter. There is, however, another story which relates that Metsys was courting a young woman of standing and position, who was interested in him, but who was already betrothed by her father's wishes to a rich young merchant. She, however, lent an ear to Quentin's wooing, but liked not his calling as a blacksmith, saying that he to win her must exchange the anvil for a palette and produce a painting which would command a purchaser. This Metsys did and won her, but of the particular painting history is silent. But one does not think of him as a common blacksmith, nor does Van Mander so class him. The many legends current concerning him all concur in his extreme artistry, and even if there are no authoritative documents to connect him with that exquisite well top which stands beside the main portal of the Cathedral, there are not wanting, most certainly, delightful proofs of his talents as an artist in other lines than that disclosed by his paintings. "From a short poem in Latin by

The Cathedral—Antwerp

Sir Thomas More it would appear that Metsys carved in wood the profiles of Erasmus and that of the town clerk of Antwerp, Aegidius, in a Medallion on Wood." ("The Land of Rubens," C. P. Huet.)

His fame as a painter is certainly established by the painting (in the Antwerp Museum of Fine Arts) "The Passion of Our Lord." In this museum there are also shown a number of heads, mostly studies, of various burghers of the town who sat to him. In the Cathedral is a painting, "The Descent from the Cross," which shows in its side panels some portraits evidently painted at this period and much resembling the heads mentioned above. Huet says concerning his painting of the "Steward," an old man counting over his gold, "the head-gear of his personages, their old Flemish dresses, the gravity and concern in the features of some, the cunning in those of others, show an uncommon knowledge of the human heart, and a readiness not less common, in observing the picturesque everyday life.

"Commercial and pettifogging Antwerp of the first years of the Sixteenth century revives in these figures. We are supposed to believe that they are meant as satires, nevertheless they look suspiciously like so many portraits of contemporaries and fellow citizens."

When Rubens was painting his great pictures, Antwerp was "a dead-alive, fast declining city." At the triumphal entry of Archduke Ferdinand in 1635, there

was hardly enough money in the city treasury to pay for the erection of the triumphal arches, not to speak of payment to the artists who designed them.

"It had to submit to humiliating lawsuits, to impose new town dues upon beer."

When the English envoy Carleton arrived in Antwerp in 1616, he wrote to a friend at home giving his impressions in a few terse sentences: "Antwerp is a large city, [magna civitas] and at the same time a vast wilderness, [magna solitudo]" and later he wrote, "Antwerpae, Splendida paupertas."

What a contrast with Antwerp of to-day.

The Bourse, or Exchange, which the Flemish call the "Handelsbeurs," is situated at the end of a short street, quaintly named Twaalf Maanden Straat, or Street of the Twelve Months. It is, by the way, not generally known that the name "Bourse" given commonly to all the Exchanges of Europe, derived its name from the office of a private banker of Antwerp in the Seventeenth Century, who enjoyed great notoriety and popularity because of his absolute trustworthiness and strictly honorable dealings with the merchants and shippers of the town. His name was Boers, and the sign over his door thus became the trade mark of commerce.

The Antwerp Bourse is perhaps the handsomest of the commercial buildings of Europe; although it is by no means old, it gives all the appearance and evidence of

early Gothic architecture. It was erected on the site of a structure of the Fifteenth Century, the work of one Mestre Dom de Waghemaker, said to have been the oldest merchant's exchange in the world, which was destroyed by fire in the year 1581. The present beautiful building is from the designs of Joseph Schadde, based upon the earlier plans, but on a much larger scale. The great hall, roofed with glass, is nearly one hundred and thirty feet wide, and has a double arcade around it supported by columns of exquisite and different designs. Remarkable wrought iron beams and buttresses, in Moorish Gothic form, bearing escutcheons glowing with scarlet, azure, and gilded armorial bearings of the various provinces of Belgium, together with the Lion of Flanders, support the ceiling, while the spaces between the tall windows are further embellished with the arms of the chief nations of the world. Quaintly enough, the great hall is used as a common thoroughfare throughout the day, save for the brief hours of business.

There are of course other Bourses, at Brussels and some of the large towns through the kingdom, but the business transacted is much less and of course subordinate. A prominent merchant is my authority for the statement that Belgium's exports before the outbreak of the great war much exceeded one hundred and thirty millions sterling, while her imports were more than one hundred and fifty millions in 1914, and furthermore that

nine-tenths of these entered the port of Antwerp. The broad boulevards that now occupy the line of the ancient fortifications are lined with the really palatial residences of the Antwerp merchants. Many of these houses, built of a fine light stone, are of highly artistic modern architecture. Others are built of brick in soft buff and brown tones, and the large windows have bright green shutters. These boulevards are in the shape of a semicircle extending from the splendid Art Gallery on the Place du Peuple to the Grand Bassin in the northern part of the town. Midway between these points are the Public Gardens, filled with meritorious statues by the best sculptors, and intersected by broad carriage roads. There is here a great contrast to the old Spanish Town where stands the Cathedral amid narrow, tortuous, dark streets lined with the old gabled houses.

It is said of Antwerp that it is the most hospitable of all the Flemish cities, and certainly it must be conceded that entertainment is made much of by the people, and forms an important feature of their daily life.

In Antwerp are to be found some of the best restaurants in The Netherlands. Mention must be made of the cuisine of the hotel on the Place Verte near the Post Office (it is unnecessary to further identify it by name), which has a great reputation among gourmets. At the great civic entertainments held in the impressive hall of the "Société Zöologique," the banquet beginning gen-

The Bourse—Antwerp

erally at eight P. M. lasts frequently, I am informed, until midnight. They are said to embody the features of Guildhall, and are attended by the "echevins" (or sheriffs) clad in "State," whatever that means.

Antwerp has ever been famous for its wealthy merchants. According to an ancient Latin chronicle the five great Flemish commercial cities were described as follows: "Nobilibus Bruxella Viris; Antwerpia Nummis; Gandavum Laqueis; Formosis Bruga Puellis; Lovanium Doctis; Gaudet Mechlinia Stultis." That is—Brussels for Nobles; Antwerp for wealthy men; Ghent for its enslaved men, alluding to its submission in the year 1540; Bruges for its handsome women; Louvain for its scholars; and Malines (Mechlin) for its fools. The citizens of Malines gained their unfortunate reputation from the fact that one night a fuddled merchant gave the alarm that the Cathedral tower of Saint Rombold was on fire, and it was only after the fire guard had turned out to extinguish the fire, that a belated citizen looking up at the old Cathedral discovered that what they thought was flames was simply the full moon shining through the open stone work of the tower. This same Saint Rombold of Malines is the church of the valiant and much beloved Cardinal Mercier, whose fame is now deservedly world wide.

The place to study the society of Antwerp is at the Theater Royal, whose performances in the season are

given on Sunday afternoons. Here will gather members of the most prominent and wealthy families, and the large theater is generally filled to capacity. Some good opera is given, and in the parquet will be found the leading men of the town. The bourgeois or middle class are to be found at the Flemish Theater in the Place de la Commune (Germerne Plaats). This is called the "Schouwburg" and is a handsome building in the Renaissance style by the Architect Dens. It bears the inscription in Flemish: "Vrede baart Kunst, Kunst Vere delt het Volk." (Peace begets art, art ennobles the people.)

A new Flemish Opera House (Nederlandsch Lyrisch Toneel) has been built near the beginning of the Avenue des Arts, and beyond is the Park which occupies the site of an old lunette, the moats of which are converted into a very ornamental sheet of water spanned by a chain bridge.

Just across the tree embowered "Place Verte," beyond Geefs' fine bronze statue of Rubens, is a small hotel no less comfortable and much less expensive than the first named. Over it towers the slender lace like spire of the great cathedral with its open work gilded clock faces. Here in a small attic chamber the present chronicler spent some of his student days. Ah! those roseate days, those dream days, those days of youthful ambitions, could there have been a more romantic setting for them than that brick tiled attic chamber, hot in summer, and cold in win-

ter (what cared youth for such trifles as weather) with the jangling bells of the carillon sounding overhead, and the pigeons cooing about the eaves and chimney pots?

The chimes of Antwerp have been celebrated in song and legend, and no one who has once heard the great and famous Carilloneur' Denyn of Malines perform upon the remarkable bells will ever forget them. On days when the master performs, the Place Verte, and Grande Place are thronged with people in wrapt admiration. The present writer recalls his sensations when hearing for the first time Benoit's "My Moederspraak" sounding silvery notes far above the roof tops of this charming old city. It may be explained that the bells in the tower are played by hands and feet! The manual and pedal motion enables the artist musician to play with an intensity of expression which no mechanical process or machine (tambour) can equal.

In all Belgium now (1920) there are only two sets of chimes remaining: those at Antwerp and at Bruges. In the Antwerp tower are forty bells of matchless tone including the great eight ton bell given by Charles V.

All tourists know the cathedral, its glories of painted glass, and its treasures of great works of art, volumes have been written describing these, so there is little if anything remaining to chronicle here. But not every one knows of great St. Jacques (Saint Jacob's Kerk, South Portal) hidden away in a small side street (the Rue du

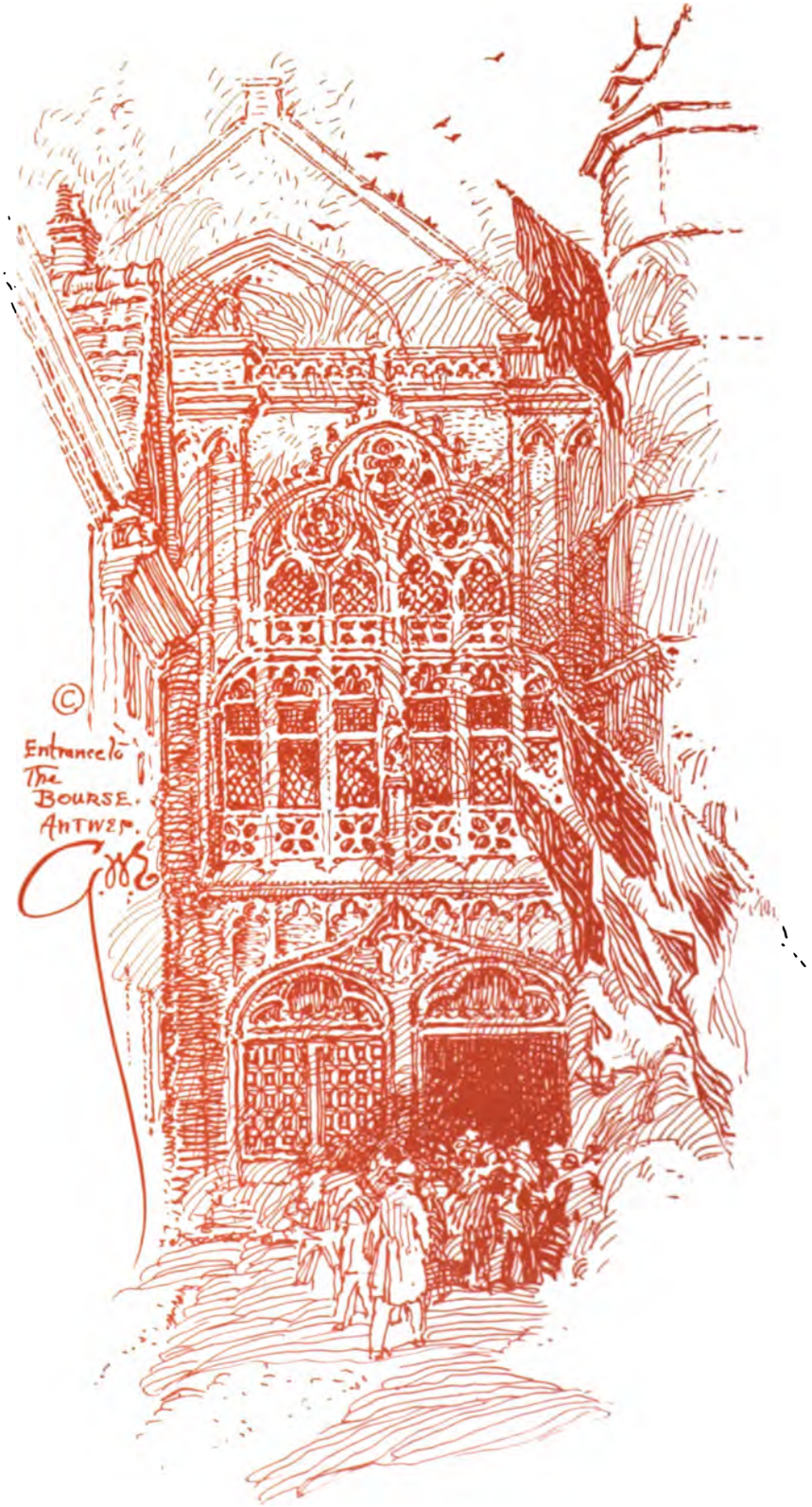
Chene). Begun in 1491 by the architect Herman de Waghemaker, father of the Dom. who designed the ancient exchange of Antwerp, the first in Europe, this remarkable edifice was completed in 1656. It is cruciform in shape, and with its sumptuous chapels on each side and in the choir, it is the most important church in the country, far surpassing the cathedral in sumptuousness of monuments, treasures and decorations, containing remarkable marbles, and above all the tomb of the great Rubens in the Rubens Chapel.

A list of the treasures of St. Jacques would fill the remaining space in this volume. The wealthiest and most distinguished families of Antwerp have here maintained their sumptuously carved and embellished burial vaults, while all about are private chapels and high altars vieing with each other for magnificence. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that of the Rubens family in the Ambulatory, described elsewhere in this chapter.

There are wonderful ancient stained glass windows of far greater value than any in the cathedral. Many of these are by Van Diepenbeek and J. B. Van der Veeken, and there are several worthy examples of modern glass by J. F. Pluys and J. B. Capronnier. In the Chapel of the Host, a great composition of 1626 (unknown master) depicts in jewel-like glass Rudolph of Hapsburg giving his charger to a priest who bears the Monstrance.

In the choir is a baroque master altar, carved by Ykens

The Bourse—Antwerp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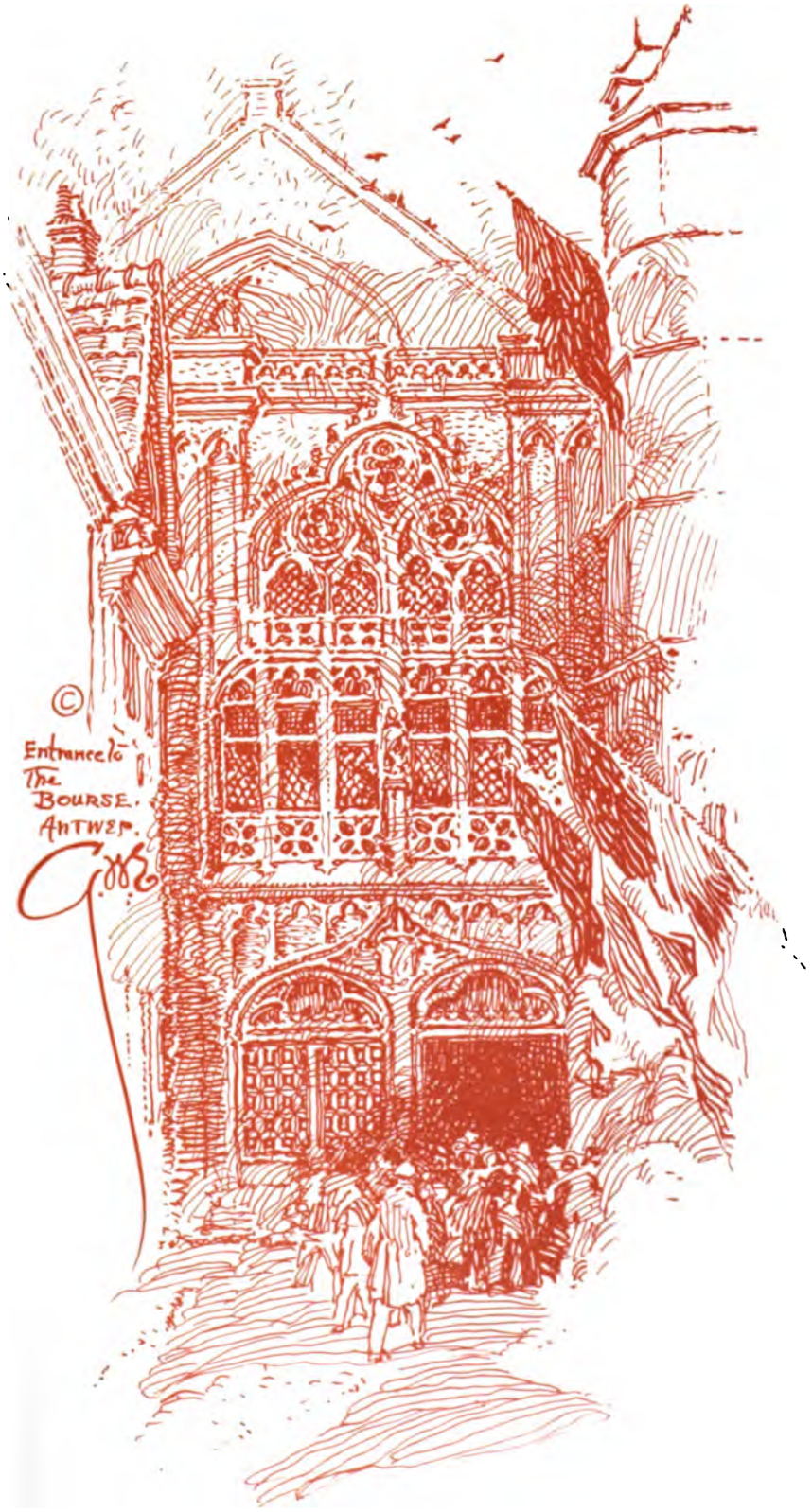
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erally at eight P. M. lasts frequently, I am informed, until midnight. They are said to embody the features of Guildhall, and are attended by the "echevins" (or sheriffs) clad in "State," whatever that means.

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by mortal eye. It is believed that the "Long Wapper" still holds them captive, and prayers are asked for their souls, particularly when the storm winds blow across the level fields of Flanders from the North Sea, and the sky is dark with heavy clouds, and the yellow heaving waters of the Scheldt rise and dash over the great dykes.

Antwerp is famous for, and justly proud of its splendid shipping facilities. The Northern Docks cover the enormous area of more than two hundred and fifty acres, and connect with the Southern Docks by means of a network of smaller docks, used by local small craft, and a system of tram lines. Of these the Grand and Petit Bassins were constructed by Napoleon during the period from 1804 to 1813, and cost some thirteen million francs. The large dock can accommodate two hundred and fifty ships at once. That ancient building with a steep roof, the warehouse of the Hanseatic League, built by Cornelius de Vriendt, which was a landmark dating from 1564, formerly occupying the space between these docks, was destroyed by fire in 1893. These great docks are comparatively intact, the Germans thinking that Antwerp would permanently remain in their hands.

The Port of Antwerp before the war was the distributing point for nearly all the sea-borne trade of Belgium, as well as for the trade of Alsace-Lorraine, the Rhine Provinces and Switzerland. Mr. Blount finds that its tonnage shows a resumption of fully 30 per cent. for the

Gothic Stalls in the Cathedral—Antwerp

first seven months of 1919, as compared with the same period of 1914, while the tonnage for the month of September, 1919, was more than 40 per cent. of that for September, 1913. For the first ten months of 1919, 3,900 vessels with a total tonnage of 4,100,536 entered the port. The most significant item of the port statistics is the fact that 75 per cent. of the vessels departed laden with return cargoes, which is evidence of the resumption of Belgian industry. Antwerp's tonnage for November last was 563,492, against 527,665 tons for Rotterdam.

At the angle of the small Marche du Vendredi, one comes upon the printing house of the Master Printer, Christopher Plantin (now the Museum Plantin-Moretus), who set up his business in 1549. He was succeeded by his son-in-law Moerentorf (or Moretus) and for three hundred years the printing business was continuously carried on by the same family. In 1876 the Town Council of Antwerp purchased the house in which all the paraphernalia of a Sixteenth Century printery are now preserved, with remarkable specimens of ancient printing and engraving; old hand presses and type, and a collection of paintings and portraits by Rubens. Curiously enough, the guides and attendants are clad in picturesque costumes of the period, which contribute greatly to the interest and enjoyment of the collection. The progress of art and warfare in the Netherlands may be traced in these rooms, packed as they are with priceless treas-

ures of manuscript, engravings and printed books. Here may be studied the history of the hardships inflicted upon the Netherlands by the Spanish succession.

This building, hidden away in a narrow street, is a matchless relic of the latter part of the Sixteenth Century. There is nothing like it anywhere in the world. Completely undisturbed, just as it was, apparently, when the typesetters and printers left the shop, are the "forms" in the old hand presses, the type in the "cases," and the quaintly shaped "sticks" and the "proof" lying on the large oaken tables.

The place must be swept and dusted very carefully at regular intervals, but one can detect no evidence of careless misplacement of any of the articles.

This is the celebrated "Officina Plantiana" whence issued in that golden period of printing so many precious folios and stately quartos, imprinted with exquisitely cut type on handmade linen paper, and embellished with beautifully designed wood engravings by artist workmen, or copperplates drawn and etched by master hands.

Max Rooses explains in his history of the printing house that the workshop was still in full operation as late as the first part of the Nineteenth Century. It is due to the care of Rooses and his assistant Rosseels that the workshop presents now an appearance of its actual condition when in operation.

A most delightful quietude and atmosphere pervades

Courtyard of the Printing House of Christopher Plantin

the whole place, now a veritable "Necropolis" of the "Art Preservative of Arts." An intimate friend of Peter Paul Rubens, Balthaser Moretus shows in his printing much of the spirit of Catholicism of the Ancient Flemish master printers. To the artistic counsel of Rubens, Moretus owed a great deal. He was an indefatigable worker of great accomplishment. The output of the printing house under his management was very large, but while he made a fortune out of the business, he certainly earned it, and always insisted upon, and received, the respect due to his position as master printer.

In this printing house an abundance of remarkable objects meets the eye upon every hand. There are family relics; a great and admirably arranged library of stately and priceless tomes; shelves of well preserved wood blocks and copperplates by master designers, arranged in order, and the proof readers' room, with its oaken ceiling, and heavy ancient furniture; its wide windows set with small panes of leaded glass, and framed in luxuriant Virginia creeper, is a delight to the eye. From these windows one may look down into the picturesque frontage of the courtyard with its fountain; a tranquil spot inviting reverie.

One can imagine the figure of old dry-as-dust Killian, who was the head proof reader, sitting at the heavy oaken table, bent over the proof sheets, or now and then glancing out of the open window down into the courtyard where

the pigeons cooed beside the splashing fountain in the sunlight.

Plantin was born in 1514 near the town of Tours in France, and came to Antwerp about the middle of the Sixteenth Century, where he established himself in a small way as a bookseller and binder. In a few years he had so prospered that he was able to start business as a printer, and began to produce those folios that are now the wonder of the world. The first book that he printed and issued from his Antwerp press was dated May, 1555, and bears the title *L'Institution d'une fille de noble maison; traduite de la langue Tuscane en Français.* From this year his output grew more and more numerous, until Plantin's printing presses became the most famous and productive in the Netherlands. It was not, however, until 1579 that he bought the splendid building in the Place du Vendredi. Every book issued by Plantin was most carefully and accurately made, so painstaking was this master printer, that the establishment was never a financial success, and he was often in difficulties through lack of ready money. The most celebrated book he printed was the great Polyglot Bible for Philip II, begun in 1568 and finished in 1573. It was in eight folio volumes, and it is said that forty workmen were employed for nearly five years in its production. Plantin excelled as a bookbinder and craftsman in leather tool-

ing. He was commissioned by Philip II's secretary, Gabriel de Cayas, to fashion a casket to contain jewelry which the secretary wished to send to Philip. Plantin made an exquisite little leather box, a perfect work of art, and as soon as it was finished, not caring to trust a workman, he resolved to take it to the secretary personally.

It was night, says the story, and as the streets of old Antwerp were illy lighted, Plantin got a servant to carry a lantern before him.

On the way, close to the Place de Meir, they were suddenly attacked by several men with drawn swords. The terrified servant dropped the lantern and fled; before Plantin could speak or attempt to escape he was run through the body and fell senseless to the ground, where he was left for dead. When he came to his senses he managed to crawl to his house where he lay for several days near the point of death. It was discovered afterwards that a party of riotous merrymakers, some of whom had been disturbed the previous night by a wandering musician, had set out after dinner vowing vengeance against the minstrel, and in the dark, mistaking Plantin for the other, had fallen upon him at once.

From this on Plantin gave up the craft of binding and leather working and turned his whole attention to the art of printing. During the siege of Antwerp by Far-

nese, Plantin fled to Leyden and there founded a branch printing office, leaving the one in Antwerp in charge of his son-in-law François Raphelengius.

After the surrender of Antwerp to Farnese in 1585, Plantin returned to the city; he died there, highly honored in 1589.

Older than the printing house by nearly fifty years is the Antwerp Town Hall. Strangely enough it has nothing whatever of the Gothic style used almost exclusively throughout Brabant. It was planned by Cornelis Floris de Vriendt in 1561 and finished in 1656. It has an open gallery in the third story reminiscent of an Italian loggia, and the figure of the Madonna in the recess between the two obelisks is in the best style of the Italian Renaissance. There is positively nothing Flemish whatever in the exterior, but its interior is certainly in the very best of the old Flemish style.

The great hall has large decorative paintings by Leys, which are very satisfactory in both workmanship and character. The great staircase (Trapzaal) is lavishly decorated in variously colored Belgian marble, and above, the glass roof is supported by caryatides carved in wood in most excellent style. Mural paintings by modern Belgian painters decorate the first floor and are of remarkable character, representing "Shipping of the Sixteenth Century" by P. Verhaert, "Opening of the Exchange" by Ch. Boom, and "The Fine Arts," "The

Rederykamers of Ghent" 1539 by E. Farasyn. There are four very large paintings by Baron Leys, which are pronounced by authorities to be "the most remarkable productions of modern Belgian Art"—whether or not, they are certainly impressive and are comparable to Scheffel's "Ekkehard," or perhaps to Thierry's "Merovingian Chronicles." The style is that of Quentin Metsys applied to the period immediately succeeding his own, and the subjects are: The admission of Genoese Polaviccini to the freedom of the city; Burgomaster Van Wiselen confiding the defense of Antwerp to the Sheriff Van Spangen; Emperor Charles taking oath to respect the liberty of Antwerp; The Town Council receiving keys of the city from Margaret of Parma.

The painting is very serious, and in order to impress the spectator with the atmosphere of the period dealt with, the painter has cunningly combined as it were an ensemble of árchaismé which successfully carry one back more than three centuries and depict the scenes most convincingly, so that one accepts unquestioningly the painter's point of view.

In this Town Hall are preserved the bones of the "overgrown" Antigonus who was slain by Salvius Brabo, King of Tongres, at least so says the legend, which one may accept or not, quite as one feels about such tales. At any rate there are the bones—great yellow pieces all laid out in impressive array for the curious. Dürer, in

his diary, writes that he saw them when he was in Antwerp. "The bones of the great giant Antigonus at Antwerp. His leg above the knees is five and a half feet long, and beyond measure heavy and very thick. So were his shoulder blades—a single one is broader than a strong man's back—and his other limbs." This man was eighteen feet high, ruled Antwerp and did many wonderful deeds, as is set out in an old book which belongs to the Magistrate of the town. What matters it that modern surgeons have pronounced these great yellow bones to be whales ribs?—No loyal "Antwerpenaar" but will continue to believe them to be the bones of Antigonus.

But above all it is the painter Peter Paul Rubens who dominates Antwerp. The longer one remains in the city the more powerful and impressive is this domination of the master painter "in whose person nature produced one of her most successful works, and the art of Flanders found its greatest manifestation." In the exterior of the very modern looking house on the Place de Meir, so "restored" out of all semblance to what it must have been when the master occupied it in the years following its erection in 1612, it is difficult to find anything whatever of Rubens, but the entrance in a small street around the corner is more satisfying. Here the heavy door opens upon a courtyard with an Italian portico designed by the painter, reminiscent of his stay in Italy. One is

told that there was here formerly a high domed pavilion which contained the art treasures which he had collected. Here the center portal and the two side ones are decorated wth Latin quotations from Juvenal.

Ruben's talent as an architect is manifested in the impressive frontage of the Jewish Church, destroyed by fire in the year 1718, which consumed the greater part of the interior together with most of the paintings with which he had adorned it. There yet remains enough of the construction to show his architectural skill.

In the Rubens Chapel is his tomb bearing the date of his death, May 30, 1640, and giving his age as sixty-four. Above is a great altar piece in which the Holy Child is seen sitting in the lap of the Virgin in an arbor and worshiped by St. Bonaventura. Before the Madonna is St. Jerome and on the other side is St. George with the three holy women. According to tradition these saints are all family portraits. St. Jerome is said to represent the father of Rubens, St. George, the painter himself, and the three women his two wives and Mlle. Lunden.

A short distance from Antwerp between Vilvoorde and Malines, on the plains, are the remains of the Castle of "Steen" which Rubens bought as a country residence. It was really then a feudal castle, surrounded on all sides by a moat. Here, when already advanced in years, and at the height of his fame as a painter, for five

years after his second marriage, he took up his residence.

In the immediate neighborhood are the remains of the Castle of Teniers, called "Drietoren" (The Three Towers), where this painter, who had become a man of means, spent his summers with his family. "Drietoren" is now used as a farm house, and the towers, the upper floor of which was the studio, was filled with hay when the present writer saw it in 1910. "Steen" Castle, however, is occupied as a residence and has been most tastefully restored by a Brabantian Nobleman, Baron d' Coppens, whose reverence for Rubens is manifested in the present aspect of the castle and grounds. It is said that Rubens paid the (then) large sum of one hundred thousand guilders for this country seat, and here he lived and worked, proud of his young and beautiful wife, who was Helen Fourmont, and of his young children of whom he wrote so poetically and so charmingly, that one can visualize the family group amid the flowers on the well-kept lawns.

At the funeral ceremonies of Rubens a monk of high degree from each of the six monasteries of Flanders, marched in the procession through the streets to the Church of St. Jacques, "an honor never before accorded to a painter." High mass was celebrated at the other churches, by the Frères de Notre Dame, the Augustines, the Carmelites, the Capuchins, the Dominicans, the Fran-

The Tower of St. Jacques

ciscans, the Beghards, and the order of Minimi. These ceremonies were concluded by two funeral banquets at the house of the painter, and at the Town Hall, the latter for the Town Magistrates and Aldermen or Burgesses. The thirty-four members of the Confraternity of Romanists met at the Golden Fleece, in his memory and honor, and a most magnificently engrossed parchment, preserved in the archives, records the purpose of the meeting. "To do honor to the Prince of Painters, and painter of Princes."

Returning to troublous times, it will be remembered that after the Battle of Blenheim, the scene of contention was transferred to the low countries, and the names of Oudenarde, Ramilies, and Malplaquet became famous. In the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, by which the great contest was terminated, Belgium was once more transferred to Austria; but Holland obtained advantages in the so-called Barrier Treaty, which authorized the continued closing of the River Scheldt and gave the States General the right of garrisoning the most important frontier fortresses.

In the war of Austrian Succession (or Pragmatic Sanction), Belgium again became the scene of operations from 1744 to the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, and the name of Fontenoy, in which the British guards were defeated, was added to the roll of historic battles. The

French overran and conquered almost the whole country. After the treaty Austria once more regained possession of Belgium, of which she remained in undisputed occupation for more than thirty years; for the Seven Years War was fought out in Germany and Bohemia and left Flanders unmolested.

Austrian rule in Belgium was benevolent and contrasted most favorably with Spanish tyranny; and the name of the Empress Queen Maria Theresa is ever remembered by the nation with respect and affection. At the rejoicings, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgian independence in 1905, a special car allegorically arranged "to the glorious memory of Maria Theresa" was a prominent feature of the fêtes.

Her son and successor was less fortunate. By some ill-judged attempts at reform, he offended the religious political prejudices of his Flemish subjects and disturbances occurred at the University of Louvain and elsewhere. Joseph died in 1790, his end being hastened, it is said, by the failure of his well-meant attempts; and the disturbances had only been just put down by his successor when the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the War between France and Austria in 1792, kindled again the flames of strife in Belgium. The French had the advantage; Belgium was overrun, organized as a separate republic, and formally ceded by Austria to France in the treaties of Campo Formio and

Lunéville in 1797 and 1802. It was divided into departments, and formed part of the Empire of Napoleon I. By the treaty of London in 1814, and that of Vienna in 1815, Belgium, after a short interregnum of Austrian rule, was incorporated with Holland into the Kingdom of the Netherlands, Prince Frederick William of Orange Nassau being raised to the throne.

This arrangement, of course, did not work well. The Belgians, differing widely in religion, manners, and customs, language, and ideas of government from the Hollanders were intensely discontented under the new régime, and declared that their country was reduced to the position of a mere dependency of Holland; that they were not adequately represented in the Assembly by deputies, to which, in proportion to the wealth and population of their country, they should have sent 68 out of the complement of 110 members; and that all public offices were arranged and apportioned to the advantage of Holland, and to the detriment of Belgium. The discontent increased in spite of certain concessions tardily made by the Government, until at the beginning of the year 1830, it was pointed out by the malcontents, as a proof of the persistent neglect of the claims of Belgium, that among 117 officials of the ministry of the interior only eleven were Belgians; among 102 officials of the war office only three, and among 1,573 infantry officers only 274, or about 1 in 5 were of Belgian nationality.

Then came press prosecutions, and exile by the Government of popular men, who betook themselves to France, and there continued their attacks upon the authorities.

The July revolution in Paris, overturning the throne of Charles X, raised the hopes of the Belgian opposition. On August 25, 1830, that performance at the Brussels Opera House of "La Muette de Portica," an opera embodying the story of the revolt of Naples under Masaniello, brought matters to a crisis. The whole audience rose and left the theater in a body. There were riots in the streets of Brussels; the office of the Ministerial Newspaper was attacked and wrecked by a mob, and the redress of grievances loudly demanded. The authorities at The Hague temporized, evaded, and promised, and evaded again and again, until the movement that had commenced as a riot swelled into a revolt, and ended in a revolution.

In September there were four days' fighting in Brussels, and the Dutch soldiers were defeated and forced to retreat. A Provisional Government was appointed, the French and British Governments interfered, and ultimately Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen King of the Belgians, making his public entry into Brussels in July, 1831.

After continuing the contest until threatened with war by the Great Powers, the King of Holland was

obliged to acknowledge the independence of Belgium, which from that time was governed as a liberal monarchy, the liberties of the people being safeguarded by the Constitution modeled upon that of England. The Government is carried on by a parliament consisting of an upper and lower house acting in conjunction with the King.

Leopold I was the uncle and adviser of Queen Victoria. He had a prosperous reign from 1830 to 1865. It will be recalled that during the eventful year of 1848 his was among the four continental thrones not seriously shaken. When symptoms of discontent appeared, the King lost no time in reminding the Assembly that he had been called to the throne by the voice of the people and he declared himself ready to abdicate. "I will pack up and go," said he in effect, "the moment the will of the nation is expressed in that direction." "Whereupon," says the chronicle, "he was loudly cheered and entreated to stay where he was."

In 1832 he married Princess Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe of France. He had three sons, the second of whom, born on April 9, 1834, succeeded him on his death in 1865, with the title of Leopold II. This monarch was known and celebrated for his clear headedness and business ability. It is said that he was chief adviser to the crowned heads of Europe. To his business sagacity is due the success and development of the Great Belgian

Congo, with its unlimited resources, of which Leopold was, by agreement among the Powers in the Treaty of Berlin, constituted King Sovereign.

"An astute, clear headed business man, who would have achieved marked success as the head of any great commercial enterprise" is the way in which this monarch was described by our great American citizen, Theodore Roosevelt.

Leopold II was a man of striking physique, tall and slender with a small head, narrow face, ruddy complexion, long Roman nose, and a luxuriant square cut flowing white beard most carefully barbered. This tall stooping figure, immaculately clad, the right hand grasping a heavy cane, supporting his lame foot, was a familiar sight about Ostende where he had a beautiful villa. He was a most popular monarch with his people, for whom poor or rich, he had ever a smile and a kindly word.

Many amusing stories are told of him by the townspeople and none of these is ill-natured. The King was fond of going about the town on foot by himself, and on one occasion appeared at an early morning market where he stopped a pretty, bright-eyed peasant girl to ask what she had in her basket, "Eggs, mynheer." "And what is the price?" "Five francs apiece, mynheer." "Are eggs so scarce then in the market?" "No, mynheer, but kings are." It is recorded that the king rewarded her handsomely for her wit.

The King was very fond of the theater, and liked well to have the company of actors and singers at the entertainments which he often gave at the Royal Chalet. At one of these dinners which lasted long into the evening, the people who occupied the neighboring villas were scandalized at the noise of the festivity, and later on they made complaint to the town council sending word that if there was a repetition of the offense, the resident property owners in the vicinity of the Royal Chalet would offer their properties for sale, and abandon Ostende. The town council thereupon, faced with the consequences which would certainly bring ruin upon Ostende as a watering place, passed formal resolutions, addressed to the King, which were placed in the hands of the Bourgomaster, and it became his duty to present these to the King. Accordingly the next morning he presented himself at the Royal Chalet, and asked audience.

Now Leopold II was ever the easiest monarch to approach, so the Bourgomaster was at once ushered into the study of the King. "Good morning, B——," called out his Majesty, in a loud and hearty voice. "What can I do for you to-day? Come near, sit down and have a cigar," pushing an open box towards the stiffly standing and much confused and embarrassed Bourgomaster, who stammered out his mission in a troubled voice. "What's that, what's all that?" said Leopold, fixing his keen eyes upon the little man who stood before him with the for-

mally stamped document of protest extended in his shaking hand.

"Yes, Your Majesty," said he, "it is reported even that the Royal Chalet is connected by means of a tunnel with—" "Come, come, now, tu-tut," interrupted the King, "what sort of talk is all this? Now look here, M.B. You may not know it but most scandalous stories about you have been brought to me from time to time, but I have not believed them of you for an instant, therefore I have never said a word to you regarding them, while you, you, whom I have thus trusted, believed in and protected, you at the very first opportunity, when scandal is brought to you, rush over here to me with it, without appreciation of my protection of you; you are ready and willing to take anything that is brought to you of me as Gospel truth. I am surprised B——, I am much hurt B——, but see, I forgive you and I shall forget it all, including all that has been told me of you, on one condition, namely, that you in return for my magnanimity, forget all that you have heard about me in regard to this absurd matter, and never—never—(shaking a long, beautifully manicured forefinger at him) let me hear a word of this again," and forcing a "perfecto" into the open mouth of the amazed Bourgomaster, he pushed him out of his study. No more complaints, it is said, were heard about the suppers at the Royal Chalet.

A stranger in the town saw him on one occasion in

Vlietinck's book shop browsing over the cheap stalls. Taking up a position near at hand, where unobserved by the King he could watch his movements, he nevertheless was too far away to be able to read the titles of the books which attracted and interested the King. One in a shabby leather binding seemed to please him; he put it under his arm and picked up another. All at once the stranger saw a young man, who was dressed in tweeds of a rather loud pattern much affected by a certain class of cheap tourists, aiming a small camera at the tall stooping figure of Leopold, now in the full light from a window, and presenting a fine full length side view. Now if, according to report, there was one thing that the King of the Belgians had a real horror of and hatred for, it was the snapshot enthusiast, so with great presence of mind the stranger moved quickly to his side, and said (in English, which he had heard the King spoke fluently), "On guard, Sir, a camera!" "Mon Dieu, where—where?" said the King, turning quickly and seeing the fellow in the act of focusing his camera, he darted quickly away towards the rear of the shop, from which a clerk at once ran out hurriedly, and hustled the fellow away.

It is not related whether or not he succeeded in getting a snapshot, or what happened to the camera. The remarkable personality of the King and his democratic ways gave rise to a score of "curious" stories, which were current during his busy lifetime, but many of these re-

corded only his great good humor, his keen sense of justice, and his kind and charitable attitude towards the common people.

It is only within the last twenty years or so that Antwerp has become what may be called a modern city, and this has come about through the levelling of the old fortifications. And of this modernity the "Antwerpenaars" are perhaps immoderately vain. The criticism of Mr. C. B. Huet that "more thought has been expended upon the requirements of sanitation than those of æsthetics," is descriptive of the new outlying quarters, and the miles of broad carriage roads and promenades. But certainly the new park is most exquisitely laid out, and the great Boulevard Leopold I is unforgettable with its stately sculpture of the ancient Belgian leader Boduognatus. There is certainly no lack of statuary in Antwerp. There is Rubens in the Place Verte, and elsewhere are those of Van Dyke, Teniers, Leys, Van Ryswyck, to mention only a few of the notable ones.

There is a colossal new Palace of Justice planned by the architect Louis Baackelmans, who unfortunately died before his dream was realized. It is designed in red brick trimmed with a blueish stone, and perpetuates the style of the Belfry of the early Flemish period. The building is of great character and well typifies its purpose.

The so-called new Flemish Theater is built after the

form of a Greek Temple from designs by Dens, who was much influenced by the French architect Charles Garnier who built the Paris Opera House. The result is a building of which the Belgians have every reason to be proud. It is worthy of being their National Theater, bearing every evidence of a talent—yes a genius, full cognizant of its high purpose.

The National Bank, the work of Beyaert, in the style of the Flemish Renaissance, is a noteworthy structure. It resembles really the palace of a prince more than a building devoted to purely commercial purposes, and, as before remarked, the people are very proud of these artistic structures. They are also jealous of the neighboring city of Brussels, and the manner in which they seek to hide this jealousy is most amusing.

In Antwerp are gathered and concentrated all the forces and virtues of Flemish nationality, while in Brussels, only about an hour distant by train, are gathered all the pride and aspirations of the Walloons. The Bruxellois contemptuously regard the Flemish tongue as a dialect, while the Antwerpenaars indignantly nominate the Walloon tongue a "patois," pure and simple. So the fight goes on. Polemics against the influence of Walloon Brussels is one of the principal arguments of the Flemish newspapers in Antwerp. However, an understanding of the literature of Belgium produced since 1830,

in both the Flemish and French languages, is quite reassuring. One finds no lack of sympathy for both in the writings of the Loreling sisters (Rosalie and Virginia) and the novels of Carol, Graviere, or for that matter, the often noble verse of the poet Emanuel Hill, and the sonorous lines of André Van Hasselt, Henri Conscience, Van Beers, and the great Ledeganck, are certainly not out of sympathy with the sentiments of Charles Potrin, whether in prose or verse.

Still there is a struggle on the part of the Flemish against what they term "the degeneration of their nationalism through French influence, and this they are pledged to fight to the death," "Vlaanderen voor Vlaamsche."

But really it is not difficult to understand the preference of the "Bruxellois" for the French tongue. The proximity of France certainly exercises an entirely beneficent influence with its wealth of literature and art, and its great schools open to all. The "Antwerpenaars" close their eyes to such advantages. They claim that their own schools and academies are sufficient unto their needs. They say that Brussels is utterly French. Antwerp, on the contrary, is entirely Flemish.

It is the task of Albert, their hero King, to keep them in harmony. The King is Belgian, and the Belgians are certainly an admirable people. There may not now be much of poetry in their nature. Their task is recon-

The Porte de Hal—Brussels

struction, with their feet well planted on the soil. If one wishes to read of their poetic life as it was, there is Caroline Graviere's "Vieux Bruxelles," filled with great charm and character.

Brussels

IN his student days, the author enjoyed taking the short trip from Antwerp to Brussels on infrequent holidays, and exploring the old Tower town, so picturesque and characteristic of Belgian life. It was then that he was introduced to the fascinations of the old "L'Etoile" in the rue des Harengs. Here gathered the representatives of the literary and artistic life of the town, and here, seated in a corner, he made mental notes of the names and characteristics of those who frequented this, the most unique restaurant in Brussels.

Long before this time, "L'Etoile" was famous under the direction of Louis Dot, who held the rank and was known as the "Prince of Cooks." Conspicuously hung upon the wall was the framed letter from the dramatist, Henry Pettit, extolling the cooking of the establishment, and countersigned by an epicurean Lord Mayor of London.

Bohemia, as it is understood in Paris, did not exist in Brussels. Painters and literary men seemed to have a hard time. Of these the painter had much the best of it, for literature, outside of the work of the newspaper man

or pamphleteer, hardly existed, or if it did, it was certainly not in evidence at the L'Etoile.

There was a "cercle artistique et litteraire," very exclusive, it was said, in which the literary man was conspicuous by his absence. There was too a sort of club of journalists, and a "cercle Africain," the latter devoted to the interests of the Congo, occupying an old building called the Hotel Ravenstein, headquarters of journalists who contributed to "Congo Illustré" and "Congo Belge," and these constituted all that was then known of the literary world of Brussels.

The two new literary leaders, Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, wrote in Paris, and were rarely seen by the Belgians. It was reserved for these two authors to show that there existed in another tongue a degree of force for the expression of their emotions hitherto unsuspected. In the "Douze Chansons" of Maeterlinck, and the "Jan Snul" of Verhaeren, the world received revelations of great originality and power. Then came Camille Lemonnier, who was a Walloon; the former were Flemings. Lemonnier wrote the very remarkable book named "Le Mâle," which was hailed and crowned as a masterwork by French literary circles. Were it not for the work of these men, it might be thought that Belgium as a nation was oblivious to literature, and entirely given over to the development of commerce.

As a matter of fact, literature in Belgium offers few re-

wards to its authors. The people are as a rule not readers of books. In spite of the fact that there has been no lack of writers, for there is a very long list of the works of Belgian authors, literature as a profession has not a high place in the public estimation. The Belgians are newspaper readers, and are satisfied with pamphlets bearing upon whatever may be the interesting topic of the day. To appeal to them the subject must be set forth in a compact form, in plain language, and must be cheap. They want fact—not fiction.

As for the painters, they had not a very happy time of it. Few of those who had "arrived" remained in Brussels, preferring Paris for its atmosphere.

However, in the old part of the town were a few studios, but the men who occupied them showed little if any real ability, and these had in truth given themselves up to feeble imitations in water color of the work of the brothers Maris, and Mauve, or J. P. Clays, the marine painter. In Paris, however, before the Great War, there was a very brilliant school of young Belgian painters and sculptors who were doing work which bid fair to bring Belgium to the front in art. It will be recalled that Alma Tadema, though born in Holland, owed his education and training to the Academy in Antwerp.

The earnest, if almost ignored efforts of the students of art and literature are the more remarkable, because of the small remuneration accorded when the goal is won.

In Belgium, one discovers the salaries paid in the professions are so small as to seem a mere pittance to an American. I am credibly informed that no painter, author or musician in Belgium earns as much as two thousand dollars a year; indeed, my informant continued, a working journalist is esteemed most fortunate who makes as much as fifteen hundred by his pen. What wonder then that the painters and journalists seek Paris with its attractive Bohemian life, where their talents at least gain that recognition so freely and generously accorded by the French?

Belgium has produced a long list of meritorious sculptors. The Equestrian Statue of Godfrey de Bouillon in the Place Royale is one of the greatest works of its kind, and perpetuates the name and fame of Eugene Simonis. The statues of Van Dyck and Rubens at Antwerp, worthy of the highest praise, are by the brothers Geefs.

Indeed, Antwerp is especially rich in statuary of the modern school, and William Geefs is represented in Brussels also by the great figure of the first Leopold which crowns the column of Congress.

The sculptor finds much to be done in Belgium and his talent and ability are in demand for the restoration of the many ancient town halls, and cathedrals, the glory of Belgium before the Hun destroyed them utterly during the invasion. Perhaps the greatest of the modern Belgian sculptors is the Count James de Lalaing, a member

of the famous Hainaut family. His work has won many honors both at home and abroad.

It is not generally known that the great sculptor Auguste Rodin lived here and worked for a number of years in comparative obscurity and poverty in a small house on the rue Mechlin, and that Brussels has a Rodin collection as well as Paris, and while the latter is much more complete and important, the works existing in Brussels are much older. The great collection of this master's works in the Hotel Biron, where he lived and toiled of late years, is not complete, for in Brussels scattered throughout the city are many real masterpieces decorating various public buildings, which should be carefully taken down and preserved by the State.

It was during the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War that Rodin, with the brothers Albert and Ernest Carrier-Belleuse, commissioned by the Belgian architect, Suys, in the employ of the Government, went to Brussels to work upon the sculptures of the new Stock Exchange then in construction. Beside Rodin was a Belgian, A. I. Van Rosbourg, who had been employed in the studios for a number of years. Being a clever artisan he soon assimilated the superficial qualities of the delicate art of his patron, and it is claimed that the latter did not scruple from signing many of the small works of the collaborator.

Carrier-Belleuse employed Julien Dillens, a talented

decorator to "help" him with the murals of the Stock Exchange. These are entirely due to the genius of the author of "The Silence of the Tomb." In the studio of Carrier-Belleuse, Rodin met Dillens and between them grew a friendship which lasted until the death of Rodin. The sculptor of the "Iron Door," was in his thirtieth year when he met Dillens, who was only twenty. The great knowledge of Rodin, even then when he was all unknown to fame, and his generosity at once commanded the admiration and friendship of all the young workmen in the studio, and they applauded his energetic talks to them, absorbing the wise counsels which his experience enabled him to convey to them in simple language.

"During this period Rodin modeled statuettes and 'bas-reliefs' in the manner of his master and it is said that Carrier-Belleuse would retouch these and then sign them with his own name." (So says M. Sander Pierron.) Rodin thus created a large number of sculptures of admirable quality, in which no element of his individuality or personality is evident. For example there is the statue "The Innocence of Love" which was cast in bronze by a Brussels founder, and which no one would suspect to be the work of the master who wrought "The Thinker."

When the Franco-Prussian War was ended, Carrier-Belleuse closed his atelier in Brussels and returned to Paris, leaving all the workmen including Rodin without employment. Unable to get work Rodin lived for

months in misery and privation in the little back room in the Rue Mechlin. Without influential friends he knew not which way to turn, and had almost given up when his friend Van Rosbourg sought him out. Being commissioned by the Director of Fine Arts, Jean Rousseau, to execute the sculptural decorations of the Stock Exchange Building, on the recommendation of Carrier-Belleuse, he was delighted to put the work in the hands of so competent a sculptor. Then the friends became colaborators, and partners, and comparative prosperity once more beamed upon Rodin.

They hired a studio in the rue Sans Souci in the suburbs of Ixelles, and sent for Julian Dillens to join them. It was in this studio that the fine decorative sculptures of the New Stock Exchange were modeled. Rodin's chief work in this was the four large "caryatids" of splendid character which decorate the Corbel in the Rue du Midi; the cupids on the "tympan," and the immense group representing "Africa" and "Asia," which ornament the edifice on the side walls in the rue Henri Mans. These groups certainly exhibit much of the nervous and vibrant vitality shown in the later works of the master.

A man of the simplest character, Rodin hired comfortable yet modest lodgings near the new studio in the Rue Sans-Souci, and then his present good fortune being assured, he began the creation of those works which are now scattered all over the city of Brussels. Of a generous

spirit, he gave freely to the poor in the neighborhood, and often sat in the evening in the room of a shoemaker on the ground floor of the house, reading to him aloud from the classics and discussing social questions concerning the betterment of the lot of the working man. On Sunday afternoon Rodin with his companions was wont to visit the museum and Palace of the "Academies," wherein replicas of the great works of Rome and Greece were shown. Brabançonne Country gave him great pleasure and through the valleys and the forests he was wont to roam, studying the Walloon men and women. In these wanderings he generally went alone, and in the Hotel Biron can be seen studies and sketches made around and about the Groenendael Section, studies made in pencil and colored chalks filled with the true character of the Brabançonnes. His friends tell of these wanderings, and of his return at nightfall through the wild and picturesque valley of Ixelles. Often they came upon him at some roadside "estaminèt" under the trees, bordering some one of the small streams of the River Cambre, drinking his glass of "faro," which with a slice of bread and white cheese formed his supper, eaten in the company of some acquaintance whom he would chance to meet during his wandering.

An early riser, Rodin managed to set apart an hour or two daily for his personal work and study. It was during this period that he began and finished his celebrated

bust "The Man with the Broken Nose," the sketch for which he had first made in Paris. In the Salon of 1877 it was shown, and, sad to state, admired by only a few of his intimates. The only result was that a commercial bronze company ordered him to make two small busts to ornament a clock. These when finished showed uneven merit, and though graceful and clever contribute but little to his fame. For several years many replicas of these were made in bronze and terra cotta, and sold by Rodin for about one hundred francs each. His fortunes now were somewhat better. Earning a little money regularly, he was able to bring to his work both thought and vigor. Van Rosbourg entrusted nearly all of the more important work to Rodin, and finally gave the whole control of the workmen and the atelier into his hands. But nevertheless Van Rosbourg signed all the finished work.

"Thus the brilliant groups, representing a standing cupid measuring a terrestrial globe with a compass, and a 'Belvidere' Well in the Palais des Academies in the Rue Doncale, though they bear the signature of Van Rosbourg are entirely due to the hand of Auguste Rodin." (M. Sander Pierron.) The art of the master stands out bold and clear in these compositions. The plump flesh of the cupid has that life quality, that rich plastic beauty which distinguished the creations of the master who created the "Bourgeois of Calais." This is true of the great statues placed at the angles of the monuments erected to

the memory of Bourgomaster Loos in the Park at Antwerp. Their ensemble was conceived by Jules Pecher, who commissioned Van Rosbourg to execute them, who in turn called upon Rodin to do the work.

Soon after this came the inevitable disagreement between Van Rosbourg and Rodin. The partnership ended and they separated. Rodin now freed from the incubus, offered his services to the Ministere des Beaux Arts in the construction of the new buildings on the Boulevard Anspach. How well he carried out this commission may be seen in the splendid work he did on these "façades," evidence of his strong and passionate genius. They are as follows: at the corner of Rue Gretry, six magnificent caryatids, in groups of three, upholding the balcony. The bodies are naked to the waist in narrow sheaths. These "Hermes" show intense life, and one can feel the great effort of these stone figures in supporting the mighty weight under which they strain. The upraised arms bend with vigor, and in the effort the breast muscles seem to grow tense and swell before one's eyes. This is Rodin at his best, in all his originality, his power, and his beauty of execution. The whole front of the building is animated by them. Yet he was but poorly paid for them. Each of the three series of "Caryatids," the modeling of which had taken many months of hard work and study, brought to Rodin the sum of 750 francs.

Yet he toiled on and produced, for the same incredibly

small pay, four other splendid caryatids of even more severe beauty, destined for the front wall of a neighboring building on the same boulevard at the corner of the Rue des Pierres. To show how little these were valued as works of art, the building was partly demolished in the year 1899 and two of these splendid figures were broken up by workmen before they could be rescued by the artists who knew and valued them. Of these Jef. Lembeaux succeeded in buying the remaining figures for a trifling sum and had them removed to his studio in the Rue Tyrol, where they remained for fifteen years. At the outbreak of the world war the studio of Lembeaux was transformed into a food shop and the community of Saint Gilles ordered them to be removed for some reason hard to explain.

They were carted off to a building in the Rue Saint Croix-de-Pierre which was used by the Sculptor Alphonse de Tombay as an art school, and during the removal they were badly mutilated by the careless handling of the carters. Here they were set up in dark corners of the hallway and here they were still standing wreathed in cobwebs at last reports.

It is hoped that they may be placed in the museum in an honored position, due to their great artistic value, and as a tribute to the sculptor. And not only these, but the other works scattered over Brussels, which constitute a veritable Rodin Museum, works conceived in painful

hours of poverty and toil for which the beholder can only feel the thrill of admiration and wonder.

But if the writers and painters are not encouraged, the architects have little to complain of for lack of patronage. The profession of architecture is one of the most successful and the most highly remunerated. This fact is due to the encouragement given by Leopold II, who inaugurated a regular plan for the improvement of Brussels in both an æsthetic and artistic sense, which plan, if followed out by King Albert, will make it entirely worthy of its most picturesque site.

There is the necessity of providing new residential sections for the rapidly increasing population, now that the war is over, and the upbuilding and embellishment of the devastated towns, particularly Ypres, Dixmude, Alost and Termonde, which present remarkable problems and will tax the ingenuity of the architects. The question of adequate, comfortable housings for the workmen and their families, which shall be at the same time of low cost, is a most important factor in the work.

In Brussels, as in other large cities all over the world, there exists an acute shortage of dwelling houses and apartments. The population of greater Brussels, which at the end of 1913 was about eight hundred thousand, is now estimated at more than eight hundred fifty thousand. Needless to say, there has been no new building construction during the period of German occupation,

nor has there been any very considerable resumption since the signing of the Armistice.

Before the war, the municipality of Brussels organized a corporation to meet the demand for the construction of dwelling houses, which were to become the property of the city at the expiration of a ninety-nine year lease. This corporation had undertaken but little work when the war broke out, and it is estimated that there is now immediate need for the construction of ten thousand houses and apartments in the city.

It is now reported that the Belgian Government is prepared to enact a law creating a national society for constructing dwelling houses, to be leased at a reasonable price to people of moderate means in view of the congestion prevailing in some of the other large manufacturing towns in Belgium. This matter is at present under consideration by King Albert, now that the loan by the United States is an assured fact, and the King is most enthusiastic as to its accomplishment. He is quoted as saying that "to him the sound of the workman's hammer is the sweetest of musical sounds."

It is said that some of the greatest fortunes in Europe had their beginnings in Brussels, and certainly some of the most splendid of the palaces of the merchants on the Boulevard are occupied by men whose names are very pillars of strength in the "Bourses" of the world. It is a fact that the majority of these great financiers are not

Belgians, but Jews; and one recalls that great age of Flemish prosperity when "only Jews and Lombards were allowed to deal in money." Of course these merchant princes stand very high in social life, but even so there are some circles that are closed to them, more especially the establishments of the Catholics with whom, naturally, they are not popular.

Likewise one finds constantly in the Belgian journals complaints that Belgium is exploited by the Jews, and among the bourgeois class a strong and increasing animosity is evinced towards them. Society in Brussels is formed of three factions: the Nobles, the Officials, and the Financiers. The writers, the artists (meaning painters) and the musicians do not, as we have seen, receive the recognition accorded them in Paris by right of their talents. King Albert and the Queen, however, by their sympathy with the three arts, are doing much to correct this state of affairs, and the Queen herself is an accomplished musician.

The other great cities of Belgium, Antwerp, Ghent, and Liége, each have distinct social organizations controlled by their own social leaders. That of Antwerp is formed of the magnates who dwell in the palaces built on the boulevards, formerly the boundaries of the old city. These hold to the Flemish language and customs exclusively.

The name Brussels is derived from Brüg, a bridge, and

Broock, a marsh on the banks of the Senne, the settlement dating from the Sixth Century. The first transformation of Brussels began after the constitution of the Kingdom of Belgium, under the jurisdiction of Bourgomaster de Brouckere who planned and carried out the system of circular boulevards on the emplacements of the ancient fosses which surrounded the town. These boulevards, now planted with great trees, and bordered by rows of palatial dwellings of the rich merchants, form a most beautiful promenade. They extend from what is termed the "ville haute" or upper town, to the "ville basse" or lower town, and constitute the limits of the "Commune" of Brussels. This is said to be still a sort of agglomeration of independent "communes," which are being separated by the "fauburgs" and enjoy all the privileges of townships.

This construction of the boulevards, which coincided with the suppression of the "octrois" or collection of taxes at the city gates, greatly facilitated the extension of the town and contributed powerfully to its advantage. Followed by the complete transformation of the ancient lower town with its narrow, dark and tortuous streets, Brussels emerged from its former aspect of a sleepy, down at heel, provincial Brabantian town, to that of a modern European city with all its glitter and gayety.

It is in the lower town, where once was the island of Saint-Gery, now covered over and occupied by a market,

that one must seek for the very heart of ancient Brussels. Here was the beginning of the town in the dark ages. In the library the courteous custodian will, if you convince him of your interest in such matters, go to the trouble of placing before you on an ancient Spanish oaken table, certain venerable tomes bound in pig skin, and bearing the imprint of Plantin-Moretus, whose great printing house in Antwerp is described in another chapter.

In these ancient books you may read of the lives of the "Vrai Autochtones," the "Mangeurs de poulettes," whose fame is set forth and "Legendaire Bruxellois gourmandise."

Before the transformation commenced in 1868 by Burgomaster Anspach, this lower town was a swarming hive of humanity; a tangle of tortuous streets, following the course of the Senne River. It was highly picturesque, if unwholesome, and engravings of it are to be seen in the communal museum, which are the delight of antiquaries.

The last years before the outbreak of the great war witnessed the demolishment little by little, of all that made Brussels interesting from an artistic and archæological point of view. Great wide streets were run through the old quarters, and these were lined with monotonous solid house fronts in the incoherent "modern" style. This accomplished, there remained very little of the

quaint Brabantian town known to the past generation; Brussels had become a clean, comfortable, sanitary and entirely modern city.

But a few of the ancient monuments still remain to delight one's eyes. The most remarkable of these are grouped on the Grand Place, which, combining most charmingly the flamboyant Gothic of the houses or Guild Halls of the Commune, with the delicious "bad taste" of the "Corporations," constitute a true and incomparable picture of Flemish mediæval times.

This ensemble, so truly monumental, gives an effect of great richness to the Square. The two monuments which confront the traveler, the venerable Hotel de Ville, and its dependence, the (so-called) Maison du Roi, seem as unreal as painted scenes. Covered with encrusted gilt ornament, statuary, and myriads of columns, balconies and cornices, they present an aspect of ostentation, which, if not entirely pure in style, is certainly none the less of great charm.

Seemingly all the richness and lavishness of the ancient town was concentrated on these buildings. The Hotel de Ville, with its most admirable gilded "fleche" surmounted by a statue of Saint Michael, is one of the most unique buildings in the land. It was begun in the year 1402, after the plans of the architect Jean Van Ruysbroeck who is said to have been one of "the most wise and ingenious masters of his time."

In ten years after the first stone was laid, the exquisite tower with its gilded statue was finished. The plan of Van Ruysbroeck seems to have called for a similar tower at the other end, but from one cause or another, it was not until the end of the Fifteenth Century that the other half of the building, the western end, was built. It is not exactly like the first.

There is a legend that the architect Regnard, having made a miscalculation which was not discovered until too late to correct it, threw himself in his despair from the summit of the new tower. Whatever the mistake, if mistake there was, the effect of variety thus accomplished is most happy and pleasing, and the building as a whole forms one of the most precious examples of fifteenth century architecture in the world.

Facing the Hotel de Ville is the so called "Maison du Roi," formerly styled the "Broodhuis." Before the construction of the Hotel de Ville, it was the office of the municipality, and is even now given over to certain "bureaux" of mystery, and shelters a curious sort of museum. It is certainly remarkable for the many gilded and quaint statues which ornament its venerable roof.

The most beautiful of the houses on the Grand Place is, of course, the "Maison du Roi" (Broodhuis in Flemish) which served in the Fifteenth Century as a depot for the storage and distribution of bread to the people of the town. From its windows the Duke of Alva wit-

nessed the beheading of twenty-five of the leading citizens including the Count of Hoorn, who spent his last night in one of the dungeons. The fatal scaffold was erected on a platform extending from the balcony.

In the corner at the beginning of the Rue de la Tête d'Or is the house known as "Le Renard," the Guild of the Silk Mercers, the carved panels of which show cupids handling rolls and banderoles of silk, under a massive balcony supported by Caryatides.

The next is that of the Batelliers (Boatmen) dated 1697, and is surmounted by gilded figures of Neptune with his tritons, and over them under the gable two great gilt cannon guarded by a sailor. Beside this is "La Louve," the Guild of the Archers, now the house of the Masons, which shows a large group representing the She Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus. Four statues adorn the second story, and on the pinnacle is a gilded Phoenix emblematic of its immortality. The Guild of Carpenters adjoins it, and the house is known as "La Brouette," dated 1697. The first two stories rest on attached columns, and the third on five Caryatides partially gilt.

Next comes the "Le Sac," the house of the Guild of Printers and Booksellers, built the same year. The façade has three tiers of attached columns, the center tier being twisted. Under the gable is a short thick cylinder resembling a sack on which are the names of Fust, Guten-

Guild Houses—Brussels

Brussels
Guild Houses on
Grand place.
Flower Market
J.M.E.

berg, and Sheffer, the three master printers, whose portraits are carved on a medallion above. Then comes the Guild house of the Bakers, the work of Jean Cosyns. The trophy adorning the façade is that of the bust of Charles II, King of Spain, and over the doorway is the bust of St. Aubert, patron of the Bakers.

At the corner is the House of Aldermen, which antedates the Hotel de Ville. Next is the corporation of Butchers, called the "Cygne," and beside it is the Guild of the Brewers, surmounted by an equestrian figure by Jacquet of Prince Charles of Lorraine, Governor of the Netherlands from 1741 to 1780. This house is ornamented further by three panels between the two upper stories, showing cupids making and drinking beer.

On the east side of the place is the Hall of Weights and Measures, ornamented with a profusion of busts, reliefs, and tall fluted pilasters. Next to it in the rue de la Colline, is the House of the Scales, or Balances, showing the figures of two blackamoors supporting the balcony, and beneath the "Soffit" of the arch are two cupids, one with scales, the other with a trumpet. Opposite the Hotel de Ville is the "Taupe," the Tailors' Guild, with richly gilt pilasters. The Painters' Guild adjoins it, called the "Pigeon," with four lions heads in relief on the wall.

One can never forget this Square of Brussels. It is a dream of flashing gold. No matter how gray the skies,

these ancient buildings shine out of the shadows of the market place, lending a character and charm all too subtle to be described in print.

In the Grand Place in November of last year (1919), a most unique ceremony was carried out with all the solemnity and dignity of which the Flemish people are capable. It seems that the death penalty, although still under the law, is not carried out literally in Belgium.

Accordingly the names of criminals and malefactors, sentenced to death, are publicly placarded in the Grande Place by the public executioner. In this instance the names were those of the directors and editors of *Le Bruxellois*, the pro-German paper published in Belgium during the German occupation.

After gloating over this Square, there remains to one only Sainte Gudule, which assuredly is almost, if not quite, all that a great Gothic cathedral should be. My drawing shows it as I saw it at nightfall. I like to remember it thus towering majestically against the sky.

What may be styled the key of the three parts which dominate the town artistically, is that formed by the charming park, laid out in the very best style of Louis XV, both buildings and grounds the work of the architect Guimard, who certainly was influenced by Gabriel, who planned and carried out the splendid Place de la Concorde in Paris. It may be said that there is also a strong resemblance in the palaces to Compiegne. In the Park

itself, the work of Linner is hand in hand with both Kent and LeNotre, reminiscent of the little Trianon at Versailles, and its large open and spacious vistas.

The Park has some really magnificent trees of giant size, kept in perfect order, and the view across the Place Beillard is the pride of the town. The view of the environs from the Place du Congres, with the clustering roofs of the city in the hollow, is more than satisfying.

The fine column of "Congres," by Polaert, has a gallery around it from which one can get a still more extended vista. The column itself is styled "magnificent" by the townspeople, who are inordinately proud of all the Eighteenth Century accompaniments; the King's Palace, the mansion of the Count of Flanders, and the Church of St. James, with its group of colored statues by Portaels, and Simonis's fine equestrian statue of Godefroi de Bouillon. At the rear of the Royal Library is the old Court, an example of the School of Architecture of Guimard at its very best.

One can well believe that it took more than three hundred years to finish St. Gudule, although it owes its present aspect of perfection to the Architect DeCurte. St. Gudule certainly owes much to the site it occupies, for not many Gothic churches have the advantages of forming the crowning point of a steep hill. What can exceed the monumental dignity with which this great Gothic structure rears its towers against the sky?

St. Gudule and the towers of the Town Hall dwell in one's mind inseparably as characteristic of Brussels. That slender clustered column of such exquisite character and proportions is the work of a contemporary of Hans Memling, and Roger Van der Weyden was present at the ceremonies of the laying of its cornerstone in the Market Place surrounded by that array of mediæval guild houses which are the pride and wonder of Europe. Chronicles tell of their partial destruction when the City was bombarded in 1695, and that they were "immediately restored." Such was the love of art shown by the townspeople.

If this "restoration" was accomplished with an anachronism here and there, then it is hard, if not entirely impossible, to discover it. The ensemble is perfect. Nowhere else in the Netherlands can one find such a tableau of the past. Travelers familiar with Florence have noted a certain curious resemblance between the towers of the Brussels Town Hall and that of the Palazzo Vecchio when viewed from a distance. Of course, the Florentine tower is the elder of the two, but there are certain vague resemblances. The history of the great Italian trading cities shows the same general characteristics, so why not the architecture?

Flanders and ancient Brabant were linked by art as well as commerce. Ghent and Bruges produced such artists as the Van Eycks and Memling, while Antwerp hon-

ored Rubens, Jordaens, and Van Dyck, and then follow the names of Hugo Van der Goes, Van der Weyden, de Crayer and Teniers.

So the love of art must have certainly been both innate and strong with the people of ancient Brussels, and their commercial life went hand in hand with it. Nations are on the right path when they resolve that their purpose shall lead to such parliaments. The present mission of the King is to call into life an ideal condition for the individual as well as for the community.

The stranger in Brussels, if he is without friends to entertain him, will find the town after nightfall rather dismal, and he will think that it must have changed much since the day it earned the popular title of "the Paris of the low countries."

There is certainly not much of the gayety of Paris to be found in the town and the "night life" is not at all in evidence. The best of the restaurants are hidden away in narrow streets, and their exteriors are as gloomy and devoid of light as those quaint coffee houses one finds in London, with, perhaps, the single exception of the Savoy. There are, to be sure, the Café de Paris and the Grand Hotel Grill-Room with an entrance in the Rue Grétry, but these have not very much character or the local color (although the food and the company are both above reproach) of the Savoy.

Some old travelers recommend the Epaule de Mouton

and the Faille Déchirée, others insist upon the merits of Wiltcher's and Duranton's. The Faille Déchirée will be found in the Rue Chair et Pain at the corner, and is a picturesquely decorated sort of tunnel where Lobster a la Newburg is the piéce de resistance.

A rather celebrated restaurant was the Epaule de Mouton, hidden away in one of the small back streets behind the Grand Place, called the Rue des Harengs. Here side by side were found the best restaurants of Brussels, all quaintly named as the "Gigot de Mouton," the "Filet de Boeuf" and the "Epaule de Mouton" before mentioned. There was great rivalry between the proprietors of these, and the patrons of each stoutly maintained their superiority. However, it was all in a friendly spirit, and one could dine well at either for a comparatively small sum.

In the rue Grétry was a small eating house which enjoyed great renown among the gastronomers, indeed even an international reputation. This was the Lion d' Or kept by one Adolphus LeTellier, who was a sort of personage in the gastronomic world, and who charged for his "plats" accordingly to whim, although everything on the menu was plainly marked. To dispute the bill which he rendered was to incur his "displeasure," so I was informed.

Certainly the "diners" he served were models of quality, and the wines, particularly his Burgundy, were be-

yond reproach. The bill too, as I remember it, was far from exorbitant.

In my student days Wiltcher's restaurant on the Boulevard de Waterloo was a justly famous place where we could get the best dinner in the Netherlands for the low price of three francs. Wiltcher was a great character, who presided over his establishment with a degree of dignity that was most impressive. He was popularly known as "The Duke," and he wore some sort of decoration in the buttonhole of his long black frock coat. He had so many regular patrons that it was often difficult to get a seat at one of the tables, unless one was introduced by one of the patrons.

Many amusing stories were told of the elder Wiltcher's peculiarities, one regarding the lack of fruit on the menu. It seems that on one occasion a party of diners complained to him that only apples and oranges were to be found on the menu, when a better choice might be had elsewhere. Wiltcher listened with his customary affability and promised that thereafter a change would be made. Sure enough on the next day there was a change. No fruit whatever was on the bill of fare, nor was any to be had thereafter in Wiltcher's.

He made a specialty of strange game in season. Mr. Newnham Davis mentions the fact of his having eaten a dish of the "Outarde" or great bustard, whose flesh was like that of the turkey (Newnham Davis—"The Gour-

met's Guide to Europe"), and that of the "gangas," a Japanese partridge. ("Gangas du Japon a la Broche.") He gives a specimen menu of Wiltcher's—price three francs:

Surely an amazing dinner for sixty cents.

Consomme à la Reine
Quartier d'Agneau
Filet de sole à la Normande
Mint sauce à'la Anglaise
Epinards à'la Creme
Porcade de Bruxelles en cocotte
Croquettes des Pommes de Terre
Gangas du Japon à'la Broche
Compote de Mirabelles
Salade de Laitue
Glace Arlequin
Biscuits de Reims
Café.

He speaks of Justine's, "Quai au Bois a' Bruler." Justine's is a little fish restaurant on the Quai by the side of the fish market. It has distinctly a bourgeois character. "It is not the sort of place you would choose to take a lady in her summer frock, but you get a fine fish dinner there nevertheless." There is no restaurant in the world where Moules a' la Marinière are served to such perfection, and you can rely on every bit of fish supplied there being fresh. The exterior is unattractive, even dirty, and the service inside is somewhat rough.

On Fridays the place is always crowded, and there may be difficulty about retaining a room upstairs, where it is best to go when you wish to be specially well served.

"In the old days it was the fashion to go on Fridays to 'Le Sabôt,' a 'restaurant estaminet' of the same order a little lower down on the quay, which had a reputation for its manner of cooking mussels; but since the death of old François who kept it, the place does not appear much in favor, and the tide of custom now flows towards Justine's. It must be remembered that this house is mentioned simply as a feature of Brussels life and not as a representative restaurant. . . ." On Wednesdays all the Brussels restaurants are crowded, this being Bourse day and in more senses than one "Market day," when over five thousand strangers, mostly men, come into the city from provincial towns.

In conclusion, I may mention that I have failed to discover the restaurant where George Osborne gave his "great dinner" to the Bareacres a few days before the battle of Waterloo. Thackeray records that as they came away from the feast, Lord Bareacres asked to see the bill, and "pronounced it a d— bad dinner and d— dear." Probably the place is extinct, for happily the double pronouncement cannot be applied to the dinner I have eaten at any of the restaurants mentioned in this chapter.

There is certainly a very marked contrast between the life "au restaurant" in Brussels and in Paris. The Bel-

gian is a great home body, and prefers his dinner at home surrounded by his family. Dining at a restaurant is a great occasion for him and, as a rule, is celebrated on Sunday or a holiday "al fresco," and he will probably go to the Bois de la Cambre, where he will sit with his wife and children the whole evening drinking the light beer called "geuze lambeck." Society, however, scorns the Bois de la Cambre, and drives out to Groenendall through the beautiful old forest of Soignies.

In the Vauxhall Gardens concerts are given by the orchestra of the opera, and here one gets an admirable idea of the fashionable life of the town. The Belgian is a great and enthusiastic lover of music, no gathering of importance is without its accompaniment of a band of music. In every commune throughout the kingdom will be found its "symphonie," sometimes two of them, one Catholic, the other Liberal, even the Socialists march with trumpets and beating drums; strangers are mystified at funeral gatherings and processions where the gorgeously painted and gilded hearse is preceded by a full band of music; fancying it to be in honor of the passing of some eminent statesman or public character, they find that the late lamented was the local baker or fish dealer, or such.

Brussels has an excellent college of music, where for a surprisingly small sum a course of instruction may be had by any foreigner, while for the Belgian there is no charge whatever. Many English and American students

enjoy its facilities for which they pay only a fraction of what it would cost them in Paris. The institution is under the direction of the state, and the "Conservatoire" diplomas are highly prized by musicians.

Perhaps the most beautiful feature of Brussels is the mile and a half long avenue Louise, bordered by noble lime and chestnut trees, and divided by a broad carriage drive, which was completed about forty years ago. This noble avenue is lined on either hand by fine modern houses built of a blueish grained stone. The Quartier Louise, however, is less fashionable than the Quartier Leopold, but the former houses the greater part of the English colony, and is said to be, because of its gravel soil, the healthier.

The long avenue bordered by two rows of fine lime trees, forming the center of the Boulevard, in the so called upper town, and reaching from the Jardin Botanique to the Porte of Hal, was planted by Prince Charles of Lorraine in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. In those days the ancient walls of Brussels followed this curve. The walls were demolished after the war of independence.

Within the last few years another noble avenue has been completed leading in an easterly direction to the Park of Tervueren. This was originally a royal park but is now occupied by the Congo Museum. In the grounds are several large lakes and some noble trees.

The ancient castle of Tervueren was the residence of the Dukes of Brabant, and in the old Abbey Church are their tombs.

Perhaps the most suggestive spot in the town is the Place des Martyrs, between the Rue Fosse aux Loups and the Rue St. Michel. Here in the center stands the monument erected to the memory of the patriots who fell in the struggle against the Dutch in the war of 1820. An allegorical figure representing liberated Belgium is recording the four days of September, the twenty-third to the twenty-sixth, rendered memorable by the combat. At her feet rests the Belgian lion, and the broken chains indicate the happy era thus commenced. In an underground gallery are inscribed the names of the four hundred and forty-five patriots who fell in the struggle.

Perhaps the most famous of the Belgian architects during the last century are Polaert and Guimard. Polaert it was who conceived and constructed the impressive and grandiose Palace of Justice which overlooks and dominates Brussels. St. Peter's at Rome served him as a model for the dome. The great white pile of buildings, which covers more ground space than St. Peter's, occupied more than twenty years in its construction, and cost one million, eight hundred thousand pounds sterling. Belgians are wont to hold up their hands in dismay when quoting this cost, but as a matter of fact it is believed that

the work could not have been done elsewhere for double the figure.

It is said to be the most extensive architectural construction of the Nineteenth Century, as well as one of the most beautiful of modern buildings. The area occupied is upwards of two hundred and seventy thousand square feet, the building basis measuring five hundred and ninety feet long by five hundred and sixty feet wide. In designing it the architect avowed that his plan was to adapt Assyrian "motif" to modern requirements, using the Graeco-Roman style with Rococo ornamentation. This sounds somewhat incongruous, but really the effect is very good.

The main body of the building is surmounted by a rectangular structure surrounded with beautifully proportioned columns, which in turn uphold a graceful rotunda topped by a small dome bearing a great golden crown, the whole rising more than four hundred feet above the court of the rue des Minimes.

Colossal figures representing Justice, Law, Force and Mercy, the work of the sculptors Dutrieux, Desenfans, Vinçotte and DeTombay, embellish the rotunda. Great flights of steps ascending to the vestibule are flanked by colossal statues of Demosthenes and Lycurgus, the work of A. P. Cattier, and Cicero and Domitius by A. F. Bouré.

In the middle of the Boulevard, at the southern extremity of the city, rises the great tower called the Porte de Hal, now the sole remaining remnant of the ancient town wall and battlements of the Fourteenth Century. Built in the year 1381, it was occupied two centuries later by the Duke of Alva during his reign of terror in the Netherlands. Of square form, it has three great vaulted chambers rising in successive stories, and is crowned by a projecting tower. It now houses the Royal Museum of Arms and Armor, and contains some of the fiendish instruments of torture used on the hapless prisoners during the Inquisition, and a quite remarkable and well arranged collection of prehistoric Greek, Etruscan and Frankish weapons, from the Royal Arsenal which was dispersed in the year 1794. There are also many suits of ancient German and Spanish armor, and some curious stuffed skins of the horses ridden by the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella on the day of their entry into Brussels in 1599. On the upper floor is an ethnological collection chiefly from the Congo Free State, and the collection of Belgian firearms made by Leopold I, who was an "amateur" of distinction.

The Palace of Justice—Brussels

The Palace of Justice—Brussels

The Palace of Justice
Brussels.

Ghent

THE Belgian poet, Ledeganck, extolling his native town, Ghent, in sonorous verse, called it "*the doughty lion's lair of yore*," and this describes it well. Others differently moved have called it the City of the Van Eycks, to distinguish it from Bruges, which they name the City of Memlings. Perhaps nothing so fascinates in one's explorations of an ancient town as the infinite variety of impressions bequeathed by a past civilization, and it may be said truthfully that Ghent of today quite answers one's fondest and most enthusiastic expectations as to antiquity and picturesqueness, in spite of the modernity which is slowly creeping over it.

Indeed, the clang of the tram car bell under the frowning front of the great gray stone château of the Counts of Flanders does not at all disturb one's sense of the fitness of things, and the quaint green and yellow umbrellas of the market stalls under its ancient, gray walls, seem a very fitting accompaniment and quite necessary to the picture.

The fact that modern Ghent has forgotten that it had the reputation of being "the doughty lion's lair," is every-

where evident, and years before the outbreak of the war it had more fame as the center of the floriculture so successfully practiced by the Belgians since the year of their independence. Indeed the perseverance and enterprise of the Belgian gardeners was famed throughout Europe, and no voyage of exploration was too difficult or costly to them, in securing from the far ends of the world, the roots and seeds which they have so successfully grown in the gardens of Ghent.

Those were princely patrons of floriculture in the olden days; those Ghiesbreghts, Van Houttes, De Jonghes and Galeottis, to mention only a few of the greater names, who scoured the forests of South America for rare plants and flowers. The orchid was brought to Europe by Julius Linden from Brazil and from his culture and study of the plant have grown more than one hundred and fifty varieties, from which thousands of specimens have been classified and named.

In addition to this, there are miles of flower beds in the nursery gardens of the town from which are exported yearly great cargoes of camelias, azaleas, orange trees and other hothouse plants. The winter garden of Covent van Kerckhove is perhaps the most noteworthy, and in the great heated glass and iron buildings on his estate are the very finest specimens of palm trees waving over great beds of brilliant orchids; and there are here to be found veritable forests of azaleas, camelias and begonias.

In Ghent society is more exclusively Flemish than in Brussels or Antwerp, and here the social magnates are manufacturers rather than merchants, and here too are still maintained the palatial residences of some of the ancient Flemish families whose names are forever emblazoned on the annals of Flemish history, and who constituted the civic nobility of the Flemish cities.

In these families certain offices such as those of Bourgomaster, and Sheriff have become hereditary, for instance, it is said that the governors of Flemish provinces are always selected from the families of Van Kerckhove, Ryhove, and Liederkerke, who have been Bourgomasters and Governors since the days of the Van Arteveldes.

The remaining representatives of the old Netherlands' nobility, those whose pedigrees date from the time of the crusades and the founding of the order of the Golden Fleece during the Burgundian epoch, constitute the first order of Belgian society. These are the families of DeLegue, D'Arenberg, Chimay, Croy, Lalaing, D'Asshe and Merode. Of these families the D'Arenbergs and DeLignes are more German and Austrian than Belgian. The Duke of D'Arenberg in the male line is a DeLigne, and is an officer in the Garde du Corps. His palace in Brussels was famed for its great picture gallery which was removed to Germany *before* the outbreak of the Great War. [!] A wing of this palace was formerly the residence of Count Egmont. Members of the other fami-

lies named have been long identified with the diplomatic service. Count de Merode was Prime Minister, and Prince de Carignan-Chimay held the post of Foreign Minister for an extended period.

As for Ghent of to-day, the observer finds some very impressive modern buildings, such for instance as the University, and the Palace of Justice; but these, while handsome and well adapted to their uses, are neither Flemish nor Gothic, nor do they fit in, so to speak, with the ancient buildings surrounding them. So one turns instinctively to the Old Market place, where the Flemish gables stand in a wide circle around the splendid statue of Jacob Van Artevelde, with the old belfry in the background; surmounted by the gilded copper dragon made in Ghent in 1378. Originally placed on the Belfry at Bruges by Baudoin, Count of Flanders, it was brought to Ghent by Philip Van Artevelde, and is one of the chief treasures of the town. In the Belfry hangs the celebrated "Great Roland" bell, bearing the inscription in Flemish:—

> "Myn maem is' Roelant;
> als ick Kleppe dan is't brand;
> als ick luyde, is't victorie in Vlaendrenland."

("My name is Roland; when I toll there is a fire, and when I peal there is Victory in Flanders.")

Passing through the old Marché au Buerre one comes

upon the Hotel de Ville of the Fifteenth Century, one of the finest buildings of its kind to be found in Flanders. It may be that its interior is somewhat disappointing; one rather expects great staircases and a banquet hall of royal proportions, or at least a great inner court with statues and a fountain; but the Fleming expended all his art upon the exterior, and here there is such a magnificent display, that one leaves it with a feeling of bewildered content, and filled with a variety of lasting impressions.

The most stupendous monument in the town is the château of the counts, which was built as a stronghold in the year 868 by Baldwin of the Iron Arm, against the Norman invasion. Part of this castle, now completely and most admirably restored, dates from the Roman epoch. Up to the year 1880 it was used as a cotton mill, and in the great Donjon more than one thousand workmen labored at their machines.

Here Edward III and the Victor de Poitiers dwelt at different periods, and John of Gaunt (Ghent) first saw the light in one of the small chambers in the turret. Nearby the Emperor Charles V was born in the year 1500, when the château was already hoary with age. Charles always evinced great fondness for his birthplace and indeed for all things Flemish. His punning boast to Francis I of France is famous, "Je Mettrais Votre Paris dans mon Gand" ("I could put your Paris in my glove").

Other great men claimed Ghent as their native town.

There was Jacques Van Artevelde and his son Philippe, Jacques supported Edward III in his claim to the French throne, and lost his life facing the rabble. Philippe became Captain General of the people of Ghent, leading them brilliantly against the citizens of Bruges, and losing his life on the battlefield in 1482.

Likewise, as before mentioned, John of Ghent (Gaunt), son of Edward II and Philippe of Hainault, Shakespeare's "time-honored Lancaster," father of Henry IV, was born within the walls, a fact which renders the old town dear to the English.

But the one object above all the rest which makes Ghent famous is the great masterpiece of the Van Eycks "The Adoration of the Lamb." "Incredible!" was the cry that broke from the lips of Lord Ronal Gower, when he first beheld the painting. He relates that it held him enthralled for two hours on this occasion and exclaims, "What elevation of thought!"

All experiences of the period of Christianity are here pictured. What creation; what consummate skill of rendering color; what wealth of invention and unwearied labor! Combine the coloring of the Italian, Spanish and Flemish schools, and one finds that the art of the Van Eycks outvalues them. No one knows what share in this great work is due to Hubert or what to John. It matters not at all. The result is perfection.

Of the lives of these brothers little is known save that

Ste. Gudule, Nightfall

they were born, they lived and painted; that they had a sister Margaret of whom they were fond, and that she died in Ghent before the brothers went to Bruges. The life of Hubert is as clouded in mystery as hers.

John, on the contrary, is an historical figure of whose busy life the chronicles of the time are eloquent. We learn that during the first period of his fame he was a member of the court of the Duke of Bavaria, and afterwards was attached to the house of Philip of Burgundy, who sent him to Spain to paint the portrait of Princess Elizabeth. Returning to Bruges after this, he married a young girl, the daughter of a linen merchant; they had a daughter; then his wife died in 1450, and the daughter entered a convent at Maes Eyck, Limburg, the town where her father was born.

The art of the Van Eycks followed the great mystic movement emanating from the Southern Netherlands. Judged merely superficially, it represents to us a mediæval drama based upon an ecclesiastical theme, whose different scenes, put together on a single panel in sequence, can be studied at once.

Anachronism has been entirely disregarded; costume and accessories of the painters' day have been employed most naïvely, and the faces resemble contemporary portraits of Flemings.

Ancient Flemish Art, however, was not busied with, or mindful of dramaticism: mysticism was the viewpoint.

Introspection was systematically inculcated in the minds of the disciples of Ruysbroeck and Grotius, for it was the natural manifestation of the state of mind in an age that had no knowledge of the higher forms of culture. All existing works of the School of the Van Eycks, of Rogier Van der Weyden, Dirck Bouts, Memling, Van der Goes and Metsys exhibit this incontrovertibly.

Describing the "Adoration of the Lamb," Van Mander says: "The inner panel of this work is from the Revelation of John, where the Elders worship the Lamb. Round about the figure of Mary, above the table, are tiny angels, singing, so prettily and skillfully executed that one can see by their actions who sings treble, high 'cintre,' tenor or bass. Pliny writes that painters, painting a hundred or a smaller number of faces, always, or nearly always cause some of them to look alike, being unable to keep pace with nature, which among a thousand, scarcely makes two alike. But in this work there are about three hundred and thirty faces, not one of which is like the other; and in which faces one perceives various effects, as, for instance, those of a godly seriousness, of love, or devotion. Even so in the figure of Mary, whose lips seem to utter a few words which she is reading from a book. In the landscape there are many 'outlandish' foreign trees. The simples which one can recognize at a glance, and the grasses in the ground are particularly pretty and tasteful. Also the hair of the

figures and in the horses' tails and manes, which one can almost count, are so slight and delicately touched as to make every artist wonder. Nay, the whole of the work astonishes and puzzles one. It shows a rare power of grouping and drawing, of intelligence, of invention, purity and skill. As regards the colors, blue, red and purple, they are indelible, and are still so beautiful that they appear to have been but lately put on; they surpass all other paintings." (This was written by Van Mander three hundred years ago.—G. W. E.)

In Hotho's "History of the Pictorial Art of Christianity," he thus describes "The Adoration of the Lamb." "On a slight elevation in a fertile plain, in the middle distance, stands the altar with the lamb whose blood flows into a golden vessel; immediately around it where no mortal would be worthy to abide, a host of angels, swinging censers like choristers, deeply absorbed in prayer with the emblem of the passion in their arms. Behind these, undulating grassy knolls planted with vines, orange, fig, and rose trees, from whose bushes, as if coming from the town, there issues from the right a serried rank of martyrs dressed in gorgeous raiment for the religious solemnity; to the left, from behind the rose trees, a still longer procession of holy women, charming but humble, wearing flowers in their hair and carrying palm branches. In the further perspective on both sides Jerusalem with its wealth of churches, from behind which

we catch a glimpse of blue mountains. High up in the air the Dove, emitting rays of hallowed light. In the foreground around the Fountain of Life, kneeling in a semicircle, are the prophets, rejoicing in the complete fulfillment of their prophecy; further on the Apostles, joined to whom are numberless laymen of all times and nations; pagan priests; primeval bards who have come hither from woods and rocky caverns; kings, nobles, burghers, most of them converted and stirred to prayer, others proudly questioning or desperately struggling with heavy doubts, the first especially in white robes and all of broad stature. As a contrast, Bishops, Popes, and priests, a serried mass of heads, scarcely nearer the solution of the sublime problem, but more tranquil in oft repeated meditation."

This great painting, admired and worshiped for hundreds of years, of priceless value, was carefully hidden away by officials of the Government during the German occupation of the country, and is now to be replaced in the former space in the sixth chapel of the Cathedral of St. Bavon.

How these painters produced this wondrous piece of work during those troublous times when the town was besieged, when the "Kabbeljauws" scourged the country side, and rapine and murder were rampant—is a mystery. There is only the written word in the monkish chronicles that the brothers produced their invention somewhere about the year 1420, when they dwelt at

Bruges; that they afterwards, on the invitation of Jodscus Vydt, removed to Ghent where they remained for several years; and that there Hubert died in 1426, followed shortly after by Margaret. These meager details contain all that is known of the brothers Van Eyck.

Ghent abounds in quaint nooks and corners which charm the eye, and repay the inquisitive. The castle-like old church of St. Nicholas, now stripped of those clustering small houses which formerly leaned up against its hoary, gray seamed walls, is the very oldest temple in Ghent. It is in what is known as the early pointed style of architecture, all plain of wall and entirely unadorned by ornament.

In one of the dim aisles of the old church, under a small picture hanging on the fourth pillar of the north aisle in the great nave, is an inscription which records that Oliver Minsau and his wife are buried below, "Ende hadden tesamen een en dertich kinderen." (They had together one and thirty children.) There is further record of this family relation that when the Emperor Charles V entered Ghent with his retinue, this same Oliver Minsau paraded his "twenty-one" sons before the Emperor, who "remarked the sight," and afterwards sent for and rewarded him.

Documents of priceless value relating to the town and its people are now stored in the remarkable old castle on the river, known as the château of Gerard le Diable, of

unsavory repute. In restoring it some years ago a great crypt was discovered beneath its foundations, wherein it is surmised, from rings in the walls, rusty chains, some fragments of crumbling bone, and curious engines of torture, hapless wretches were confined and forgotten, in the dim ages of long ago.

The town is divided by canals and waterways into thirteen islands crossed by sixty-five bridges, and is connected with the Scheldt River by means of the Terneuzen canal which is sufficiently deep to admit ships and steamers of considerable burthen to dock in the town.

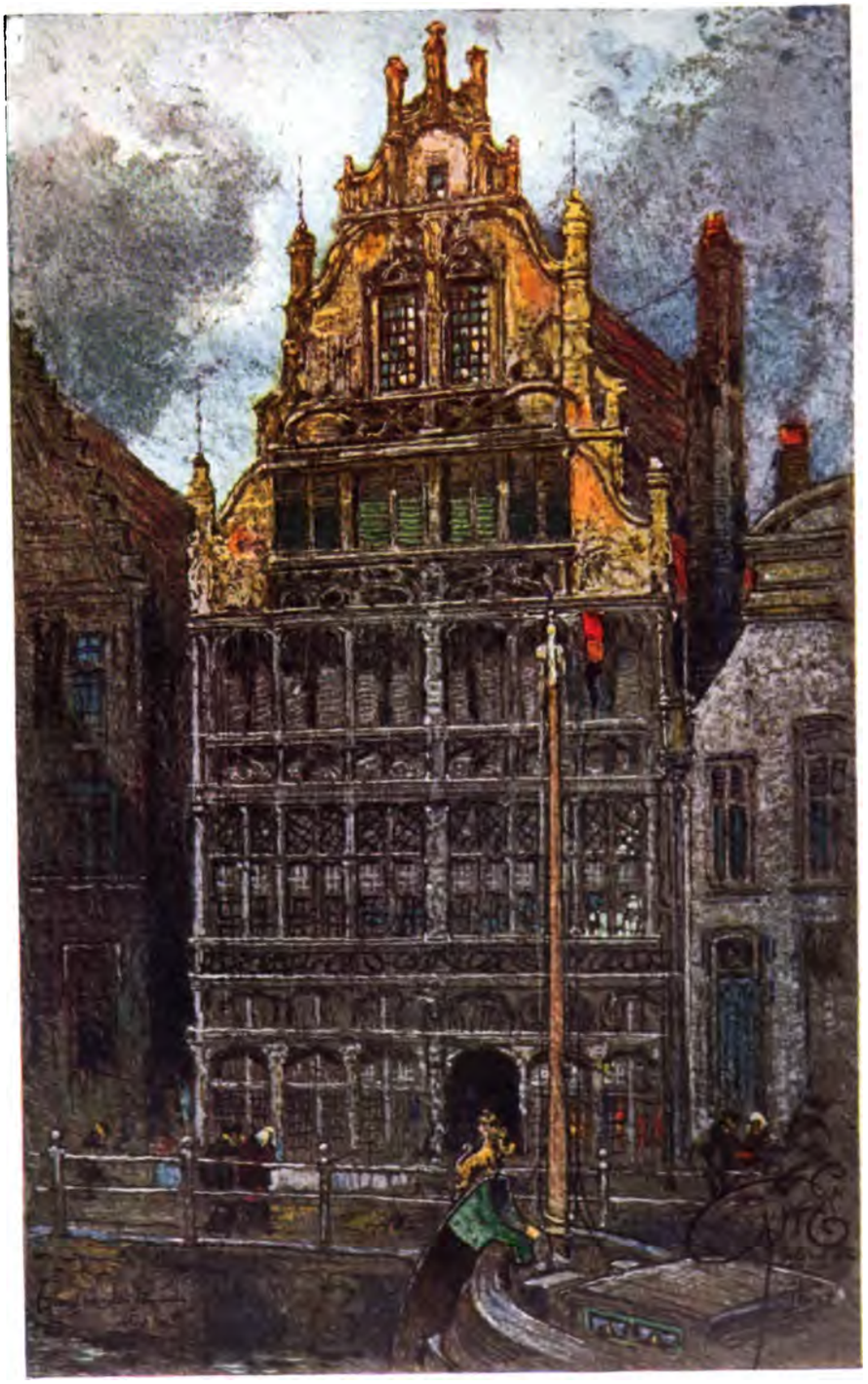
It is the capital of the province of East Flanders and contains, excluding the large suburbs of Ledeberg, Ghent-Brugge, and St. Amand, one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Of sixteen miles in circumference Ghent covers an area of six thousand six hundred and fifty acres. The houses are lofty and of picturesque architecture, and in their solid Flemish style, with tall gables, and fronted by fine stone quays, present a unique picture recalling the prosperous days when Ghent, though under the feoffage of the Count of Flanders and the Duke of Brabant, enjoyed such privileges and immunities as rendered it well nigh independent. Then the Great Army of Citizens, who called themselves the Confederacy of the "Chaperons Blancs" or White Hoods, could place an equipped army of eighty thousand men in the field almost over night.

Guild Hall of the Watermen—Ghent

unsavory repute. In restoring it some years ago a great crypt was discovered beneath its foundations, wherein it is surmised, from rings in the walls, rusty chains, some fragments of crumbling bone, and curious engines of torture, hapless wretches were confined and forgotten, in the dim ages of long ago.

The town is divided by canals and waterways into thirteen islands crossed by sixty-five bridges, and is connected with the Scheldt River by means of the Terneuzen canal which is sufficiently deep to admit ships and steamers of considerable burthen to dock in the town.

It is the capital of the province of East Flanders and contains, excluding the large suburbs of Ledeberg, Ghent-Brugge, and St. Amand, one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Of sixteen miles in circumference Ghent covers an area of six thousand six hundred and fifty acres. The houses are lofty and of picturesque architecture, and in their solid Flemish style, with tall gables, and fronted by fine stone quays, present a unique picture recalling the prosperous days when Ghent, though under the feoffage of the Count of Flanders and the Duke of Brabant, enjoyed such privileges and immunities as rendered it well nigh independent. Then the Great Army of Citizens, who called themselves the Confederacy of the "Chaperons Blancs" or White Hoods, could place an equipped army of eighty thousand men in the field almost over night.



Of the Guild Houses, that of the Batelliers (boatmen) on the Quai aux Herbes is perhaps the most famous and best preserved.

In the ruins of the Abbey of St. Bavon, the Lapidary Collection is one of great interest. This old abbey was founded in the year 651 by St. Bavon, some say that it is of even an earlier period; at any rate, it is the oldest vestige of the Middle Ages existing in Belgium.

Briefly, here was born John of Gaunt, son of Edward III and Philippa, and Philip the Bold of Burgundy was married in the chapel. Charles V battered it down in 1540, and thus it has remained to this day.

A great power in itself up to the period of pacification of 1540, Ghent sank into nothingness and decay because in its arrogance it could not conceive of defeat, nor profit by the warning of the fate of other Flemish towns. The workmen left it, and the green grass grew between the stones of the wide market place. The unused canals filled up, and the once crowded streets were deserted.

From its proud place as one of the chief cities of the province, Ghent dwindled almost to a village in population. When the French arrived in the time of the Revolution, it contained less than forty thousand people out of a former population of two hundred and fifty thousand. Ghent, which had been famous for its gloves, gradually and timidly became a vast nursery garden, and

this renown it has maintained and increased to the present day.

When the revival began, the merchants and weavers of cloth gradually returned to the town, and it was during the French occupation that the first of the cloth mills was established here to provide the soldiers of Napoleon with material for uniforms.

The manufacture of cotton goods did not begin until the beginning of the Dutch rule 1815–30, and it did not assume important proportions until the Dutch yoke was thrown off in 1839. Then Ghent blossomed forth; new factories and mills were rapidly built for the fabrication of cotton and wool; workmen flocked to the town from far and near; the streets once more were thronged with people, and prosperity reigned.

Then came the outbreak of the Civil War in America which cut off the supply of cotton, and caused the closing of the mills, throwing thousands of skilled workers out of employment. An epidemic of cholera broke out among the people, causing great suffering and distress to the unfortunate populace, to whom the future seemed blank. The authorities, now awakened to the unsanitary condition of the workman's quarter, instituted improvements which resulted in better housings and cleaner surroundings for the great army of lace workers who worked at home. Factories offering better facilities were

built for them and the business of lace making, already large, was greatly increased.

The news of this state of affairs spread to other towns, and with the building of works for the manufacture of agricultural implements and engines of various kinds, the population has thus grown to upwards of one hundred and seventy-five thousand.

Crossing a bridge where begins the Rue de la Monnaie, one comes upon a monster cannon, "Palladium" of Ghent, which the people have affectionately named "Dulle Griet," or "enraged Margaret," [Mad Meg]. This gun, eighteen or twenty feet long and of enormous bore, is said to have been given to the town by Marguerite of Constantinople. There are guns of this same type in England and Scotland, and curiously enough they are also called "Mons Meg" and "Roaring Meg," and in the the Museum of Bâle M. Joseph Garnier, in his book "Artillerie des ducs de Bourgogne," speaks of others of this type belonging to the princes, and always called "Griette."

One of these bears the arms of Charles the Bold, and the inscription "Jehan de Malines, 1474." "These Burgundian guns," he says, "shot great stone balls of the weight of four hundred pounds, and necessitated a charge of seventy pounds of powder." This cannon of Ghent is supposed to have been a trophy of victory taken by

Introspection was systematically inculcated in the minds of the disciples of Ruysbroeck and Grotius, for it was the natural manifestation of the state of mind in an age that had no knowledge of the higher forms of culture. All existing works of the School of the Van Eycks, of Rogier Van der Weyden, Dirck Bouts, Memling, Van der Goes and Metsys exhibit this incontrovertibly.

Describing the "Adoration of the Lamb," Van Mander says: "The inner panel of this work is from the Revelation of John, where the Elders worship the Lamb. Round about the figure of Mary, above the table, are tiny angels, singing, so prettily and skillfully executed that one can see by their actions who sings treble, high 'cintre,' tenor or bass. Pliny writes that painters, painting a hundred or a smaller number of faces, always, or nearly always cause some of them to look alike, being unable to keep pace with nature, which among a thousand, scarcely makes two alike. But in this work there are about three hundred and thirty faces, not one of which is like the other; and in which faces one perceives various effects, as, for instance, those of a godly seriousness, of love, or devotion. Even so in the figure of Mary, whose lips seem to utter a few words which she is reading from a book. In the landscape there are many 'outlandish' foreign trees. The simples which one can recognize at a glance, and the grasses in the ground are particularly pretty and tasteful. Also the hair of the

figures and in the horses' tails and manes, which one can almost count, are so slight and delicately touched as to make every artist wonder. Nay, the whole of the work astonishes and puzzles one. It shows a rare power of grouping and drawing, of intelligence, of invention, purity and skill. As regards the colors, blue, red and purple, they are indelible, and are still so beautiful that they appear to have been but lately put on; they surpass all other paintings." (This was written by Van Mander three hundred years ago.—G. W. E.)

In Hotho's "History of the Pictorial Art of Christianity," he thus describes "The Adoration of the Lamb." "On a slight elevation in a fertile plain, in the middle distance, stands the altar with the lamb whose blood flows into a golden vessel; immediately around it where no mortal would be worthy to abide, a host of angels, swinging censers like choristers, deeply absorbed in prayer with the emblem of the passion in their arms. Behind these, undulating grassy knolls planted with vines, orange, fig, and rose trees, from whose bushes, as if coming from the town, there issues from the right a serried rank of martyrs dressed in gorgeous raiment for the religious solemnity; to the left, from behind the rose trees, a still longer procession of holy women, charming but humble, wearing flowers in their hair and carrying palm branches. In the further perspective on both sides Jerusalem with its wealth of churches, from behind which

milk wagons drawn by large dogs, and laden with milk cans again pass through the streets, but the cans are no longer of shining brass or copper, they are now made of tin; brass and copper being scarce as yet, as the Germans seized and melted down all they could find of them.

But the milk women are just as attractive as of yore, and are one of the "sights," especially where they are assembled for inspection by the police officers. These inspections take place at uncertain dates, so that no intending malefactor can know just when she may be disciplined. All the carriers of milk are women, and some of them are quite attractive. The inspection is of course for the purpose of learning if all the regulations are properly carried out. The milk is tested with instruments, and the harness of the dogs examined so that the beasts may not be ill treated. Regulations call for a bowl for the dog to drink from and a small piece of carpet for him to lie on when at rest as an essential part of the equipment.

The dogs are, as a rule, well fed and fairly well treated, for they are valuable, being worth up to five hundred francs for the better breed. The law permits their use for draught purposes. They are called "Chiens de trait." In the economy of the Belgian system, dogs have no right to existence save as beasts of burden, at least among the working class. Of course, the rich class have their

"Chiens de Maison" or "de Chasse," but for the peasant or shopkeeper the dog is always a worker and a patient obedient slave. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is very alert to infractions against its rules, but there is rarely a case of cruelty seen in the courts. One can see in many of the Belgian towns signs upon the market places displaying the words, "Traitez les animaux avec douceur," and giving the rules and regulations against the working of dogs under a certain size and weight.

One is impressed by the neat dress and well-kept, contented appearance of the Belgian market women. As a rule they go bareheaded, but in some localities they still wear the really beautiful cap of Flemish lace with large pendent flaps on their shoulders. These caps are often heirlooms, and thus only worn on fête days or special occasions. Their hair is generally combed smoothly, and in stormy weather they cover the head with a small shawl of bright colors. They carry large heavy cotton umbrellas too, when necessary, and these have great horn handles. One does not find these on sale in the shops and it is something of a mystery just where they get them. The women are in marked contrast to the men of this class, who seem unkempt and slouchy in appearance.

It is in the small "estaminets" (from "Estamento" Spanish) that one will get the best impression of the people, or in the restaurants on the market places. Here

Old St. Nicholas—Ghent

one sees the typical life of the town. The "patronne" sits behind a kind of bar decorated with an imposing array of bottles of liquors of various kinds, presiding over the business. She has a pleasant smile and a word of greeting for all who enter, and a watchful eye over the waiters who carry the orders to her which she transmits to the kitchen. From noon until about half-past two the place will be thronged, especially on market days. On entering and leaving it is customary to raise one's hat to Madame, no one would think of omitting this rule. Monsieur, the husband (if there is one) is not generally to be seen, he is as a rule busy in the kitchen watching the "chef" or in the cellar looking after the wines, and these cellars are certainly well stocked.

It is only after the midday meal is out of the way and the patrons gone about their business of the day, that Monsieur comes forth, and then the family sit down to their belated meal. They seem to enjoy themselves greatly. They certainly do full justice to the food, and they share a bottle of wine between them which they water well before drinking. After the meal the place is turned over to the "garçons," who pile up the chairs and wash down the floor in preparation for the dinner hour which is six o'clock, and lasts until eight. This is the invariable order of the day.

Elsewhere in this little sketchy picture of the people, one will find contrasted the women of the two provinces

of Flanders and Walloon. They are quite dissimilar in both appearance and character, and between them is great rivalry. One finds the Flemings a fair haired and shorter race than their Walloon sisters, and they are bright eyed and pink cheeked in marked contrast to the latter, who are dark, pale faced, and much taller of stature. The Flemish woman is ever energetic, the Walloon of much greater dignity of carriage and general deportment.

The Walloons say that the Flemings are vulgar and dirty. The Flemish call the Walloons lazy and stuck up, and furthermore allude to them as "Mauvaise sujets," —this seems to be the final and most terrible arraignment of all, but they say no more. But the impartial observer finds most admirable traits in both types. Epicures pronounce the Walloon cooking superior to the Flemish, and there seems to be a basis of truth in this.

As far as one is able to judge cursorily the condition of the Belgian working class in Ghent, and the other large manufacturing centers, is perhaps not much different from that in other countries, except our own. The hours of labor are unquestionably long, and seem to be arbitrarily fixed and controlled by the employer, but the text of the law relating to child labor in Belgium is clear and emphatic:

For instance, no child can be hired or employed in any factory or mill before the age of twelve.

Doorway of the Fish Market—Ghent

Portique du
Marché
aux
Poissons.
©

This, of course, means that labor for children begins at the age of twelve, and clearly explains why the children one meets in the streets in the evening have that pitiful stunted look which haunts one. The law continues—no child under the age of sixteen can be kept at work longer than twelve hours a day. Twelve hours a day in a cotton mill—think of it! One cannot ascertain what the wages of these children are, but inquiry disclosed the fact that the wages of the workingman is about four francs a day. Add to this the wages of the wife and children and the income is certainly sufficient for his mode of living. While far below the pay of the American artisan of the same order, the Belgian does not seem discontented with his lot.

The Belgian workman is not as a rule a great meat eater. Soup and bread form the usual meal, and the bread is a coarse, full bodied product, and full of nourishment, far from the sort provided and consumed by the Americans. His great meal is eaten on Sunday, when he is at leisure, and then he will have pork or corned beef, and a great pitcher of "Faro" or "Lambick" to wash it down.

He is not then so badly off as one might think. His hours of labor may be long and arduous, but he has frequent "Jours de repos." The café or his "cercle" provides his amusement, and there are frequently musical concerts by his own "cercle" band, and an occasional par-

ade, at which he will wear his holiday black clothes, and afterwards take his wife and children to dinner at the café, where they will take their pleasures after the manner of the Flemings,—somewhat uproariously.

Until the movement for the better housing of the workman began, it is true that they were very badly off, being crowded together in narrow dark streets under conditions which quite precluded all questions of decency or sanitation. Such conditions are rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and dwellings of a much better type are now provided amid clean surroundings, made possible by admirable systems of transportation.

In Ghent the great coöperation store called the "Vooruit" is at his disposal, retailing to its members practically all the articles of which they have need at cost—plus five per cent. for expenses.

To-day Ghent is essentially an industrial town, with a dense population of skilled workmen and their families greater than that of any other town in the Kingdom, numbering in 1914, as stated elsewhere, upwards of forty-five thousand, as against that of Antwerp with its forty thousand five hundred.

In the great cotton and jute mills alone there were twenty thousand operatives. Of this number, Mr. D. L. Blount, the Director of the Central Information Bureau of the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, says

in his report, that 60 per cent. of the pre-war number are again at work at the machines.

Ghent was really the cradle of the cotton spinning industry on the continent and owes its place to the enterprise and enthusiasm of Liéven Baumens who built and operated the first mills at Ghent. Mr. Blount finds that wages at the mills have been increased 150 per cent. and that about 90 per cent. of the workmen are unionized and content with the present conditions. The mills are reported booked well ahead with orders from Holland, England, France and South America.

In the flax spinning and weaving mills about 50 per cent. of the pre-war number of operatives are at work, using a shipment of flax received from Russia. Belgium ordinarily produces a very high grade of flax, the greater part of which is usually exported to England. Mr. Blount says that in July, 1919, one hundred thousand spindles were at work in Belgium, as compared with three hundred and seventy-five thousand in 1913, and that the relative labor stability in Belgium to-day, as compared with the conditions prevailing in other countries, may be attributed, aside from the remarkable administration of the Government, to two well founded causes. ("Belgium's Recovery" by D. L. Blount.)

"First, the Belgian laborer did not receive the high war wages which munition workers obtained in other al-

lied countries during four years, and the passing of the war period has meant for him an increase in wages rather than a threatened reduction to a scale in keeping with the new condition.

"Second, the high cost of living has not affected the laborer in Belgium in the same degree as in other countries, owing to his natural thrift and to the remarkable organization of Belgian Coöperative Societies.

"Foremost among these is the 'Vooruit' (the people) comprising 15,000 families who can buy from it all of their supplies at wholesale prices, and which owns assets estimated at thirty million francs. These include ten buildings, one of which has a theater with a seating capacity of 2,500, a labor bank with deposits aggregating over six million francs, a bakery with a daily output of 44,000 pounds of bread, a brewery, five retail stores, cotton and flax spinning mills and a weaving mill.

"The farmers have their coöperative society, the 'Boerenbond' or Peasants Union. Whereas the 'Vooruit' is a socialistic organization, the 'Boerenbond' is administered by a group of Catholic priests, with assets of about 50 million francs, and comprises technical advisers on cattle raising, building and engineering, a sales and purchase committee, a central credit bank and a general insurance board.

"Before the war about three-fifths of the total area of Belgium (which has an area of 11,373 square miles, some-

what larger than Vermont, and a population of 7,500,000, equal to that of all the New England States) was under cultivation, and the value of its produce averaged $100 per acre, a yield equalled by no other country."

The chief commerce of Ghent is in the importation of cotton from the United States, and exportation of horticultural products, rabbit skins and flax. The already commodious harbors are being deepened and expanded, large modern warehouses are being built, and miles of track laid to connect these warehouses with trunk lines to France, Holland, Alsace, Saxony, Austria and Italy.

According to report, the Belgian Government has undertaken a vast project for the reclamation of the devastated farm lands in the battle zone. The farms will be taken over from their impoverished owners and worked under the latest scientific principles and then, when productive, returned to them. The owners are to be paid five per cent. interest on the pre-war valuation of the property during operation by the Government, which, however, is prepared to purchase the land outright in the event owners do not desire to keep the farms. King Albert is to fix the limit of the operation of the project, which is designed merely to hasten, in the national interest, the complete restoration of the vast territory laid waste by the shellfire.

Bruges

CHARLES II fled to Bruges from Cologne, arriving there on April 22, 1656, and was received and given shelter by the Irish Viscount Tarah, in his house in the Rue du Vieux Bourg. In the chronicle preserved in the library, the historian describes in great detail the ceremonies which he styles "un brilliante hospitalité."

Installed here, Charles sent for his brother James, Duke of York, who afterwards became King of England, and together they maintained a "Royal" court in the House of the Seven Towers, which is situated on the right hand side of the Rue Haute, numbers 6 and 8. Now stripped of all architectural ornament, it is but a large, plain, brick building, resembling a factory; but in the Seventeenth Century it was described as "a noble mansion," one of the many palaces with large towers which gave distinction to Bruges. Its name was derived from the seven tall slender towers which rise from its steep roof, and were reflected in the still waters of the canal on the side of the Quai des Marbriers.

Charles was described by contemporary writers as "a tall man above two yards high, with dark brown hair, scarcely to be distinguished from black," and his every movement while in Bruges was most carefully followed and reported by the secret officers of the Commonwealth government, who sent back voluminous statements of his daily life. These reports are to be found in the Thurloe State Papers, and furnish most interesting reading to any one so inclined.

In the library at Bruges is shown a large book containing details of the royal household, together with a list of the members, which was kept so that the councillors of Bruges could apportion to the "Court," which numbered upwards of sixty persons, the daily allowance of beer and wine.

The English colony at Bruges at this time contained many noteworthy and famous names. In the chronicle we read that "Mr. Cairless, who sat on the tree with Charles Stuart [sic] after Worcester fight," was there; that Sir Edward Nicholas was Secretary of State; that Hyde, who received the Great Seal, was there with Rochester, Bristol, Norwich, the three Earls. That picturesque soldier of fortune, Sir James Turner, who served under Gustavus Adolphus, and who so persecuted the Scottish covenanters, was also there. He is supposed to have been the original in Sir Walter Scott's "Legend of Montrose."

In another interesting letter, we read (under date of September 29, 1656, at Bruges) that "Lilly, astrologer of London, says that the King would be restored to the throne the next year, and that all the English at Bruges were delighted." (Thurloe State Papers.)

But affairs were in a sad state with the court of Charles. There was little or no money in the royal treasury when he arrived at Bruges. One of the papers relates that "The English Court remains still at 'Bridges' (February, 1657,) never in greater want, nor with greater expectations of money, without which all their levies are like to be at a stand; for Englishmen cannot live on bread alone." When Don John of Austria came to see Charles, he promised an allowance, but this promise was soon forgotten and the payments, never prompt, were discontinued.

"The Court is in rags," says another letter, and elsewhere we read, "Hyde (the keeper of the Great Seal) complains that he has neither shoes nor shirt." Borthwick, the Colonel who attended Charles, and who was arrested and confined in prison "under suspicion of disloyalty," wrote piteously that in three whole years he had not changed his clothes, and had not enough money to buy wood for his fire. Charles himself lacked money to pay for his daily food. The courtiers quarreled among themselves. We read that "Sir James Hamilton, the gentleman in waiting, being in liquor and starving for

food, attacks and threatens to kill the Lord Chancellor Hyde, to whom he lays all his misfortune, for he will give him no money." Even the fencing master in tatters comes with his starving wife and children and supplicates the King. "Heaven hears the groans of the lowest creatures, and therefore, I trust that you, being a terrestrial deity, will not disdain my supplication." But Charles had nothing to give him save sympathy and fair words.

One J. Butler, writing from Flushing in December, 1656, who appears to have been a state agent employed to watch Charles, reports (Thurloe State Papers V. 645) "This last week one of the richest churches in Bruges was plundered in the night. The people of Bruges are fully persuaded that Charles Stewart's followers have done it. They spare no pains to find out the guilty, and if it happens to light upon any of Charles Stewart's [sic] train, it will mightily incense the people against them. Here is now a company of French comedians at Bruges, who are very punctually attended by Charles Stuart and his Court, and all the ladies there. Their most solemn day of acting is the Lord's day. I think I may truthfully say that greater abominations were never practiced among people than at this day at Charles Stewart's [sic] court." (Here follow specifications which cannot well be printed here)—"are esteemed no sins amongst them; so I persuade myself God will never prosper any of their attempts." But these accounts must be taken "cum grano

salis," for it is the business of spies to make out a good case against those whom they are paid to spy upon.

Charles Stuart was something of a sport, if we are to believe history, and certainly had some engaging qualities which should count in his favor and defense. In truth while he scandalized the burghers of Bruges and their ladies by the freedom of his ways, he was not disliked by the people.

In the courtyard of the "Arquebusiers" at Bruges, I was shown the "allée," all straight and brick paved, where in company with his gentlemen, he drew the bow and showed his skill as an archer, and in the salon over the chimney piece is a fine portrait of this gay gentleman all beruffled and powdered, showing little if any of the vicissitudes under which he suffered during his stay at Bruges. The records of the guild of St. Sebastian contain copious references to Charles. This was a society of cross-bow men as well as archers, and is still in existence. The quaint building is called the Guildhall of St. Sebastian, and is situated in the Rue des Carmes. It has a tall slender tower of brick which rises picturesquely over the roofs and the charming walled garden.

In the hall, the custode will delight in showing one a small red morocco bound book in which is inscribed the names of Charles, and some others of his court. There is also a painting signed by John Van Meuxinxhove, depicting Charles Stuart hanging the Bird of Honor, with

Old house in the
rue de Flamand.
Bruges.
©

its chain of gold about the neck of his brother, the Duke of York. In the visitors' book one reads under date of September 15, 1843, the names of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, King Leopold I, and his Queen, who were made honorary members of St. Sebastian, and there are great silver cups on the mantel which were presented by Victoria in 1845 and 1893.

Charles remained at Bruges until February, 1658, although in April of the year previous the Government of England was informed by their correspondent that "Yesterday (April 7th) some of his servants went to Brussels to make ready for lodgings for Charles Stuart, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester. I do admire (he continues) how people live here for want of money. Our number is not increased since my last. The most of them are again begging for money; and when any straggling persons come, we have not so much as will take a single man to the quarters: yet we promise ourselves great matters. The King will hardly live in Bruges any more, but he cannot remove his family and goods till he gets money." How he managed to live is a mystery, but Robinson ("Bruges, an Historical Sketch" —P. 291) relates that the King was playing at tennis (at Bruges) when Sir Stephen Fox came to him with the news—"The Devil is dead." (Cromwell died on September 3, 1658.)

In his days of prosperity following the Restoration,

Charles did not fail to remember the Society of St. Sebastian, to which he sent a gift of three thousand, six hundred florins, a fact chronicled in the archives of the Guild. The English Jesuits of St. Omer, more than one hundred years after the retirement of Charles and his Court from Bruges, came to the city of Bridges, when expelled from their retreat, and found refuge there in the House of Seven Towers. They found "nothing but naked walls and empty chambers; in one room a rough table of planks had been set up, and the famished monks fell upon the three legs of roast mutton which were placed before them. Knives, forks and plates there were none, and a Flemish servant hacked the meat with his pocket knife. The only light came from a farthing tallow dip set on the table. After the feast the monks lay about on the floors of the empty rooms on straw sacks." (Robinson, "Bruges, an Historical Sketch," P. 291.)

These old streets and byways are filled with history which may be traced by any one with the courage of investigation. Bruges suffered terribly after the conquest of Belgium by the French. There seemed to be a mania for pulling down the ancient churches and halls. The old chapel of St. Basil disappeared. St. Donatian, of the days of Baldwin Bras-de-fer, was razed to the foundations and even St. Sauveur and Notre Dame were threatened: happily they survived. The old Spanish quarter, the Rue Espagnole, is still fairly preserved, and here a

most picturesque vegetable market is held on Wednesdays, but the remarkable building named the "Casa Negra" was demolished since my last visit a couple of years before the great world war.

In the Rue Cour de Gand is a curious old wooden front house, where a few old women were making lace (see picture). This is said to be the house of Hans Memling, and in the top of the building is the room where the painter is said to have painted some of his pictures.

Off the quai Spinola, is a small street named the rue Anglaise, where the English merchants and sea rovers foregathered. Curiously enough, the Scotch merchants flocked by themselves in another street close by the Church of Ste. Walburge, and quite hidden away beyond the market place is the house called "Parijssché Halle," the headquarters of the French traders. It is now a café with a small theater, where plays in the Flemish tongue are performed.

In the Rue Flamande is the Fourteenth Century house of the Guild of Genoese traders, now used by the English residents as a sort of club house. Wandering along these silent quays and sluggish canals, where the swans are silently gliding, one is moved strangely by the reflection that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries great deeply laden ships of far off nations lay at these very quays, discharging their rich cargoes into the vaults of

these dark, empty, silent buildings, now mainly unoccupied.

In the golden period, "All the aforesaid realms (naming the ports of Europe, Asia and Africa) and regions send their merchants with wares to Flanders, besides those who come from France, Poitou and Gascony, and from the three islands of which we know not the names of their kingdoms" (says Gilliodts Van Severen, in his "Bruges Ancienne et Moderne," P. 14). The town had more than 200,000 population. Two hundred ships entered port in one day. The trade was enormous. In one morning's trade nearly three thousand pieces of cloth made by the Flemish weavers were sold.

The great Hanseatic League, a vast commercial enterprise, was governed by a citizen of Bruges, who bore the title of "Comte de la Hanse." The members of this powerful society were the merchants who lived like princes in these now deserted palaces lining the quays.

The Society of the Bardi at Bruges loaned a vast sum of money to Edward III, who gave as security the crown jewels of England.

The shipping code of Bruges regulated all sea traffic under the title of the "Roles de Damme." (Gilliodts Van Severn, P. 14.)

Famous in history and mellow with that bloom, that "vetuste" which comes with advanced age, is the Hospital of St. John, close to the great tower of Notre Dame and

Hospital of St. Jean—Bruges

Hospital of
Saint-Jean.
Bruges.

188.
Hospital of
Saint-Jean.
Bruges.

the lordly home of the "Gruuthuuse." The portion of the structure facing Notre Dame and that over the sluggish canal is perhaps all that remains of the original building; all the rest of the great rambling structure with its impressive tower being carefully restored and largely rebuilt. It owes its foundation to the munificence of Jeanne of Constantinople, who was Countess of Flanders. It still serves its original purpose, and is now in charge of the Augustinian sisterhood, most of whom are trained hospital nurses. The chapel dates from 1475, and is ascribed to the hand of Vincent de Roode, who was master mason.

If one tires of the streets, then there is the fragrant silence of St. Sauveur, where one may contemplate in the choir the stalls of the Order of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, which was founded at Bruges. Over one of these stalls is the arms of Edward IV of England. Then there is the singular looking "Jerusalem" with its Holy Sepulcher, said to be an exact copy of the Savior's grave in Palestine. There is a very dark sort of crypt entered by a tunnel so low that one must fairly stoop to pass through it. At the end is an effigy wrapped in linen cerements before which a dim oil lamp flickers weirdly. The effect is ghastly.

In Notre Dame is a fine marble statue of the Virgin and Child, the work of Michael Angelo, and here are the remarkable tombs of Charles the Bold and his daugh-

ter Mary,—that "Gentle Mary," whose pathetic and untimely death in 1482, yet spared her the sorrow of witnessing the tragic misfortunes of her husband, the Archduke Maximilian.

It was Philip the Fair, son of Mary, who erected this exquisite tomb in 1502, which is carved in black marble with the recumbent figure of Mary wrought life size in gilded bronze with her two pet dogs at her feet. The figure is full of grace and charm and of a very high order of workmanship. Beside it is the tomb of her father, Charles the Bold, of much less character, the work of Jacques Jonghelinck, dated 1558.

It was in Notre Dame that the Knights Crusaders of the order of the Golden Fleece met in the year 1468 to hold their eleventh assembly, to which came Edward IV, King of England. The choir stalls bear the arms of the Knights and the English King. Here may be seen in the "Chapel of Tombs," that of Pierre Lanchals, who was "Bearer of the Cup," and Lord of Exchequer to Maximilian.

There is preserved here in the treasury a portion of the true cross, said to have been brought from the Holy Land to Bruges in the year 1380 by a Dutch merchant named Schouten, or Van Schouteen (it is variously spelled), a native of Dordrecht, Holland. This man, so runs the story, while traveling in Syria with the caravan, saw by chance a native secreting a small box. Not-

The Belfry—Bruges

ing well the spot, the Dutchman afterwards returned, dug the box out of the sand, and brought it home with him to Dordrecht, where began a series of such remarkable happenings, in the nature of miracles, that all were convinced that the object must be a part of the true cross. It remained in the church at Dordrecht during the lifetime of the Dutch merchant, and when he died it was recorded in his will that it was to be presented to Notre Dame at Bruges, but this was done only after his widow, who soon married another merchant of the town named Utenhove, yielded to the latter's request.

The Chapel of the Holy Blood, or St. Basil, to give it its real name, was built by Dierck of Alsace in the year 1150, but was rebuilt in 1896, in the upper part and decorated in a somewhat inartistic manner. The staircase is reached by an elaborately designed porch. In the museum is preserved the "Châsse" containing the vial of the Holy Blood. The earlier history of this relic is really unknown, and it is often confused with other similar "vials" contained in various other churches throughout Europe. But this one in fact was given by the Christians at Jerusalem to Thierry d'Alsace in the twelfth century during the Christmas festivals of 1148. The account states that, "The Patriarch having displayed the vessel which contained it (the Holy Blood) to the people, divided the contents into two portions, one of which he poured into a small vial, the mouth of which was then

carefully sealed, and secured with golden wire. This vial was then inclosed in a tube of rock crystal, closed at both ends with golden stoppers, to which a silver chain was attached. Then the Patriarch gave the tube to Baldwin, from whose hands Thierry d'Alsace, kneeling on the steps of the altar, received it with great emotion." (Canon Van Haecke, "Le Précieux Sang à Bruges," pages 95, 96.)

Thierry, however, decided that he was too sinful and unworthy a man to be the custode of such a holy object. So he summoned Brother Leonius, who accompanied the army of Flanders, and hanging it by the silver chain about the chaplain's neck bade him guard it with his life, and proceed to Bruges, where he arrived, accompanied by Thierry in the month of May, 1150. Through the streets of Bruges wended the procession of crusaders headed by Thierry and Brother Leonius, the former mounted upon a huge white Flemish horse led by friars, and bearing the relic in his uplifted right hand. Thus they proceeded to the Bourg, where the "Precious Relic" was placed on the altar of the Chapel of St. Basil, since known as the Chapel of the Holy Blood. It is further related that "after a time the contents of the vial was seen to be dry, but afterwards, miraculously, it became liquid every Friday at the hour of six in the afternoon. This happened up to the year 1365. Since then it has only liquified on one occasion, in the year 1385, when

it was placed in a new crystal tube, and William, Bishop of Ancona, observed the relic turning more ruddy in color, and then some drops like newly shed blood began to flow within the vial." (Canon VanHaecke.)

One of the most interesting monuments in Bruges is that of Breydel and Coninck in the market place, on which garlands of flowers are laid every summer on a certain day in memory of what these heroes did when the burghers rose against the French in May, 1302. The figures by the sculptor Paul Devigne are of great merit. In the Hotel de Ville are some well executed frescoes on the walls of the "Grande Salle des Echevins," representing the return from the Battle of the Golden Spurs, that famous fight before Courtrai, when the courageous peasantry of Flanders overthrew the "fair flower" of the knights of France whom Philip the Fair sent to avenge the blood of the Frenchmen who fell on the terrible morning of "Bruges Matins."

The great courtyard of the Hospital of St. John is charming and peaceful, with its flocks of cooing doves, and the interior with its long whitewashed corridors, so cool and restful, has much to attract one. This hospital was for a time the home of Hans Memlinc, or Memling, who was born about 1431, and came to Bruges in the year 1471. He found a young woman who was willing to marry him in spite of his poverty. History is silent as to the details of his career, save that during a long ill-

ness, he was cared for at the Hospital of St. John. He died there in 1494, in his sixty-third year, having painted a large number of pictures, only a few of which now remain identified, and are to be seen in the chapter house.

In the Place Van Eyck, washed by the greeny waters of the river Reye, is the bronze statue of the celebrated painter, erected in 1808, and on the north stands a building in light stone which has been occupied by the Library for some years. In it are preserved many treasures of ancient MSS. and a series of works printed at Bruges between the years 1475 and 1484 by the famed Brugean printer (friend and protégé of William Caxton, and of Louis of Bruges), Colard Mansion. The front of this building is of great beauty, and bears a huge sculptured and polychromed escutcheon, lavishly gilded, which illuminates the little street.

Not very far from the fine park, in a silent narrow street called the Rue Carroyeur en Noir, a small green door gives access to the quaint court of the Godshuis de Comte de Fontaine; an almshouse founded in 1636 for "twelve hundred soldiers, or their families." This man, General Paul Bernard, Comte de Fontaine, was a hero of note in the annals of Bruges, from the fact that to him the city owed its deliverance after a siege waged against it by the United Provinces during the wars of France against the Catholics of the Netherlands. In Bossuet's records it is stated that Condé was "thrice repulsed by

The Old Ostend Gate—Bruges

the Comte de Fontaine, whose physical infirmities were so great that he had to be carried in a chair to the battlefield." (Bruges: "Histoires et Souvenirs, Ad. Duclos.") This Comte was Grand Baillé of the town, and of the Franc. Fighter and warrior to the end of his life, he thus provided a retreat and shelter for those who needed it.

Another "Godshuis," but much smaller, is that called "de Meulenaere" in the Rue Neuve de Gand, founded in 1613, by Jeanne de Meulenaere as "a shelter for twenty-four women of chastity and poverty." Here, before the outbreak of the world war, a number of old women were engaged in making lace, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." There are countless numbers of these "hospices," in the town and elsewhere throughout Belgium, and apparently all of them are well supported.

In no other town is the mediæval character so well expressed as in Bruges. The long lines of irregular streets and the open spaces of the "places" on the canals, prevent any feeling of monotony, and give the charm of the unexpected that is akin to Venice.

In order to experience fully the spell of Bruges, one should take a boat and explore the canals. Not otherwise can so satisfactory an idea be obtained of the remarkable old palaces. The delights are many, such as the reflections of the towers and heavy trees in the still

waters, and the cool arches of the old stone bridges which afford charming refuge from the sun's rays. There is the old Pont des Lions, built in 1627 by Jean de Wachtere, with its two lions, the work of Jerome Stalpaert, still in place. From beneath this, one gets a delightful view of the city all framed in the rich dark foliage of heavy trees, above which are high roofs and chimneys, and the remarkably designed gables, while beyond one sees the tower and spire of St. Jacques.

Viewed from these quiet, dark waters the mellow walls of the old Gruuthuus and the palace of the Franc form a picture not soon forgotten. At twilight one should linger here and watch the white swans glide in the still water. There is a legend connected with their coming to Bruges which the people are fond of telling; but whether true or not, their presence here in these prosaic days is a delightful fact.

It is said that one Pierre Lanchals in 1488, after the execution of his favorite, Maximilian, was so overcome by remorse, that he procured a flock of swans which he presented to the town in his memory and commanded that the swans should ever afterwards be thus maintained. It is said that the name Lanchals signifies "long neck," and as a matter of fact the swan forms part of the Seigneur's arms.

"Bien avant la mort de Pierre Lanchals, les fiers et mélancholiques oiseaux avaient fait de la belle commune

leur séjour de prédilection. Dans le tableau de Pise où l'on voit Bruges au XVe siècle, ils peuplent les fossés, comme de célestes gardiens immobilisés das une moire transparente"—("Psychologie d'une ville: Essai Sur Bruges Fierens"—Gevaerts.) A most charmingly designed sculptured and gilded archway over a narrow passageway between the "Ancien Greffe" and the Hôtel de Ville leads from the Place du Bourg to the Pont de l'Ane Aveugle, from which one gains a most characteristic view of old Bruges. Here in the quiet waters of the canal are reflected the ancient gables and quaint towers of many a building all mellowed by time, and the glow of eventide brings out added beauties, and lends glamour to the gray old tower of the Belfry rising behind it.

On Saturdays in the early morning the fish market bridge near by is fairly ablaze with brass and copper objects; water jugs, candlesticks and various strangely, yet beautifully fashioned articles are arranged in most orderly array for the weekly copper market, which extends along the Dyver and ends at a small alleyway in a medley of old garments, books, and worn out furniture, seemingly most attractive to the peasants, who haggle and argue over the dèbris in most amusing fashion.

The very best place from which to enjoy the Grand' Place is certainly from the second story windows of the "Panier d'Or," a quaint hostelry opposite the old Belfry. This house stands in the center of a row of small houses,

each of which has a stormy history. The Panier d'Or was "rebuilt," it is said in 1680, and one wonders what it was like before. Now the early morning hours bring the cumbersome market wagons filled with green vegetables, while beneath each is tied a large savage looking black dog. The wagons are drawn by large thick legged willow backed Flemish horses of tremendous bulk and strength.

There are many small milk carts, generally painted green, and lined with straw in which are large, brass milk cans. These carts are drawn by large dogs, harnessed in twos and threes, each being driven by a woman or girl. They range themselves on lines laid out on the Square, each cart in its allotted place without disorder, and in and out among them walk the "gendarmes," ever on the watch for infractions or disputes. The scene from the windows of the "Panier d'Or" is amusing and filled with movement and color. The market remains until the fixed hour, when, at the sound of the bells from the belfry above, they pack up and depart as quickly as they came. Sometimes lines of black-robed priests cross the wide place on the way to or from the seminaries, and one remarks the various orders of friars and monks clad in black, brown or gray.

There are countless numbers of nuns too, young and old, in various and singular looking coifs and cloaks. On some days a fine military band plays in the Kiosk near

The Library—Bruges

the statue of Pierre de Coninck and Jan Breidel, and almost daily there is a marching regiment of soldiers, or a troop of cavalry clad in maroon and dark green, the colors of the "Guide." Often funeral processions pass here, with a long line of black clad men following the coffin on its way to the cemetery. Strangely enough, the wealthy Brugeois insists upon a band of music at funerals, but the ceremonies are most decorously carried out.

Perhaps the most highly colored and picturesque of streets is that of the "Potiers," leading to the Baudets, the houses of which give one an admirable idea of the fertility of invention possessed by the early builders who certainly understood the art of using brick to produce decoration. In the Rue des Ciseaux, which is paved with large uneven cobble stones, and crowded at all hours of the day by mobs of children, who delight in teasing and baiting the tourist, there will be found old houses with mellow brick façades, and one in particular which has a richly sculptured corbel with a protruding beam which supports the overhanging upper floors.

In many of the streets are walls furnished with large iron rings, and it is not generally known that these were used in olden days when the city was famed for the splendor of her fêtes, and the householders used to hang great garlands of flowers from wall to wall. In these days Bruges bore the name of Mary Stad: the City of Mary.

So many of the houses have small niches in the walls in which are still to be seen small statues, all painted and gilt, of the Virgin, and sometimes, hanging beneath these, will be a lantern containing a lighted candle kept burning by the householder.

But it is the old belfry tower that ever exerts the most powerful fascination: again and yet again one returns to it. In the top of the tower is a chamber with a leaden floor which is a protection against the lightning. So says the watchman who sits there by the small window busily engaged in "cobbling" an old shoe. Above this chamber are the wondrous bells of the Carillon hanging in serried rows. From the small window one gets a remarkable view of Bruges; a veritable checker board of gables, spires, towers, crockets and ancient pinnacles; market squares and shining silvery lines of canals. "Pulcra sunt oppida Gandarum, Antverpia, Bruxella, Lovanum, Mechlinia. *Sed nihil ad Brugas.*" Which my wag of a friend translated thus—"Neither Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Louvain or Malines has anything on Bruges." The shining streams are the rivers Reye, the Minnewater, the Yperle and the Dyver. The panorama unfolds before one's eyes like unto a pattern of old Mechlin lace, with all its intricate meshes and cunning stitches. About the corbels and on the window ledges, pigeons dip and swirl and from above the bells sound clear and sharp to the ear with all the clicking and complaining of the mechan-

ism as the "tambour" turns obedient to the descending weights.

All about under the eye stretch the wide, embossed green plains of Flanders; towards the sea is Ostende, distant about fifteen miles. Dozens of small hamlets are scattered about connected by long poplar lined roads. Nearer at hand are the ancient gates of the town: The Porte de Damme, The Porte des Marechaux, The Porte des Baudets (or Ostende) and the Porte de Ste. Croix with its lovely windmill.

On the north side of the Place Van Eyck, which has a fine bronze statue of the great artist in distinguished surroundings, is a light stone building of great interest and beauty of construction, the upper rooms of which, since 1883, have been occupied by the Library, and here are preserved in most admirable order a collection of books imprinted in the town of Bruges before the year 1500 by the [to us] comparatively unknown printer Colard Mansion, who nevertheless was a famous pressman in the Netherlands, a close friend of William Caxton, and, as well, the protégé of Louis of Bruges, Lord of Gruuthuuse.

The lower part of this building was formerly known as the "Grande Tonlieu," [collector of market taxes] and is remarkable for its beautifully designed entrance portal, said to have been the work of Peter of Luxemburg [circa 1480], who was "collector." Over the portal is his large

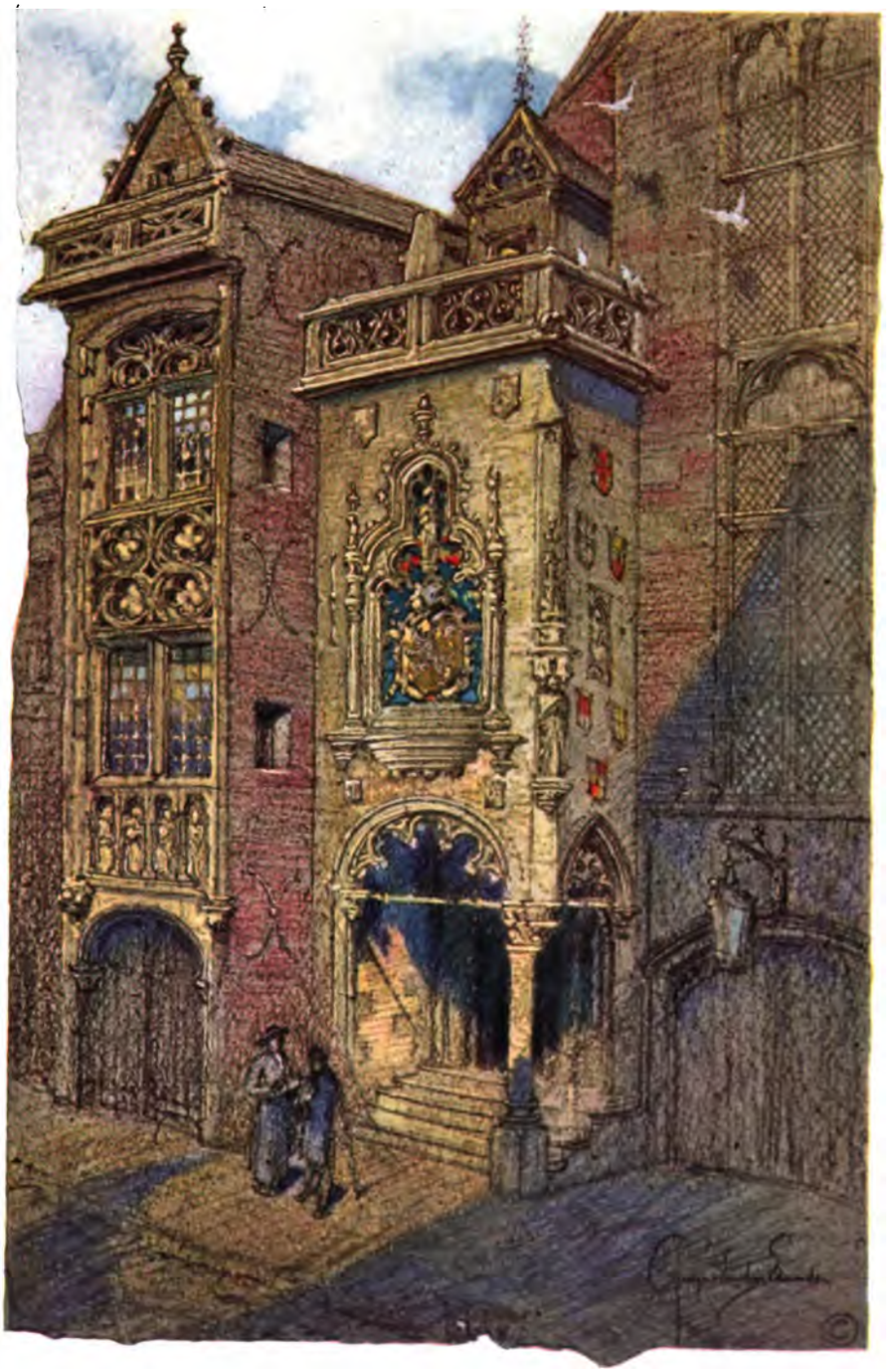
sculptured armorial escutcheon, most lavishly polychromed and gilded, bearing also the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and scattered above and at the side are other small armorial shields of various nobles of the town. The records relate that after 1640 the upper floor was used as "Weighhouse." It was restored in the year 1878.

In the next building was the guild or lodge of the Carriers [Pynders], dated 1470, and identified by the quaintly carved figures of the Carriers on the stone corbels. The large gray stone building at the corner of the Rue de l'Académie was formerly the headquarters of the Citizens of Bruges called "Poorters," and an association known as the White Bears, who were authorized by the town in 1417 to place the "White Bear" in a niche on the front of the building. The figure now in the niche is said to be an accurate copy of the original which is shown in the Archeological Museum. It is called the "Citizen of Bruges." Here and there in the town one finds the figure of a bear over doorways, and on one of the small bridges crossing a narrow canal, and those who have inquired vainly about it, may now know that it represents membership in the order of the White Bear. In the year 1719 the "Poorters Loge" was made the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and in one of the rooms are shown the archives of the town, which may be perused with great profit by those interested in this most fascinating spot.

The Rue de l'Ane Aveugle—Bruges

They say that Bruges is dead. Not so. Ypres is dead —murdered by Germans—but Bruges lives. It can never die until it is razed to the soil. Its palaces are silent and many of them are empty, solitude broods in its streets, but its peaceful and serene beauty remains to us. There is one never to be forgotten picture which stands out in one's memory, that of the dimly seen tower of the belfry at night, viewed from the windows of the Panier d'Or against a soft velvety background of sky.

The first belfry was built of wood, it is said, in the year 1040, and history relates that two hundred and more years later it was burned by an infuriated mob together with all the charters and documents relating to the town and its citizens. In 1291 the present tower was begun under new charters granted by the Count of Flanders. Since then it has had a most adventurous history. We read that the wings of the façade were added in 1364, and that between the years 1483 and 1487 the square tower was carried higher above the two stories by the addition of the "lantern," octagonal in shape. In the following year a "fléche" forty-five feet in height was added surmounted by a statue of St. Michael. This was destroyed by lightning but was replaced in 1502 by a copper vane in the form of a lion. In 1741 this was destroyed by lightning and it was then decided not to replace it. The "Halles" below were begun in 1364 and, after suffering many injuries by war and fire, remodeled



the reading of proclamations of rules and laws relating to the town.

Undoubtedly the secret of the fascination of Bruges lies largely in her mysterious recall of a bygone day: in the story of the strength and abiding faith and courage of her citizens. The devotion of the Brugeans is exemplified in the Relic of the Precious Blood brought here by Thierry de Alsace on his return from the second Holy Crusade. Repeatedly stolen, but always returned, this revered relic in its crystal vase represents all that the people hold most sacred and precious. One cannot behold these long lines of people, rich and poor, as they tearfully pass before the "Chasse" containing it without profound emotion, be he ever so phlegmatic. The vase or phial containing the Holy Blood, which is said to be in the form of a dark powder, is inclosed in a cylinder of crystal and this is kept in a most elaborately chased casket of gold encrusted with large "cabochon" rubies and emeralds, a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art.

During the celebration of the "Liquifaction" in May of each year, thousands of pilgrims from far and near throng the streets. The whole town is filled with stores of treasure impossible to specify in a single chapter. One can only touch upon the wealth of Bruges in the most haphazard and unsatisfactory manner, and no one realizes this more than the present writer in setting down these random and inadequate notes.

Tournai

CALLED "Doornyk" in the Flemisn tongue, this is one of the most ancient (and certainly the most unknown to the tourist) towns in Belgium. One can hardly imagine this dull, sleepy looking, commercial town, with its many mills, smoking tall chimneys, and barge lined docks, to have been one of the great meeting places of the Knights Crusaders; "The Civitas Nerviorum" of Cæsar, afterwards named "Turnacum"; and in the dim period of the Fifth Century, the seat of the Merovingian kings. The copper and brass workers of Dinant, driven away from their Mosan retreats (see chapter on Dinant) found refuge and protection here on the banks of the Scheldt River, and set up their workshops beside those of the tapestry, faience workers, and cloth weavers. At present one of the chief industries is the weaving of the so-called "Brussels" carpet. The town is also one of the headquarters of the Borinage coal mines, and the quays on the river bank are lined with coal barges.

When Napoleon sought a symbol for his imperial throne, he found it in the golden bees of the Merovingian emperors' treasury, in Tournai, "The most ancient town

in the northern side of the Alps." Here lived the Merovingian rulers: here Wolsey was created Bishop by Henry VIII, and held the "see" for five years; here France ruled from Philip Augustus to Francis I; then Henry Tudor, who was followed by Charles V. Fontenoy made the town vassal to Maria Theresa and the Emperor Joseph until France reconquered it under the Republic and the Empire. It was transferred to the Low Countries in 1815. The soil is filled with buried treasure from the time of Julius Cæsar. In 1653 the hoarded wealth of Childeric was accidentally uncovered; great boxes of money, jewelry and ancient arms and armor.

The tall belfry on the Square is said to be the most venerable in Belgium, and contains a peal of three bells, the most famous of which is that named "Banclocque." The inscription reads,—

> "Bancloque suis de commune nommé
> Car pour effroy de guerre suis sonnée."

Before the tower is the statue of Christine de Lalaing, Princess d'Epinoy, who in 1581, during the absence of her husband, took command of his troops, and held Farnese and the Spaniards at bay for more than eight weeks. In spite of her heroism Tournai fell, and, her heart broken, she died in her refuge in Antwerp less than six months after.

The great five towered romanesque cathedral is the

glory of Tournai. It is not all romanesque, however, for the transept is most beautiful Thirteenth Century French Gothic. The characteristic of this wondrous building is the grouping of the five great towers at the crossing of choir and nave. Apparently they unite two separate and distinct church edifices. This peculiarity is remarked in the cathedrals of Bamberg, Limburg and Laon, but in lesser degree.

It would require the descriptive power of a poet to do justice to the interior of this great cathedral. Of great nobility of conception, and beauty in every proportion, this magnificent monument is quite typical of the great and bygone importance of the town. Its vast portal is encrusted (literally) with stone carving of a high order of workmanship by the hands of the sculptors of Tournai, who were the most artistic and skillful in the Netherlands. High authorities have pointed out the influence of the work of these craftsmen upon the Flemish painters from the two Van Eycks down. All the great skill of these master craftsmen was lavished upon the great figures in the portal of the cathedral, which represent most faithfully saints and martyrs, Merovingian kings, bishops, prophets, devils and lastly the effigies of old Father Adam and Mother Eve.

Entering by the small panelled door in the side of the huge oaken, iron bound portal, one is at once in the great dim space of the nave, severely and somberly romanesque.

Tournai Cathedral

Tourrai Cathedral

Passing from all this "magnificent chastity" of architecture, and entering the choir, the contrast is most startling. The great nave has held one enthralled by its dignity and its lofty self restraint, and passing into the choir one is plunged, there is no better word for it, into a great and lofty chamber all blazing with colored light, from the tall windows filled with painted glass, which are separated from each other only by the slenderest, reed-like, pillars or piers. These windows are well worth a journey to see and study. Here in place of the dim vast space of the nave is a beautifully designed triforium, and there are giantesque clerestories to complete the great solemnity which quite overcomes one.

The western portion of the structure is most impressive in its nakedness of embellishment, and architects are startled at the boldness of the builder of the piers, bent and flowing in curves, one in, the other out, both seeming too frail for their part in supporting the roof.

In the nave, the aisles are well nigh obscured in the shadows, the windows being too high and too narrow to fully light the spaces, but lending great dignity to the design, and lighting dimly now and then the great pillars and buttresses in a manner to delight a painter.

Margaret of Parma wrote of Tournai, "I have never seen a more wonderful sight than the 'Grande Place.' On the balconies of the houses were all the ladies who formed a most charming picture, for they were all most

magnificently arrayed in silks, and fine furs, and most of these ladies seemed beautiful. Also the streets were filled with great crowds of people. I have never before seen so many, and also at the windows; even up as high as the attics, and then when it came on to rain, they were not dismayed but remained as though they cared not for the wetting."

Margaret of Austria who lived here quite captivated the people while educating her son Charles V. Margaret of Parma, who was born at Audenaerde of a beautiful but humble Flemish mother, became Regent of the Netherlands during a most critical and disturbed period. These two women were of great strength of character and governed Belgium with a force that was at once beneficent and discreet. Of Isabella of Spain, Cardinal Bentivoglio, writing of her when she was of the age of forty-six, says, "She had a singularly clear intellect, united with courage. She had moreover a keen sense of humor. She was also a beautiful woman and had great grace of movement. Rubens and Coello painted her as she was, and showed the majesty of her bearing, the splendor of her eyes, and the wondrous whiteness of her skin."

On emerging from the station the first impression of the town is rather discouraging. Little of antiquity remains to attract the antiquarian or the tourist in search of the picturesque. The skyline, dominated by the imposing towers of the cathedral is inviting, but the wide un-

clean streets lined with stolid, very modern looking houses seem devoid of interest. There is no great towered gateway for entrance; no old vine clad ramparts evoking recollections of tales famous in military annals are to be seen. They disappeared long ago. The large and almost deserted boulevards mark the ancient "enceinte," commanded by Louis XIV, and built by Vauban.

The rather gloomy streets running from the station open upon the Square where the great cathedral with its fine towers, the "Chong Clotiers" in the local patois, forms the real center of the town. In configuration Tournai has not changed since the Middle Ages. The Scheldt River traversing the town from the southeast to the northwest, divides it into two almost equal parts. On the right one debarks, and it is on the left side that the city proper is situated. Here is the cathedral, the belfry, the Hotel de Ville and the museum. There is not a remaining vestige of the ancient gates. The hoary old "Pont des Trous," which in the Fifteenth Century marked the extreme limit of the battlements, now is well nigh in ruins and forbidden to passers, its roadway full of holes and pitfalls.

In searching for the ancient houses one finds at the Square formed by the rues Marvis and Croisiers at the angle, a group of Sixteenth Century houses which retain much of their old time character. There are four of these —Nos. 43, 41 and 39—in this order, and they are of rare

type, with overhanging upper stories. The Chapel of the Crusaders is a little farther along the street, in the "ogival" style, and dates from the Fifteenth Century, with a portal of fine character, bearing above it the cross of the order. It is incorporated in the Cavalry Caserne.

Passing the gloomy looking Church of St. Jean, crowned with a remarkable "fleches," the work of the Tournaisian craftsmen of the Fourteenth Century, one comes upon perhaps the most picturesque object in the whole town; the remains of the third "enceinte," which was built in the Thirteenth Century, and consists of two massive ruined towers connected by a small section of wall behind a shallow moat, the whole draped exquisitely in ivy. Here was the "Marvis" gate through which Philippe the Handsome, Louis XIV of France, and Charles of Spain entered Tournai to the echoes of triumphant salvos of cannon, and the acclaim of the corteges of princes, the account of which is chronicled by an eye witness, one Calvete de Estrella. (Boziere, A. F. J. "Tournai—Ancienne et Moderne," 1864.)

Another monument of ancient Tournai, and one of the most important and impressive, is the massive church and tower of Saint-Brice. Approaching it from the rear, one is interested at once in the three great gloomy looking buildings joined together and composing the body of the church, above which rises a heavy, square embuttressed tower, in which is a large clock of four faces, and sur-

mounted by a gallery containing the bells, the whole capped by a rounded off roof in the Flemish style. This may sound somewhat "bizarre," but it is not at all so; on the contrary, it could not well be more impressive or dignified in appearance. The construction dates from the Twelfth Century. Its interior is in no way disappointing, and is more than remarkable for the extraordinary heaviness of the supporting columns at the entrance to the choir. A local architect explained that originally these supported a massive Roman tower, of which not a vestige remains.

In the choir is a "tombale" of copper consecrated to the memory of Jean de Dour, by his wife, Catherine d'Harlebecque, and a marble monument to Jacques Martin de Polinchove, President of Parliament of Tournai under Louis XIV.

In the treasury are a large number of sacerdotal ornaments of great richness and value, and curiously unknown to antiquarians. For instance one was shown an "Agrafe" by the custode, with an inscription showing it to be from the treasure of Childeric I. This object was discovered at a depth of eight feet beneath the terrace before the Church, and a few feet away the workmen came upon a vault containing the large collection of arms, armor, and jewelry which are now shown here under the name of "The Treasure of King Childeric I," (Childeric died A. D. 481), more than one hundred golden coins

of the Byzantian Emperors, hundreds of small golden figures representing bees, and a golden ring bearing the figure of a man in armor, horsed, and carrying a lance, with the inscription "Childerici Regis." These precious objects when discovered were brought to Leopold William of Austria, then Governor-general of the Netherlands, who sent them to the Emperor Leopold. The latter gave them to Louis XIV in 1664. Afterwards they were deposited in the Bibliothécque Royale, from which they were stolen in 1831. The thieves, embarrassed by the great value of the treasure, and not knowing what else to do with it, threw it into the Seine, taking the precaution, however, to mark carefully the exact spot where it lay. Later on, one of the rascals, lying at the point of death in a hospital, confessed the deed to a sister of mercy, and she lost no time in communicating with the authorities. The treasure was thus recovered, so says the story, but it is silent as to what became of the other rogues, or whether they were ever apprehended. Some of the coins are now placed in the Numismatic Cabinet at the Bibliothecque Nationale. As already related the golden bees were appropriated by Napoleon I as insignia to decorate his throne and the Imperial mantle.

Another matchless piece of treasure is the so-called "Chasse" of Saint Eleuthere in the Cathedral, the most famous among the specimens of "Orfevrerie" of the Middle Ages. It is in the form of a "Sarcophagi," with

Church of Sainte Marguerite—Tournai

pointed top and four large seated figures of bishops and saints, together with a number of smaller ones; with three "pommes" richly chased and enameled, all in heavy silver gilt. At the extremity is the figure of Christ assisted by Saint Eleuthere which for perfection of workmanship are said to be unrivaled. The name of the master workman who created this marvel is unknown.

It would require a volume in which to even catalog the treasures of this cathedral.

The ancient belfry, witness of the centuries, occupies the apex of a triangle formed by the Grand' Place, and is an object of great care and affection by the citizens. The campanile is surmounted by four "clocheton" towers, bearing statues of warriors. There is a stone balcony, above which is the lantern crowned by a gilded copper dragon, in "Dinanderie" (see chapter on Dinant). After a climb of two hundred and fifty-six steps, one reaches the bell chamber, and here is a watchman whose duty it is to watch out for fires and give alarm, by day with a flag; by night with a lantern. It is not stated who watches the watchman, however.

In the belfry is a melodious "Carillon" of very modern, but excellent workmanship. All of the great bells, however, are very old. Of these the "Banclocque," cast in 1392, is the largest, and calls the people to arms in time of danger. The second is the "Timbre" of the same date, which sounds the hour, and also serves as fire bell.

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The third is the "Vigneron," and now as in bygone times serves to call the workmen to their labors.

The curious configuration of the Grand' Place is said by historians to be due to the union of two Roman roads. To the left the alignments of quaint buildings with picturesque roofs and gables form a worthy frame for the Cloth Hall, now converted into a museum of painting and sculpture, and at the base of the angle is the old Church of Saint Quentin, one of the most ancient and remarkable structures in the town. The bronze statue of the Princess of Epinoy, Christine de Lalaing, erected in the center of the place, perpetuates the memory of this heroine, who for two months, in 1581, commanded the forces, and held in check the Spanish troops, who were under Farnèse, in the absence of her husband, the governor of Tournai. This remarkable woman gathered together the women and young girls of the town and brought them to the ramparts where at the side of the harassed soldiers they fought "twenty-three battles, and murderous assaults." Christine left the town on horseback at the head of her garrison, battle flags flying, but alas, in the fall of the town, she "received a fatal wound," which a short time afterwards proved mortal, and she died as already related at Antwerp where she had been taken on the ninth of June, 1582. The statue is the very worthy work of a native of Tournai, A. Dutrieux. The Princess is repre-

sented in a complete suit of armor, battle ax in hand, leading her people against the assailants.

Tournai has upwards of forty thousand inhabitants, and is perhaps, cleaner than the other towns of the Borinage. It is now entirely a manufacturing town in which "Brussels" carpet is made.

There are extensive quays, lined with coal barges, and all planted with fine trees, but the present writer, filled with the lively recollections of experiences at the pretentious hotel, and quality of food and coffee, left it without regret or any desire to return to it.

This is the story of Mary of Burgundy and a very moving one it is. "A mere girl: being less than twenty-one when the seneschel brought to her the news of accession, she dropped the bobbins, and laying aside the cushion on which she was embroidering a collar of lace, she knelt down and lifting her eyes meekly to heaven prayed that she might have grace to do her duty. Then she joined the procession of maidens of the town who were wending their way barefooted, carrying lighted candles. She proceeded with them to the cathedral. 'Elle estoit trés honnete dame et bien aimée de ces sujets, et lui portoient plus de révérence et de crainte qu'à son Mary.' " So runs the chronicle which continues (roughly translated), "Thus she conquered the Flemish people. She much resembled her father. Her face was long but of a

clear white, with pink cheeks and a tender sensitive mouth. She was strong and healthy of body, and her mien was virile, grave, and natural, without any trace of bashfulness. She was also very studious and fond of reading history that she might the better serve her country."

This young Duchess was also famed as a horsewoman, and, fond of the chase, she rode out one morning over the marshes of Oostcamp, where her horse stumbling into a hole, threw her heavily, so that she was brought home sadly injured, and in a few days she died, surrounded by priests and holding to her bosom the precious relic.

Before she passed away, she said to the Knights of the Golden Fleece who stood about her bed,—"Farewell, my Knights, who have ever in time of need been at my side. Farewell, Adolphe de Ravestein, thou noble heart. Farewell, Prince of Orange, Messires of Beveren, Gruuthuus, and Fiennes. Farewell, my spouse, First Duke of Maximilian, my well beloved. Oh God, take Thou pity on me, and now receive my soul."

Couillet

COMING from the peaceful green plains of Flanders, the transition to this region of countless high factory chimneys belching forth dense black smoke making a continuous haze over the cold monotonous landscape, is depressing. All here is blackened and ugly; the ground covered with coal dust and heaps of slag, and the ear is tormented and deafened by the metallic and vibrant sounds of clanging machinery and the dull insistent booming of the steam hammers. On all sides is the sad gray color imparted by smoke and soot to the yellow stucco walls and tiled roofs of the clustered houses of the operatives, who spend their lives beneath the overpowering heights of the tall iron retorts, whose tops are ruddy with belching rosy flame and sinister fantastic mushroom shaped clouds of brown smoke.

The only relief to the eye in all this grayness and gloom is the orange gleam from the great furnaces piercing the murk. One ceases to care whether the mills are producing iron or steel. The toil of the operatives is much the same to them, and there seems to be little of the joy of effort in all this transformation of matter. The coal

torn from the bowels of the earth comes up steadily in long lines of small iron wagons to the groaning and creaking of windlasses, and the dark walls and heights of the great buildings rise like black and gloomy fortresses clad in wreaths of smoke. Great towers filled with ascending lines of buckets, hoisting and discharging their contents in chorus of thundering sound like unto a titanic orchestra, fill one with awe. Through the small windows blackened by soot great wheels whirl untiringly, now slowly, now swiftly, and here and there one sees shining lines of belting running with such swiftness as to appear motionless. The mouths of the furnaces open constantly, gluttonous for fuel, and in the ruddy beams pass and repass lines of figures, their gleaming, sweaty, half-naked bodies standing out in bronzed relief against the flames. All about are luminous contrasts of light and shade that would have entranced Rubens, who alone could have adequately rendered the scene.

Elsewhere great vats of liquid copper vomit forth violet and green flames that lick the gloom in fantastic patterns. Each of the mouths of the converters is a flaming crater of molten metal that trembles and bubbles, exhaling ferociously flames of sulphuric gases which descend in invisible showers of metal particles over the region blackened and coated by years of the deposit. High above against the lurid sky gigantic and complicated cranes travel swiftly and agilely, while from their elec-

trical motors, clinging to them like huge black wrens, spring pale violet and strange deadly green sparks, sputtering fantastically like giant fireworks.

Farther on an immense black pile formed by several cylinders with conical tops all befringed with slender distorted pipes, sends forth lightning streams of pale orange and blue, with an accompaniment of thunderous roars of sound, heard above the insistent noise of pounding machinery. This inferno of fire and smoke and noise is suddenly accompanied by a torrential silvery rain which descends from the heavens and beats upon the sooty roofs as if to wash away the man-made stains which so terribly disfigure the countryside.

The spectacle of molten metal fascinates one: It flows from the furnaces in cascades of fire broken by diamond-like gleaming sparks. One ceases by degrees to think of it as metal, rather it seems like a torrent of crystalline water churning into foam at the edges of the cauldrons, from which it is dipped in scoops by great silently moving cranes, and emptied in sparkling cascades into strange looking receptacles. All about in the sulphurous smoke move the workmen like shadows, all armed with forks and shovels, who rush hither and yon seemingly without purpose, hauling at the flat pans, that spread over the floor. It resembles nothing more than the embodiment of some frightful scene born in the mind of Dante.

In another vast structure before lines of forges are regi-

ments of men tall and brawny, bare armed, and with sweaty gleaming torsos. These operate the crushing hammers, directing the blows of the great metal blocks upon the anvils containing huge bars of dull orange and pink steel held in place by the human-like cranes. The men seem Plutonic heroes thus absorbed in their occupation amid the ceaseless thunder of the metallic vibrations produced by the blows of the giant hammers upon the anvils; the wreaths of smoke from the forges, and the ceaseless whir and whirl of the gleaming belts.

On the day when the present writer visited this region the atmosphere was dense, oppression-laden, with mist clean and white in the morning, but black and opaque after midday. At nightfall it snowed, for it was in December, and the ground was covered with pure white which contrasted with the somber darkness and the thick clouds of overhanging smoke. Watching the actions of the people in the streets, one got a good idea of their lives. The streets lined with the houses of the operators are two in number; silent and deserted during the day, they become crowded and noisy when the raucous sound of the whistle gives the signal for the "shift" to go out, and from the mills issue the pushing dark crowd of those upon whom rests the dictum, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Their women and children await them at the doors of the small houses none of which are better than their neighbors. Into these homes, such as they are,

Couillet
The Great Iron Works.
1866
©

pass these men—these workers in metal, and delvers in the mines for the frugal meal and the hours of rest. There they live, there they love, there they die in the grasp of comparative poverty, never entirely out of sight and sound of the gleaming fires, the vast volumes of sulphurous smoke, and the noise of the giant hammers upon the iron reddened by the forges.

In a little pamphlet issued by the "office Central d'Information, Brussels," written by Mms. G. D. Perrier and G. Montegne, is a résumé of the systematic destruction to which certain of the industries of Belgium was subjected by the Germans. For instance, at the works of "La Providence," at Charleroi, which from the outside do not seem to have suffered to any great extent, they find that nothing but the shell remains. All of the blast furnaces are destroyed, and the twelve steam boilers and the steam blowing machines, without which work could not be resumed, were either removed or destroyed. These blast furnaces gave a monthly output when in operation of 26,500 tons of pig iron.

At Thy-le-Château, the works are merely heaps of ruin. "Indeed, the Germans appear here to have employed every refinement of which their diabolic ingenuity was capable, going so far as to dynamite engines of 1200 to 1800 horsepower. This metal works was a model 'family affair,' employing only local labor and utilizing surplus profits in the improvement of its means of produc-

tion. While capital account stood at only 6,000,000 francs, the company's buildings alone were worth 35,000,000 francs. The monthly output was 15,000 tons of small steel products. Competition in this line being particularly distasteful to the German manufacturers, it would seem as if Lieutenant Kellerman, Chief of the 'Rohma' Department, with headquarters at 'La Providence,' had received particular instructions after April, 1917, forever to eliminate any possibility of future competition on the part of the Thy-le-Château Company. Up to April, 1917, the system of requisition (by the Germans) had been the method usually employed but after that date, America's entry into the lists having definitely sealed the German downfall, systematic destruction was brought into play. With a thoroughness worthy of a better cause, the Germans had erected a special department for the conduct of their organized pillage. This was the 'Rohma,' a name coined from the initials of the department in question. This organization listed and appraised the machinery in all the occupied factories, numbering and describing each machine. The catalogue thus compiled was distributed among German manufacturers who, to obtain any desired implement, had only to quote its initials and number: for instance F. Z. 4261. The letters indicated the name and location of the factory whence it could be removed."

"The 'Wumba,' another similar organization, was set

up as soon as the Germans had got into their stride, with the object of making a methodical survey of the economic resources in the occupied territory.

"These inventories were upon cards of different colors, and included minute particulars of the machinery and stocks of all the factories. A special department of the German General Government at Brussels, the 'Abbau-Konzern,' (Demolition Directorate) was in charge of this branch of enquiry, a practical and logical development of the politico-economic espionage which they had already brought to such a high degree of perfection in Belgium before the war. It has for instance been established that one German domiciled for nearly twenty years in Brussels as representative of German metal firms, utilized this peaceful avocation as cover for underhanded activities on behalf of his Government. Between the 16th and 20th of July, 1914 (that is, in the last pre-war fortnight) he visited industrial Northern France between Valenciennes and Longwy, ostensibly offering his goods to all the more important metal works, but in reality having a last 'spy' around before the storm was unloosed."

Provided with the inventory alluded to, the "Wumba" (Waffen und Munitions Beschaffungs Amt) an affiliation of the Berlin Imperial War Ministry, became the dispenser of the Belgian National Industrial Wealth, waiting on the requirements of those German firms who were

on the lookout for machinery and accessories at low cost. Matters were so worked that the Government apparently had no interest in the combination, but it is hardly necessary to add that the Imperial Authority never failed to take its own share of profit resulting from this wholesale pillage of occupied territory. For the execution of the orders thus placed was formed "a trust of five demolishing firms," as follows: Gute Hoffnungshutte, of Oberhausen; Hein Lehmann, of Dusseldorf; Hilgers, of Rheinbrohl; Jucho, of Dortmund; Breest, of Berlin. This was the official association entrusted with "bleeding white" the unfortunate invaded provinces.

"In collaboration with 'Wumba' and the B. D. K. M. (a delegate of the War Ministry) the Abbau Konzern had detailed descriptions of all the larger foundries in the occupied districts drawn by its expert engineers. On 3rd of November, 1917, the German Coal Owners Union was advised by circular that it was already possible to undertake the dismantling and despatch of all that machinery, boilers, piping, and buildings, as well as of all industrial stock in trade in occupied territory, which could be utilized elsewhere, and information was requested anent the German owners' requirements in these lines. Scarcely necessary is it to add that the demands of the German Coal Industry were such as to give ample scope to the activities of the Trust. Maps of the occupied territori were divided into zones of different colors: blue for

and Douai, Green for Mabeuge, yellow for Longwy and Briey. Drawings, blueprints and photos of the factories were assembled in card board covers, and sites of works selected for demolition carefully marked on section maps according to zone color, plus an initial letter and classification number. The same procedure was followed for the industrial districts of Belgium. This (extract from the Summary) will suffice to give some small idea of the spirit of rapine and destructiveness with which were imbued the German operations in occupied French and Belgian territory. . . . To give some idea of the magnitude of the damage done to Belgian industry, the total amount is estimated at the formidable sum of six thousand seven hundred and fifty million francs. And this sum does not include unemployment grants and other similar unproductive expenditure incurred during the period of occupation."

Liege

NESTLED in a luxuriant grove of verdure on the banks of the Meuse lies Liége, which for twelve centuries was under the stormy rule of fifty-eight Prince Bishops. Disaster, fire, plague and famine all took toll of this strange old town. Those who know Scott's "Quentin Durward" enjoy here the scenes where the gallant Durward found such adventures, and where the wild Boar of the Ardennes and his robber crew held their orgies.

After the death of Maximilian of Bavaria, Liége, which in the Sixteenth Century had a population of nearly one hundred thousand, dwindled away to almost a village, and it passed successively into the hands of the House of Austria, and then to France. (1794.) In 1850 Liége had few more than 80,000 inhabitants, but the régime of peace and prosperity it enjoyed up to the outbreak of the war in 1914, enabled it to develop, remarkably. It was called the Birmingham of Belgium. Situated at the junction of the rivers Ourthe and Meuse, Liége has nothing of the smoky, dingy appearance of a factory town. It is a compound of the ancient and the

modern, and in the streets one passes continually from the atmosphere of the Middle Ages to that of the Twentieth Century.

Called "Luik" by the Flemings, Liége, the capital of the Walloon district, is on an island, reached by five bridges from each bank of the river. On the right bank is situated the factories and the houses of the operatives in the quarter known as the "Outremeuse." Guicciardini describes the Walloons as "An active, intelligent race"—("Cives Leodiceuses sunt ingeniosi, sagaces et ad quidvis audendum prompti"). Their bravery has been praised by Schiller in "Wallenstein."

The Prince Bishoprics (alluded to elsewhere in this volume) of the Fourteenth Century, of Tongres, Maastricht and Franchimont, were transplanted to Liége, and retained their power and sovereignty until the French Revolution in 1794. The town is famed not only as a great manufacturing center, but no less as the seat of a university of renown of which the Walloons are intensely proud. Bordered on the south by the "Hautes Fagnes," it extends westward to the borders of Brabant, its eastern limit being Aix, which historically is a Walloon city. On the north it reaches the old Duchy of Limburg. According to some authorities the name Walloon is derived from the word "Welch." (Teuton, civilized.)

In character this region differs entirely from the rest of Belgium. Hereabouts is scenery more rugged even

than that found in any part of savage Ardennes. It also occupies a much higher elevation, and although the great increase of population has resulted in a diminution of the wooded area, a visit to the so-called "Hautes Fagnes," or the remarkable forest of "Hertogenwald," will give one an idea of what it must have been in the days of the Prince Bishops. (Note.—These forests have been entirely and wantonly destroyed by German tree specialists sent here for the purpose during the war. See Report of Forestry Commission, in chapter of Dinant.)

The whole valley of the Vesdre is of the most savage and picturesque character; the turbulent small stream taking its course through dark chasms in the overhanging rocks and mountain range, which is pierced by twenty-five tunnels for the passage of the railway. In this region formerly abounded the forests of magnificent oaks, especially behind the Chaud Fontaine and around the Château of Argentean near Herstal, where the great Charlemagne was borne.

This Château of Argentean, formerly the residence of the Counts Mercy, one of whom was ambassador of Maria Theresa to Marie Antoinette, is situated near the border of that troublesome, neutralized territory known as Moresnet (now taken over by Belgium) which consists mainly of a mountain of zinc three miles in length and a mile and a half broad.

The region of Hautes Fagnes (Fagnes signifying tree-

Mont de Piété—Liége

clad, elevated plateau) is the highest between the basins of the Rhine, Meuse and Moselle. The people hereabouts are steeped in superstition, and believe absolutely in the existence of "the little people" as they call the fairies or sprites who dwell in the woods and fastnesses. These little people are benevolent in character and are said to flock to the villages in the night to perform kindly offices, and help the people to accomplish tasks which would otherwise be difficult if not impossible. The Sprites are locally called "Sottais." It is the popular belief that the souls of the departed live on in the form of great oaks and chestnuts. On one certain day (All-Souls' Day) these gather in celebration of High Mass. During Lent the children collect great piles of brushwood on high points and clearings in the hills, and set them on fire at a given time. Any child refusing to do this service is marked and persecuted by the others, who chase them and when caught, blacken their faces with burnt sticks. About the streets of Verviers on All-Souls' Day parade bands of fantastically clad children who carry pots of burning charcoal and solicit alms for the support of the poor.

As has been said, the Walloon is the highest and best type of the Belgian race: though of dark complexion, he is rarely as swarthy as the Fleming of Brabant, and is taller and much more robust than these. It will be recalled that the Spaniards had little connection with the

people of Liége, who remained independent under its Prince Bishops, so they escaped contamination. Always celebrated as haughty and exceedingly quarrelsome, always ready for a fight, it was Charles the Bold who succeeded in awing them, carrying his hostage, the unhappy Louis XI with him on his march on Liége, which he captured in spite of the valiant resistance of its men. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward" will recall in the Chronicle of Commines the story of the surprise by the men of Franchimont in the dark hours of the night, which so nearly succeeded.

Crossing the River Meuse at Liége is the ancient stone bridge from which Charles threw the unfortunate captives of both sexes "who filled the air with their cries and lamentations."

Franchimont lives ever in legend. We read the story in Scott's "Marmion,"—

> "Dids't ever, dear Heber, pass along
> Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
> Which like an eagle's nest in air
> Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair?
> Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
> A mighty treasure buried lay,
> Amassed through rapine and wrong,
> By the last Lord of Franchémont."

Aroused by the legend that the devil in the character of a hunter, bearing a great spear, and having a horn at his

Palace of the Prince Bishops—Liége

belt, which he winds at intervals on stormy nights, stands guard over a great iron treasure chest which was buried below the castle walls, the peasants have repeatedly dug great holes which are pointed out to the traveler. Nothing, however, has yet been found to reward them. Of the ruins of the castle on the hillside called the Hoegne, nothing now remains but an ivy covered heap of stones, whatever it may have been when "dear Heber" saw it more than one hundred years ago.

Of the legends, there are dozens related by the historians of the locality, and in most, if not all of them, his majesty the devil figures prominently. In one of these he takes the form of a very beautiful maiden whose habit it was to recline weeping piteously beside a gurgling brook. There, as related, she was found by one of the barons or chieftains who carried her up to his castle in his arms on his great charger. There she remained until, of course as she was bound to do, she disclosed her true character to the Baron, who is said to have calmly replied —"The Devil, eh? Then get you back to Hell, and say —never have you better fared than when you Raoul's supper shared!"

But few travelers save the ubiquitous "commis voyageur" ever penetrate the country of the Walloons beyond Liége and its environs, and of the character of the other towns and the people they know little.

The fighting attributes of the Walloons of the Mid-

dle Ages were certainly preserved by their descendants during three centuries. They so resented intrusion into their domain that the saying "Who enters this district (Hesbaye) must fight," proved too often the truth, and so successful were they that the other nobles let them severely alone. Thus lacking opportunities for fight, they attacked one another. Then began the sanguinary conflicts between the Barons of Waroux and the Awans which resulted in their deaths in battle. The chronicles are filled with the accounts. At the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought in 1557, the Walloon regiments fought so savagely that their prowess became known far and wide, and it was nearly a hundred years after that they had their first serious defeat in Conde's great victory at Rocroi in 1643. Schiller refers to them in "Wallenstein," saying "Respect him, for he is a Walloon." Even during the Austrian rule, the Walloon warriors formed a splendid phalanx and maintained their reputation in the army of the Spanish Netherlands. In the French army they had a splendid record, and it is recorded that General Thiébaut valued their services even above that of the picked French troops, while Charles Rogier attributed no small part of the success of the Belgian uprising of 1830 to the intrepid character of the Walloon soldiers and their officers. So perhaps some idea of their character may be had from these "scrappy" details, gathered at haphazard.

LIÉGE

Liége, as far as picturesqueness is concerned, is certainly most satisfying. The view over the town and surrounding country from the hill above the station des Guillemans is as famous as that from the Citadel. The prospect is bounded towards the south by the Ardennes mountains, and on the north by the extended levels of Limburg. The town contains many architectural features of interest, and numerous statues of merit, chief of which is the fine monument to Charlemagne, the work of the sculptor Ichotte.

Charlemagne, according to history, granted to Liége its earliest privileges, and Ichotte has shown him in a commanding attitude with outstretched arm. Arrayed about the pedestal are the statues of Charles Martel; Pepin the Second of Heristal; Pepin the Little; Saint Begga and Queen Bartha. Among the trees is found a quaint sort of monumental fountain called "The Ancient Perron," of which certain legends are related of such free character that they cannot well be included here, although they are quite amusing.

Although founded as late as 1847 the University is a source of intense pride and gratification to the Liégoise. Its title is "The Belgian State University for the Walloon district." Built in the Renaissance style it has a very plain façade of sandstone. The Library comprises about three hundred thousand volumes, and upwards of thirteen hundred very fine manuscripts, illuminated and

otherwise, all very well arranged and cared for. More than two thousand students attend and are directed by a corps of seventy professors. Emile de Laveleye, the Economist; Catelan, the Mathematician; Ste. Berive and Baron, the Literary Historians; Andre Damon, the Geologist, and J. T. Lacondiere, the Anatomist, are among the very celebrated professors who have been directly connected with the University.

Founded in 1014 by the militant Bishop Balderic II, the Church of St. Jacques is built in the late Gothic style, with a remarkable polygonal choir, surrounded by ornate small chapels. The sole vestige remaining of the ancient church is said to be the Romanesque west façade which has an octagonal tower. Lombard added the Renaissance portal of the north transept in the year 1558.

The impressive nave is two hundred and seventy feet long, one hundred feet wide, and the height is seventy-five feet. The decoration of the interior is in the "Hispano-Morescan" style, and is really gorgeous in color. There is a great organ case, the work of the Dutch carver Andrea Severin of Maastricht, dated 1670. In the transept is the tomb of Bishop Balderic II, and there are a number of splendid painted windows of the Sixteenth Century in the choir, representing the Crucifixion; Abraham's Sacrifice; the Brazen Serpent, together with figures of tutelary Saints, the Donors, and their armorial bearings.

The Ancient "Perron" at Liége

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A still earlier church is that of St. Paul, founded by Bishop Heraclius in 968, and rebuilt in 1280, the nave in 1528. This church, originally that of an abbey, was elevated and consecrated as Cathedral in 1802. In 1812 the tower, some three hundred feet in height, was added and contains one of the finest Carillons in the country. It is larger than St. Jacques, and the nave and aisles are dignified by the massive round pillars that rise so majestically. The beautifully proportioned nave is embellished by a triforium gallery of exquisite design and the vaulting has Renaissance carving dating from 1579, probably the work of the pupils of Lombard. In the south transept is a fine painted window representing the coronation of the Virgin, dated 1530.

The crowning feature of the Choir is the remarkable brass railing (Dinanderie) which separates it from the nave. Here are five ancient painted glass windows (in the apse) dated 1557–87. The enameled copper altar of St. Theodore is an admirable example of "Dinanderie" work. In the chapel to the left of the Choir is "Christ in the Sepulchre," the work in marble of Delcour in the year 1696. The Treasury contains objects of remarkable character and great value, as for instance: a reliquary of St. Lambert; a group in gold enamel, representing St. George and the Dragon, which was presented to the town by Charles the Bold, in expiation for his destruction of Liége in 1468; and a life size silvergilt bust

belt, which he winds at intervals on stormy nights, stands guard over a great iron treasure chest which was buried below the castle walls, the peasants have repeatedly dug great holes which are pointed out to the traveler. Nothing, however, has yet been found to reward them. Of the ruins of the castle on the hillside called the Hoegne, nothing now remains but an ivy covered heap of stones, whatever it may have been when "dear Heber" saw it more than one hundred years ago.

Of the legends, there are dozens related by the historians of the locality, and in most, if not all of them, his majesty the devil figures prominently. In one of these he takes the form of a very beautiful maiden whose habit it was to recline weeping piteously beside a gurgling brook. There, as related, she was found by one of the barons or chieftains who carried her up to his castle in his arms on his great charger. There she remained until, of course as she was bound to do, she disclosed her true character to the Baron, who is said to have calmly replied —"The Devil, eh? Then get you back to Hell, and say —never have you better fared than when you Raoul's supper shared!"

But few travelers save the ubiquitous "commis voyageur" ever penetrate the country of the Walloons beyond Liége and its environs, and of the character of the other towns and the people they know little.

The fighting attributes of the Walloons of the Mid-

dle Ages were certainly preserved by their descendants during three centuries. They so resented intrusion into their domain that the saying "Who enters this district (Hesbaye) must fight," proved too often the truth, and so successful were they that the other nobles let them severely alone. Thus lacking opportunities for fight, they attacked one another. Then began the sanguinary conflicts between the Barons of Waroux and the Awans which resulted in their deaths in battle. The chronicles are filled with the accounts. At the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought in 1557, the Walloon regiments fought so savagely that their prowess became known far and wide, and it was nearly a hundred years after that they had their first serious defeat in Conde's great victory at Rocroi in 1643. Schiller refers to them in "Wallenstein," saying "Respect him, for he is a Walloon." Even during the Austrian rule, the Walloon warriors formed a splendid phalanx and maintained their reputation in the army of the Spanish Netherlands. In the French army they had a splendid record, and it is recorded that General Thiébaut valued their services even above that of the picked French troops, while Charles Rogier attributed no small part of the success of the Belgian uprising of 1830 to the intrepid character of the Walloon soldiers and their officers. So perhaps some idea of their character may be had from these "scrappy" details, gathered at haphazard.

LIÉGE

Liége, as far as picturesqueness is concerned, is certainly most satisfying. The view over the town and surrounding country from the hill above the station des Guillemans is as famous as that from the Citadel. The prospect is bounded towards the south by the Ardennes mountains, and on the north by the extended levels of Limburg. The town contains many architectural features of interest, and numerous statues of merit, chief of which is the fine monument to Charlemagne, the work of the sculptor Ichotte.

Charlemagne, according to history, granted to Liége its earliest privileges, and Ichotte has shown him in a commanding attitude with outstretched arm. Arrayed about the pedestal are the statues of Charles Martel; Pepin the Second of Heristal; Pepin the Little; Saint Begga and Queen Bartha. Among the trees is found a quaint sort of monumental fountain called "The Ancient Perron," of which certain legends are related of such free character that they cannot well be included here, although they are quite amusing.

Although founded as late as 1847 the University is a source of intense pride and gratification to the Liégoise. Its title is "The Belgian State University for the Walloon district." Built in the Renaissance style it has a very plain façade of sandstone. The Library comprises about three hundred thousand volumes, and upwards of thirteen hundred very fine manuscripts, illuminated and

this plan, the State refrained from participation, giving entire control to the companies with the understanding that the companies were to use their energies to develop national industry, but reserving all rights over any new fields that might be discovered. The great coal fields of the Province of Hainault, therefore, have been developed and exploited to a remarkable extent, and consequently enormous profit by a comparatively small number of capitalists, who at length disposed of the shares on the Bourse at very high premiums.

More than twenty-five years ago, before the organization of labor, these owners received and enjoyed tremendous profits from the labor of the unfortunate miners and their families, who toiled early and late for their masters at a pitiful wage, the highest (it is said) being under five dollars per working week (twenty-five francs). This severe toil, ill nourishment and its consequences, has resulted in a race of dwarfed, semi-imbecile beings, terrible to look upon. Travelers through the region report many of the men under four feet eight inches in height, some are even less. The women seem somewhat taller, while the children, there are crowds of them, are stunted and emaciated to a remarkable degree. The present writer found these people fairly steeped in ignorance, and their degradation supplemented by the drunkenness of the men, there being apparently no restriction whatever upon the sale of liquor, each house-

holder can and does retail the particularly vile compound in vogue. Strangely enough, there are no signs visible of the houses being drinking shops. The houses are nearly all alike; the narrow door opening from the street into a narrow hall, thence to a sort of living room containing a few chairs or benches before a long table. There is invariably a curious looking brass-bound cast iron stove raised upon spidery legs, upon which a couple of pots are placed, containing a sort of meat and vegetable stew of which the people are fond. The drink is usually served by a slatternly woman, who fetches it from an inner room.

There are two classes of drunkards, beer (faro) drinkers, and gin drinkers. Of these the first named is the least harmful of the two, for having filled themselves to capacity, they lie down anywhere, in doorways or street, and sleep it off. The gin (or alcohol) drinkers are the worst; the spirit, a vile concoction of potato alcohol, fairly maddens them, so that after a couple of drinks they are ready and willing for any sort of crime. This tipple is locally known as "Schnick." Not one of them will tell where it is made; that is a well guarded secret. It smells of petroleum or turpentine, and burned my tongue when I tasted it. It costs ten centimes (one cent) for a fairly large glass. The room where I sampled this glass of "Schnick" was typical of all the rest of these drinking shops; it fairly reeked with the odors of stale to-

bacco, beer, and the steam from the simmering pot on the stove. As I sat at the soiled bare table, small children eyed me furtively through the half open door into the dark back room, nor could I induce any of them to come to me even by the proffer of a piece of money. Seeing that I did not drink the "Schnick" the woman who waited upon me asked for it, and drank it eagerly. She wiped her mouth with the corner of her apron and said it was good. She told me that the men drank a pint of the stuff a day as an allowance. On the wall was a large lithograph poster depicting in colors the danger of drinking alcohol, and describing its effects in the simplest of language, showing that the Government is aware of the serious consequences of drunkenness. Strangely enough, it refrains from imposing licenses, or restricting in any manner the sale of the pernicious substitutes for gin. Yet it is confronted by the prospect that if something in the way of restriction is not at once instituted, the deterioration of the inhabitants of the region must bring about a grave peril to Belgian people.

In Hainault, the great majority of the workmen are said to be illiterate; how can they be otherwise? Education is not compulsory, and as far as I could discover there is no restriction whatever upon the indiscriminate employment of children in the mines. The church seemingly ignores the matter of education. The use of young children at the mines is the root of the whole matter, for

The Town Hall of Mons

The Town Hall -
Mons.

at the tender age of twelve, boys and girls are eligible for employment above ground. Whatever schooling they have managed to get is then at an end. Thenceforth they are wage earners. The more children there are, the more each family earns. Consequently, the percentage of illegitimacy is staggering. To the mine owners the operators are merely so many laborers. Seemingly they do not greatly concern themselves about their amusements. They have no reading rooms as far as I could discover, and the only places of entertainment for them are the "ordinaries" or cabarets before mentioned.

The result which I have hinted at is inevitable. Boulger ("Belgian Life in Town and Country") says that a Belgian nobleman contemptuously described to him the people of the Borinage as "Ces gens là sont des brutes," but this, it seems to me, hardly disposes of the question, or the responsibility of the authorities. It is said that, perhaps awakening to the danger, the Government had lately (before the war) brought in and passed a bill increasing the excise tax on spirits by 50 per cent. The importance of the matter may be judged by the figures of the last census which give the number of men and boys and women employed in the mines and metal industries as:

Men and boys	277,997
Women	15,266
Total	293,263

The coal industry is by far the most important product of Belgium. Out of the total output of (these are the official figures) twenty-three million, four hundred and sixty-two thousand, eight hundred and nineteen tons, only seven million tons were exported. New coal fields, it is said, have been discovered in the District of Campine, a part of the Province of Limburg, and now that the war is over, and Limburg become Belgian, undoubtedly will be exploited with that admirable skill and enterprise ever shown by the Belgians.

It is a relief then to turn one's back upon all this, and return to the quaint town of Mons with its huge Cathedral of St. Waltrudis, begun in 1450 by Matthew de Layens, the same architect who designed the lovely Town Hall at Louvain, and a curious little old Gothic "Hotel de Ville" in the grand' place, with an ornate band stand crowded up before its very door, where on the day of our visit a resplendently clad military band was playing popular airs and marches, and the chimes in the neighboring "Beffroi" were jangling merrily in opposition. It was the day after the celebration of the fête which we unfortunately missed, called the "Lumèçon," celebrated on Trinity Sunday, and drawing crowds, from the surrounding districts. The festival of "Lumèçon" [which in the Walloon tongue is "Lumaçon"—a snail] is according to the legend simply that of St. George and the Dragon. Here the Knight is called "Gilles de Chin," while the

dragon is of the usual type with crimson scales, green eyes, and a huge mouth belching flame and smoke. This dragon is said to have kept a beauteuos maiden Princess prisoner in a cave in a certain dark forest near Mons. The procession winds through the crowded streets and after being duly execrated, is dispatched in the center of the quaint Grand' Place just below the old castle. A feature of this parade is a wooden replica of the famous Mons cannon, used at the Battle of Crécy, where the soldiers of Mons fought side by side with the English. Edward the Third's Queen was Eleanor, Countess of Hainaut. The town was still hung with bunting, and there were throngs of people in holiday attire in the streets while the inns seemed to be doing a tremendous business. A fellow traveler, a "Commis Voyageur," directed us to one which he pronounced the very best in the country, and he introduced us to the proprietor, who made us comfortable in spite of the crowd which taxed his resources. Now the Belgian is a big eater; he is likewise what is called a "bird eater." It is customary with the people to sit down at one o'clock and remain at table a couple of hours. The wise traveler will conform to custom. Let me quote the bill of fare of this provincial inn, a gargantuan one.

Huitres d'Ostende
Potage Oxtail
Saumon de Hollande à la Russe
Petites fèves de Marais à la Creme
Salmis de Caneton Sauvage

Bouchées à la Reine	Faison de Bohème
Chevreuil Diane Chasseresse	Salade de Saison
Becasses bardées sur Canapé	Divide truffe Mayonnaise
Tete de Veau en Tortue	Glace Vanillee
Surprises Graxille (à Sorbet)	Fruits
Pluviers dorés poire Vin	Gateaux
Jambonneau au Madère	Dessert

The price of this astounding feast was five francs,—and the wine! Newnham Davis ["The Gourmet's Guide to Europe"] says that "the best Burgundy in Europe is to be found in the Belgian cellars." Whether this regulation is maintained in honor of the Duke of Burgundy, who once ruled the land, or whether the good quality of the wine is due to the peculiar sandy soil which permits an unvarying temperature in the cellars, I will leave to others to determine, but the fact remains that from a Beaujolais at 2 francs 50 centimes to a Richebourg at 20 francs, the Burgundy offered to the traveler in Belgium is generally unimpeachable. Flemish cooking as a rule is "fat and porky," and there is a dish often seen on the "Carte" called "Choesels à la Bruxelloise," which is considered a delicacy by the natives, and is supposed to be a hash cooked in sherry or marsala; it is, however, a dish of mystery (!) A "plat" always to be found in Belgium (especially in the Flanders district), is "Waterzoie de Poulet," a chicken broth is served with the fowl. This is usually very safe. Carbonades Flamandes is another Flemish dish which, if well done, can be

eaten without fear. This is beef steak stewed in "Faro," [beer], and served with rich brown sauce. "Salade de Princesses Liégeoises" is made with scarlet runners mixed with little slices of fried bacon. The bacon takes the place of oil, while the vinegar should be used with a heavy hand. Of all the Belgian "plats," however, they place foremost Grives a la Namuroise; which are of course only to be had in the autumn. The Belgian, as aforesaid, is a great game bird eater, and throughout the country all kinds of birds, even, I regret to say, song birds are pressed into service for the table. A stranger visiting the Ardennes will be struck by the sad silence of the woods, which is caused by the wholesale destruction of the birds. How the supply is kept up is difficult to say, but no Belgian dinner is considered complete without a bird of some sort, and when Grives are in season, thousands must be served daily. A "Grive" is a thrush, but blackbirds and starlings often find their way to the casserole under the name of "Grive." They are cooked with the "trail" in which Mountain Ash berries are often found, these give the bird a peculiar and rather bitter flavor, but the berry mostly used in the cooking is the juniper which grows very plentifully in Belgium.

At Mons and at Liége there is every year a woodcock feast; at these feasts a little wax candle is placed at the side of each plate, so that one can take the head of his "becasse" and frizzle it in the flame before he attacks its

brains.—While speaking of partridges I ought to mention that there is no partridge in the world so plump and sweet as one shot in the neighborhood of Louvain, where they feed on beetroot cultivated for the sugar factories. At a restaurant "Coq de bruyere" is often served as grouse, but this is a blackcock.—The Flemish custom is to "dine" in the middle of the day and "sup" at about seven.

But certainly not all of the "table d'hôtes" of Belgium are cheap, and as emblematic of some of my own experiences, I may quote again one of Mr. Newnham Davis' from this same little book. Speaking of Ostende, he says that the great majority of its well-to-do visitors make a bargain with one of the hotels to take them "en pension" and are content with the table d'hôte dinner which looks quite showy on the menu card, though it does not waken that extra sense of appreciation which every true "gourmet" possesses. "But Ostende—he who would dine well there amidst refined surroundings must have a long purse. The same syndicate which owns the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo controls the Hotel du Palais. The restaurant, with its stained glass roof, has windows which look across the sea wall (or digue) and it is a remarkably pleasant place in which to dine; but the prices are those of Monté Carlo. I went there by myself to lunch and found that the 'carte du jour' presented had no prices marked on it, which must have exercised the mind of a

Hallway of the Town Hall—Mons

veritable John Bull who was sitting at the next table, and who asked the waiter, 'How much is that?' concerning the dishes, to which question he gave a soothing but quite noncommittal reply. I ordered a 'friture of langues d'avocat' the little flat fish that somewhat resemble pointed tongues; and as the shooting season had just commenced, the maitre d'hotel recommended two quails and a 'pilaf' of rice, which seemed to me to be an admirable suggestion. I ordered a half bottle of mineral water and a half bottle of 'chateaux carbonieux' after my quails, little birds of brown firm flesh differing much in this from the fattened up, imported quail of the south.

"I thought I would like a pear, and the waiter brought me, packed in cotton wool, a monster pear and apples with little landscapes traced upon their rosy cheeks with a graver.—I know those pears and apples of old. If one happens to be giving a dinner to a lady in whose company one does not wish to appear mean, and the waiter brings a box of those marvelous pears and apples to her, one makes a swift mental calculation of all the money one has in one's pocket, at the same time that one wishes the waiter might suddenly be stricken with apoplexy. In the present case, being alone, I grinned at the waiter and told him to bring me something cheap. He returned with some peaches. They also were packed with cotton wool, and the large ones had a little collar and bow of black and gold ribbon just like pet kittens. I imitated my John

Bull neighbor and asked the price. The waiter 'thought' that the big peaches were eight francs apiece ($1.60) and the smaller ones five francs. 'I will bring you some green gages, they are *very* cheap,' said the waiter, who did not require to be told that I would be no peach eater. Now, I happened to know that green gages were very cheap that day. I had been around to the market and knew that they were being sold at thirty centimes a kilo (six cents) at the stalls, and that at Jean Bogaeart's shop in the Grand Place the quail were priced at one franc (20 cents) each. The waiter brought me a big box of green gages and I took five in all. My bill came to twenty francs, seventy-five centimes, and I found that I had been charged half a franc each for the green gages! My heart went out to one of my friends who when I laughingly told him of the cheap (?) green gages, informed me that one day at the races his wife thought she would like to take tea at the Palais and invited a half dozen other ladies. He was detained in the paddock, and when he joined the tea party found, that not content with tea and cakes, the ladies had eaten the contents of three boxes of specimen fruits. A dinner party would have cost him less than that afternoon tea."

However, the man who wishes to keep his dinner bill below ten francs, or even below five, need not fare ill at Ostende. In the Grand Place is the "charcutier's" shop of Mons, Jean Bogaerts, who is a "Fournisseur du

Roi," but who mostly signs himself as "Traiteur." In his shop window during the shooting season is always some choice game, and relays of fresh trout are sent him daily. On the first floor above the shops is a little restaurant which bears the title "Au Gourmet."

It is a very unpretending little place, the knives are black handled, and the napery is coarse, but it is perfectly clean. On the mirrors are wafered the names of the "plats du Jour," the cost of which seems generally to be 1 franc, 50 centimes; a modest bill of fare conveys fuller information. A small girl sits at the caisse, and an elderly waiter with a blue black mustache, embroidered shirt front and gloomy views concerning life, takes one's orders. I ordered some shrimps as "hors d'œuvres" and a finger bowl was brought after I had finished; a small matter, but showed that the waiter, who looked like a nobleman in disguise, suffering from some bitter sorrow, knew his business. The menu was shrimps, Baby sole a la Meuniére, roast snipe on toast, with water cress, cream cheese, black grapes, a pint of Cerons, a small bottle of Louise Marie Mineral Water, and my bill came to six francs, 65 centimes ($1.38).

Of course this was *before* the war.

But to return to Mons and its attractions; after dinner we sat outside before one of the small tables taking our coffee at leisure, and being much amused at the conversation of our neighbors who were hugely enjoying

themselves over the holiday. The bourgeois Fleming is much given to family parties, so they all, men, women and children, sit for hours together at the small cafés. They like to dine "al fresco" and even when the repast is limited to one or two dishes for himself and wife, and a "tartine" or a "gauffre" apiece for the children, the Fleming is apt to sit there the whole evening drinking, not immoderately, the thin sour beer called "Faro," or the "geuze lambeck" so highly esteemed. Above all, the Fleming likes music. Each community has its particular society, and invariably its members will form a band or "Symphonie." The Fleming loves to parade with a band and flags. The most frequent occasion for the parade is at the funeral of a departed member, when the "Symphonie Communale" attends in a body, and leads the ornate and beplumed and gilded hearse to the strains of the Dead March in Saul. Sometimes these parades are of a political character, and intense feeling is aroused among the bystanders by the sight of a particular flag bearing a rampant lion, and the motto "Vlaanderen Voor Vlaamche," but the explanation afforded by those questioned was so technical and involved that one could understand little of what it all related to. The two parties, Clericals and Anti-clericals, seem ever at loggerheads however, and we followed one of these towards the cathedral.

Mons has certainly every reason to be proud of this,

one of the finest of Belgium's fanes. Built in the fifteenth century, as related, it prizes among its treasures several painted windows of priceless value, as well as examples of fifteenth and sixteenth century sculpture. The painted glass shows the crucifixion, with figures representing Maximilian and his wife, Mary of Burgundy, his son Philip the Handsome, his daughter Margaret, together with their several patron saints, soldiers, and attendants, all most gorgeously clad. Mons is deservedly proud of this great Cathedral of St. Waltrudis, [which they call Sainte Wandru], and all of its treasures. Architects are unanimous in pronouncing it to be one of the examples of late Gothic in Belgium, all unfinished as it is. The original plans called for an elegant slender tower, but the project was never carried out, and only a diminutive spire shows above the great Gothic turrets. Formerly in common with the custom in other towns in Belgium, of renting space about the church properties, this structure was quite surrounded by small dwellings and shops which clung to the venerable walls, but some years ago, the authorities, aroused by the objections and protests of eminent architects, demolished these encroachments and the cathedral now stands forth in all its majesty. The most impressive interior is three hundred and fifty-five feet in length, eighty feet in height, and one hundred and sixteen feet in width. There are sixty slender clustered columns without capitals sup-

porting the vaulting. The windows are ninety in number, and the altar paintings are by Van Thulden and some other artists whose names I could not ascertain. The Reliefs upon the High Altar and others in the side chapels were originally (so said the little priest who showed us about) in a Rood loft destroyed by the French during the revolution. They are the work of Jacques Dubroeucq. They are remarkable. My drawing will perhaps give a better idea of the cathedral than a page of written description. Nearby, in the Place St. Germain, is a monument erected to a certain famous Mayor of Mons, François Delez. But of his particular acts and accomplishments our conductor was exceedingly ignorant, nor did the inscription upon the pedestal serve to enlighten us.

The belfry, containing a very fine peal of bells (tambour carillon) is in the Renaissance style, some two hundred and seventy feet high, and erected upon the highest ground in the town.

The principal interest of the quaint Hotel de Ville, built in 1458, attaches to the row of statuettes on the façade, and a curious clock on the base of the somewhat bizarre tower. Inside there is a wrought iron figure of a monkey or ape mounted on the main staircase of which the people are very proud. It is explained that it represents a former trade emblem, but so hazy and confused was the legend regarding it, that I could get little upon which to pen a story.

The interior of the hallway contains a fine Gothic chimney piece, of which I made a drawing. The ceiling is supported by great beams from one of which depends a most beautiful candelabra.

The town played a very considerable part in the Wars of the French Revolution. Some three miles away is the battlefield of Malplaquet, where in 1709 Marlborough and Eugene gained a great but very dearly bought victory over the French under Marshal de Villers. Farther on is the battlefield of Jemappes, where, under the leadership of Dumouriez, the French gained a great victory over the Austrians in 1792.

It was not until after we left Mons that I was told of a remarkable tapestry, hanging in the Town Hall, and said to be after the designs of Teniers, but the custode failed to point it out to us.

The two quaint gables to the right and left of the Town Hall (shown in my drawing) are the "Maison de la Toison d'Or," and the "Chapel of St. George." The other attraction of the town is the library in the Rue des Gades, which treasures a collection of some forty thousand printed works, and illuminated manuscripts. These latter were unguarded, and had I been so evil minded I might have helped myself to whatever I fancied. When I called the attention of the "snuffy" custode to this matter, he seemed much astonished, and at length gave way to a display of temper which terminated

our visit and accelerated our departure from the hall.

In the grounds is a monument of handsome impressive design, the work of Frison, erected in honor of the composer Orlando di Lasso (Roland de Lattre, born at Mons in 1520) who died at Munich, Bavaria, in 1594, and there is nearby in the Rue de Rossignol, the Archæological Museum and the Art Gallery where a collection of paintings by modern masters is housed. On what is called, rather grandiosely, the "Eastern Boulevard" is an equestrian statue (the work of the sculptor, Jaquet) of Baldwin IX of Hainault and Flanders. Baldwin it was who became prominent in the Fourth Crusade to the Holy Land, and who afterwards in 1204 was chosen Emperor of Constantinople.

The town was formed about a fortress erected on the hill by Cæsar during his wars against the Gauls, and the site of these ancient fortifications has now been converted into a really delightful promenade, the pride of its citizens, and those in Mons, as far as a tourist can judge, seemed to be happy and contented with the conditions surrounding them.

It is not as easy to describe the daily life of the ordinary factory or mill worker, as that of the miners living as they do under special conditions entirely differentiates them from the other communities. The mill worker, as such, pursues the manner of life agreeable to himself, based upon his occupation and entirely oblivious of what the

Cathedral of St. Waudru

Mons.
Cathedral of
St Waudru.
Geo. Wharton Edwards.

others do. The bond linking him to his class is not his work, but rather his commune, therefore any offhand attempt at a real and trustworthy account of the workers of Mons would be misleading if not impossible. But there are points discoverable concerning the Belgian artisan which may here be of interest. His condition of life and well being certainly furnishes an index to the national welfare, and I am assured by those who know, this may be set down as quite as good as that of any other country. The hours of labor for him may be, indeed are, many, but he earns the necessaries of life, and apparently has a surplus left for at least some of what he calls luxuries. But his long hours of labor are lightened by the certainly not infrequent holidays, and he enjoys not only the "estaminets" or cafés, but the "cercle" or club, be it Catholic, Socialist, or Liberal; he belongs invariably to one or the other. His life then is not as dull as it seems, for there are bands of music, dances, and always the annual celebrations, such as the "Kirmes," when everything possible is done by the authorities for his amusement.

The Belgian, be it observed, whether Flemish or Walloon, is by no means prone to take his pleasures phlegmatically or sadly. In discussing these matters with M. B. at the table d'hôte at Mons, he listened to the details of my experiences at the coal mines with great patience, and when I had finished, he, admitting that what I said

was in the main true, deplored the matter; but gave me other facts which were of use in the formation of this estimate of the life of the Belgian workman. The sum of his argument was as follows: Conditions of life among the working classes of Belgium proved upon close examination that their material well-being is much better than hastily superficial (like mine, for instance) impressions would show. For instance, the communal authorities had (before the outbreak of the Great War) commenced a campaign against those distressing problems concerning the overcrowding of factory towns, and purging them of the plague spots. Rows of workmen's cottages, after the most approved plans, were being built, for instance, in the city of Brussels. New systems of tramways and light "Vicinal" railways have been built to transport the workingman to and from the factories. He urged that really the Belgian workman, in spite of his relatively low wages, was quite as well off as any other. While his wages were not excessive, they were supplemented by the sums earned by his wife and children, the latter being productive of earnings at the age of twelve! His food is cheap and his beer is cheaper still. His taxes are so cunningly controlled and contributed that he does not realize them at all. He certainly does not want for amusement, and a great part of this is given gratuitously by the communal authorities. He gets thus the most out of his wages, for he enjoys every possible

advantage that the communities can devise. The "Porte Ouvrier" has been organized for him throughout the country so that he may enjoy the fruits and satisfaction of political agitation (under control, of course). Great co-operative societies, open to the workmen, have been formed for the purpose of retailing to the members all needed commodities of life. The largest of these are the "Vooruit" at Ghent, and the "Maison du Peuple" in Brussels. In these great coöperative stores the merchandise, food, and furniture and clothing are sold to the workmen and their families, at cost, plus five per cent. for expenses. These stores maintain an active struggle against drunkenness, operating coffee houses where only light drinks are sold. There are said to be upwards of four hundred of these establishments in operation all over the Kingdom, and the total membership is now something like sixty or seventy thousand.

Both insurance and savings banks are attached to these stores for the members' benefit; the basis upon which they operate is a monthly payment of three francs to the insurance fund, and one franc for the bank for savings. Under this plan the workman is assured of medical attendance with a payment of one franc a day for the duration of his illness. His annual savings are doubled by certain additions made according to a state law. Also a new State Pension Bill is designed to encourage his thrift. By this means the Government is to pay each

workman after the age of sixty-five an annual pension of sixty-five francs ($13.00). The smallness of this amount seemed incredible to me, but M. B. seemed to think it a fair sum, alleging the cheapness of living in Belgium, so, I give these figures *without comment.* He further stated that there had been a very large number of applicants for the benefice, so many indeed that the Government had been forced to impose an additional tax upon liquor as an ingenious means of getting from the workman the money to pay for his old-age pension in a manner entirely agreeable to himself.

The Congo Colony

IN the exhaustive and most remarkable history of the colonizing aptitude of the Belgians, written by M. Alphonse de Haulleville ("Les Aptitudes Colonisatrices des Belges, et la Question Coloniale en Belgique 1898"), the author traces the efforts of the Belgians, from the earliest period down to the endeavors of the Ghent Company in the eighteenth century, to enter into and enjoy its share of the trade with India. "The Belgians," he says, "as proved by their past, know how to colonize,—their necessities caused by the plethora of a dense population compel them to colonize unless they are prepared to perish as a nation, or at least, behold their existing prosperity depart."

This feeling was voiced as well by King Leopold I, as long ago as 1843, when he declared that "it was necessary to organize regular relations with distant countries for the benefit of the Belgian trade," and urged that "a company formed upon a model of the Ostend Company would render the very greatest services to the nation." No practical result followed this speech,

and the matter remained in abeyance in spite of the strong speech of the King.

In 1860, however, after the return of the Duke of Brabant (who afterwards was King Leopold II) from a tour of the Far East, and due to his farsighted policy and acumen, the matter was widely discussed, and his plans for the establishment of a Belgian Colony in the island of Formosa met with great enthusiasm; but interest again lapsed for one reason or another, and nothing practical resulted until after Leopold II ascended the throne. Public attention was called to the horrors of the slave trade, and a pronunciamento by the Pope initiated what has been called a crusade against the practice which was scandalizing the world. In Brussels the eloquence of Cardinal Lavigerie made a most powerful impression, and it was then that the psychological moment arrived for a state movement of Belgian aspirations for colonial possessions. This movement resulted in giving to Belgium one of the finest, richest and largest colonial territories in the world—The Belgian Congo. The main facts, briefly stated, will be found useful to a knowledge of this great enterprise.

In 1876, King Leopold issued a summons to a Geographical Conference at Brussels, stating that there was a generally prevalent desire of the people throughout Christendom to abolish slavery in Africa. "To pierce the darkness that still envelops that part of the world

and to pour into it the treasures of civilization." As a result of this conference "The International Association for the Exploration and civilization of Central Africa" was organized. Expeditions were equipped at great cost, and sent to a base established on the East coast in the territory of Zanzibar. Two stations here were named Karema and Mpola situated on Lake Tanganyika. Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, sent a report of his wonderful journey across Central Africa which electrified the world. He declared that "the power which makes itself mistress of the Congo must absorb all the commerce of the immense basin which expands itself behind that great river."

The King (Leopold II), greatly interested, at once invited Stanley to Brussels, and by his enthusiasm and lavish offer of funds from his private fortune, induced the explorer to enter his service, and at once founded an association for the exploration of the Upper Congo, under the leadership of Stanley. This expedition numbered ten Europeans, of whom five were Belgians. They founded the first station at Vivi, the highest point reached by boats below the cataracts. From here to Isanghila they constructed a road under tremendous difficulties. Here they resumed navigation as far as Manyanga, where again they resumed road building to Stanley Pool, where they assembled the parts of steamers brought with them in sections, and proceeded across the

district named after the cataracts and established a line of posts. Five years were consumed in this operation and the result was a chain of posts from Leopoldville to Stanley Falls. In this way much of Central Africa was brought under the control of Belgium, but the matter was so entirely unofficial that no one could exactly define the status of the association. But certainly, although nominally the Portuguese held authority over the coast, it had lost forever its hold upon Central Africa.

Following the Anglo-Portuguese convention of 1884, which was a feeble attempt to reëstablish Portuguese supremacy, the French Government declared that it would not be bound by it, and Germany acquiesced in this, the two powers agreeing that the Congo should be placed under international control. The United States in April, 1884, recognized the Congo as a properly constructed State and France followed suit, stipulating, however, that for her complaisance she should receive compensation. The Congo Association then entered into the following obligation towards France: "That it would never cede its possessions to another power without a prior understanding with France, and that if it were compelled to alienate any of its territory, France should have the right of preëmption."

In November following, Germany recognized the new State, and Bismarck called a conference at Berlin for the purpose of regulating the African question. It should

be remembered, however, that the Congo State had been recognized formally as a State by the three great nations before the Berlin Conference. It thus became the Independent State of the Congo, with separate treaties with the adjacent States, as to the limits defining its sovereign authority, the most important of which was with Portgual, securing outlet to the sea, with possession of the ports of Banana and Boma. An important treaty was that with France, by which the right of reversion of the Congo State to Belgium was made possible.

When, in 1890, King Leopold published his will, he bequeathed the Congo Free State to his country, showing clearly that it had been his chief motive to enrich Belgium with a great Colony.

The present valuation of the Congo State is conservatively placed at forty million pounds sterling. It covers an area of nine hundred thousand square miles, and contains a population variously estimated at twenty million. The cost of this creation by the State was upwards of one million pounds sterling, and this sum came from the private fortune of King Leopold II. As to the profits derived from this Colony, it was not until 1890 that the State obtained the right to levy taxes, and impose custom duties. The revenue in that year was less than £20,000, while the expenditure was nearly £140,000. These figures were so alarming that the conference conferred new powers by the Brussels Act, which raised the

annual revenue gradually to about £360,000 in 1897. Since that year it has shown a steady increase, and now (the year before the Great War), it is said to be upon a paying basis.

The Congo was formerly held to be an exclusively agricultural country, and to contain only a small amount of mineral deposits. Careful prospecting has, however, shown this idea to be erroneous, and that the region is very richly endowed in minerals. From Lake Albert on the eastern border to the extreme south of Katanga, the districts are filled with deposits of gold, diamonds, copper, tin and iron. Coal of excellent quality and easily mined, has been located on Lake Tanganyika; oil and oil-shale have been found in several districts.

Large copper deposits in the center of the State have been known for centuries by the natives. The powerful kings of Uganda and Lunda used to send every year to the copper country large caravans of slaves carrying native goods. There they bartered for copper ingots, manufactured in the mines of the wild and desolate country, known as Katnaga. Local craftsmen or "Fundis," slaves of the King of Lunda, and to his governors, or "Kazembes," extracted the ore and melted the copper in small furnaces about four feet high; these were made of clay, and thousands of them have been found in the wilds of the copper districts. The workings, returned travelers say, are extensive; remains of a large underground

gallery, and open air quarries more than one hundred feet deep have been discovered. The export for 1919 was 25,000 tons; that for 1920 will, it is promised, be upwards of 40,000 tons.

In Mr. D. L. Blount's very comprehensive report ("Belgium's Recovery," Jan., 1920) we read—"The economic future of the Belgian Congo, eighty times as large as Belgium proper, is so great as to make all speculation seem paltry. It combines a considerable wealth of the most valuable ores, metals and diamonds, with unlimited agricultural possibilities, enormous forests and about nine thousand four hundred miles of easily navigable rivers, of which five thousand are already provided with regular and efficient steamboat service. Trade in the Belgian Congo is free to all. Business can be carried on by private individuals or by corporations created in the Colony, in Belgium or in a foreign country. The number of trading houses, stores, and branch offices opened by European and American traders is rapidly increasing. The total number of these establishments in 1915, which was 1252, rose to 1332 in the following year. The foreign trade exclusive of goods in transit was £4,690,648 in imports for 1915, and more than three times that amount in the following year, while exports were £14,398,962 in 1915, and twice that figure in 1916. The imports consisted of cotton textiles, steamers, engines, railroad equipment, machinery, building material, shoes, cloth-

ing and beverages. The products of the Belgian Congo are mostly of vegetable origin but copper, palm oil, copal gum, rubber, cocoa, gold, diamonds [to Antwerp for home consumption] and ivory are being exported in increasing quantities. The output of cotton in 1919 was 3,000 bales.—In 1920 it had increased to 10,000 bales.

"In the beginning of 1919, there were thirteen hundred miles of railroad in operation, and it is possible to go by train and steamer from the upper Congo to Cape Town in South Africa, or to Beira in the Portuguese Mozambique or across the Erstwhile German East Africa to the Indian Ocean. A new railroad to connect the lower Congo near the Atlantic Coast with a point on the Elizabethville-Bukama line in the Southeastern section of the Colony in the Province of Katanga is now contemplated. Here are rich mining works of copper, iron, tin, gold and diamonds, all awaiting exploitation."

The possession of the Congo territory, unduly large as it is for such a small nation as Belgium, does not, it seems, in any way satisfy Belgian aspirations and ambitions. In China, it is declared, the Belgians possess fifty or more valuable concessions. In sight of these the income from the Congo must seem infinitesimal, for they mean immensely valuable orders for Belgian manufacturers of steel rail, engines and rolling stock. It is said that Belgian concessions exist at both Hankow and Tientsin, and that these are not disturbed by the war ex-

cept in so far as Belgium has been unable to take advantage of them. M. de Haulleville thinks that "Colonization is the only safety of the communities upon whom their very prosperity inflicts plethora."

The Belgians, if let alone, certainly have shown the world that they are competent to carry out their own development. This should not excite adverse criticism in their neighbors so long as it remains clear that they are carrying out in their own way their own legitimate business, and are not making themselves the tools of any one, admirable people, admirable country—"Salut!"

Notes, and Some Characteristics

IN Belgium, there is a society for the encouragement and exploration of almost everything. Every day in the year, a parade of some organization or other takes place, and invariably is headed by a band of musicians, the leader bearing aloft a lavishly decorated pole upon which is strung an array of wreaths and medals. Flags and banners, the latter frequently of most exquisite embroidery and high artistic merit, are common in these processions. Orders of decoration are much worn in daily life. Nearly every other man one meets wears some sort of ribbon or button in his lapel. Yet one is assured that the higher decorations are only bestowed by the crown for extreme services to the State or the people.

In 1920 Belgium is to celebrate her ninetieth year of independence.

The Primate of Belgium [the heroic Cardinal Mercier] receives as salary the sum of £840 [four thousand two hundred dollars] per annum.

There are three Royal Academies of art, *i. e.*, Antwerp, Brussels and Liége.

The Belgian Foreign office each year sends abroad a

number of bright young men who win the traveling scholarships.

Every Belgian has a conditional right at the age of sixty-five to a pension amounting to about two pounds ten shillings sterling.

Vaccination is not compulsory, and it may be had free of charge at any of the hospitals. As a rule, it is favored by the people.

There is great mineral wealth in Belgium. Over three hundred coal pits are worked, yielding more than sixteen million tons of coal. Iron, lead, copper, zinc, marble, and building stone are mineral products of the little country.

Liége is the Pittsburgh of the low country. The population, seven millions, averages more than six hundred to the square mile. The inhabitants consist of two separate races, differing widely in both language and customs. The people of the western and northern provinces are Flemish, speaking what may be called a low German dialect, greatly resembling Dutch. However, every educated Fleming speaks French, which is the language of the higher and middle classes. The people of the eastern and southern parts of the Kingdom are the Walloons. [Pronounced Wal-ons, from Walla, Strange] a Gallic sect, who speak a patois of French. There is a strange and well pronounced antipathy between the Flemings and the Walloons, sometimes leading to violent quarrels

at fairs and on market days, when they foregather for trade.

The Walloons form somewhat less than half of the population of Belgium.

The dominating religion is Roman Catholic.

The Protestants number only about fifteen thousand.

There are only about three thousand Jews in the country, and these enjoy all rights and privileges.

The Flemish tongue has remained unaltered in character during centuries of Spanish, Austrian and French domination, but it is only since the year 1840 that scholars and societies have striven to procure its introduction into the higher political and social circles of the Kingdom. The movement was instigated by J. F. Willems in 1840, and was carried on enthusiastically by Ph. Blommers, Hendrik Conscience, Emil Hiel, Max Rooses, Pol de Mont, Agustus, August Vermeylen, and Styn Strenvels whose names are inseparably connected with the Flemish movement. [Vlaamsche Beweging.] It was not until 1883 that Flemish was re-introduced into the schools, and in 1888 a knowledge of Flemish was made obligatory for the military officers.

While it is stated that all religions are permitted entire freedom in Belgium, the State religion is that of the Church of Rome, and it is expressly stipulated in the Constitution that the Sovereign must be a Roman Catholic.

It is said that this clause was waived in the case of Leopold I, who, while he married a Roman Catholic, and brought up his children in that faith, refused positively to change his own religion.

The Government grants a subsidy to each and every church and sect proving that it has a sufficient number to justify its existence as an organization.

The area of Belgium is about 11,373 square miles. Its greatest breadth from northwest to southeast is 175 miles. Its coast line on the Channel is about forty-five miles.

Belgium was the first continental nation to establish a railway, and in proportion to her area she has now a greater mileage of railways than any other country.

Hendrick Conscience wrote the romances of which Flanders and the Flemish people are intensely proud. His "Lion of Flanders" [Leeuw Van Vlaanderen] is not only the most popular book with the people, but it idealizes for all time the thoughts and longings of the whole Flemish race. It has been called the Flemish Bible.

Ledeganck is the poet whose ballads are sung and recited from one end of Flanders to the other.

The Fleming is of very simple habits, somewhat restricted in his views, has very strong feelings, and a capacity for intense devotion to his convictions.

The Walloon is much given over to free thought and skepticism. He is not a servant of the church, and is

politically quite beyond its control. The Walloons are the chief supporters and producers of the advanced Liberals and the Socialists.

According to law the names of the streets and the towns, and all public notices displayed in them, must be printed in the two languages, Flemish and French, in the five provinces in which Flemish is spoken. Although after 1830 the Flemish language was ostracized, in the last fifty years it has gained a position of equality with French as the official language of Belgium. The Walloons, however, protest vehemently against the waste of time and uselessness of learning a language never used or heard in Wallonia.

Both Fleming and Walloon women are comely and attractive, always neat in dress and well shod. The women of Wallonia are perhaps the better in disposition.

It should be remembered that Belgium as a nation dates only from the year 1830.

It was at a performance of the opera "Muette de Portici," by Massaniello in Brussels, that the smoldering discontent of the people burst into flame on the night of August 25th, 1830, and resulted in Belgian freedom.

The full name of the King is Albert Leopold Clement Maria Meinrad. He was born April 8th, 1875. The name of the Crown Prince is Leopold. The Crown Princess is named Marie Jose. The Queen is named Eliza-

beth, and before her marriage was a Bavarian Grand Duchess. When the Queen was here in America, every one who met her was charmed by her graciousness and unaffected manner. Her tactfulness in meeting and conversing with the various people who were presented to her was noted as most extraordinary. She seemed never at a loss for something pleasant or kindly to say to even the least distinguished of those who sought her notice. But though unaffected in manner, Her Majesty is in every way a Queen! She carried herself during the ceremonies with the greatest dignity and grace; clad in beautifully designed garments of white, her graceful head enveloped in a white veil, one noticed that she moved through the many wearisome functions, which must have been most irksome to one of her sensitive temperament, with the greatest tactfulness and patience.

It is not generally known that the Queen is a great student of medicine, a scholar in fact, honored by many degrees from famous universities, but she still finds time for both music, of which she is passionately fond, and poetry. The painters of Brussels and Antwerp know her as an enthusiastic and sustaining patron of their yearly exhibitions, and to her efforts is due the revival and success of Flemish lace making, now in Bruges. Her charities are enormous. What wonder then when she appears in the streets of the Flemish towns the peasants and the people hail her as Saint as well as Queen. We

Americans are accused of being a heedless and forgetful race, but we will not, I think, soon forget Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians.

Belgium is a constitutional State with safeguards against absolutism. The King's powers are strictly circumscribed by the Constitution. Sons of the King become members of the Senate at the age of eighteen, but have no vote until the age of twenty-five. No citizen may become a senator before the age of forty. In the Senate in the period before the outbreak of the world war, were ninety-five Catholics, thirty-four Socialists and two Catholic Democrats.

The Socialists manifested great power in the last election (November, 1919).

The Belgian Constitution, drafted in a time of great emergency, has only required modification in matters which the increase in population and the march of democratic events rendered necessary, because it was based upon principles of comprehension and unfettered liberty. The only serious internal trouble in the seventy odd years of her national history was the general strike in 1893, and the disorders of 1899. Before the outbreak of the world war in 1914, the Socialists' demands became increasingly emphatic. They demanded State support of all children attending schools; the Freedom of Justice; the State to assume and bear all costs; salaries, maximum and minimum, as well, the hours of labor to be fixed by

law and scheduled; all mines and forests to be public property and worked for the people's benefit.

M. Vandervelde, the Socialist leader at the time, is reported to be a very wealthy man, and some of his opponents suggested that he carry out his theories by dividing his property among the people.

That the working people understand very little of what it is all about, may be gathered from the following anecdote: In 1893 during the strikes in the "Borinage" (the coal mine district), the miners were instructed to send delegates to Charleroi to bring back Universal Suffrage. Accordingly (says the story), each woman provided herself with a bag or basket, and set out. When they reached Charleroi, and assembled before the Chamber, some one asked why they carried the bags and baskets, and they replied—"Why, to carry back the Universal Suffrage of course." (S. U.)

The King is most enthusiastic over his visit to America, where he found everywhere interest in, and sympathy for Belgium. Upon his arrival in Brussels after his return, he said—"I was much impressed by the strong national feeling which was evident in the United States. America is conscious of sentiments of solidarity connecting her with other peoples, and it is impossible to imagine her leaving Europe to its destinies. It is for us to use best our intelligence and forces to seize the opportunities which the immense possibilities offer."

The Belgian Government has undertaken a vast project for reclaiming the devastated farm lands in the battle zone. The farms will be taken over from their owners and worked under the latest scientific principles and then return to them in first class condition. Owners are to be paid 5 per cent. interest on the pre-war valuation of the property during operation by the Government, which, however, is prepared to purchase outright the land in the event owners do not desire to keep the farms. King Albert will fix the limit of the operation of the project, which is designed merely to hasten, in the national interest, the restoration of the vast territory laid waste by shellfire.

The newspaper, *La Libre Belgique*, enjoys great popularity. When the Germans occupied Belgium the newspapers ceased publication; the newspaper men knew that the papers would be controlled by the enemy and they refused to aid in the circulation of German "news" and German propaganda. As a result, the Germans undertook the publication of their own organs. The Belgians refused to read them and were apparently left without any source of information and news,—when, as if by magic, they had a paper of their own placed in their hands. This was *La Libre Belgique*. It published not only the news but the writings of distinguished Belgian authors, the works of the cleverest and keenest cartoonists; the words of encouragement and inspiration by Car-

dinal Mercier; the King; and Belgium's patriotic leaders. The paper reached every part of Belgium and came into the hands of every Belgian. It was one of the strongest influences for patriotism and cheerful endurance of privation that Belgians had during the war.

In November, 1919, the names of men "sentenced to death in their absence," were posted officially in the Grand' Place at Brussels. The names thus posted by the public executioner on the walls of the town hall, were those of the directors and editors of *Le Bruxellois*, the pro-German paper published in Belgium during the German occupation. The patriotic Belgians had so many brilliant examples of heroism by their writers and printers during the war that they must have felt something of a regret that the laws of Belgium prevented the actual execution of these traitors to their country.

How *La Libre Belgique* always managed to come out became a fascinating mystery that was never told until after the Germans were driven out. General Von Bissing, of hated memory, made every possible effort to suppress the publication. Spies were sent to trap the publishers; rewards were offered for the arrest of the editors, publishers and distributors. But *La Libre Belgique* was not the only paper published in defiance of the Germans and secretly put into circulation in Belgium. There were many others; among them were *L'Independence*. That was driven from Ghent to Ostende; the *Metropole*,

suppressed time after time at Antwerp, and the *Nation Belge*, forced to Havre for publication, but nevertheless widely circulated in Belgium. Courage and patriotism were required in all of these enterprises; the newspaper men of Belgium with the exception of those possibly connected with the detested *Le Bruxellois*, met the test, refusing all offers of employment by the enemy and risking their lives in clandestinely publishing and circulating their papers as a patriotic duty. They were true, not only to their national but to the worthy and fine traditions of the Press of the World. "Salut!"

Anniversary of Belgian Independence, July 21st

IT is not eighty-eight years since Leopold I, grandfather of King Albert, made his state entry into the Belgian capital, and ascended the throne, after the Belgians had emancipated themselves by their successful uprising from the thralldom of William I of Holland, to whom they had been most arbitrarily turned over, sorely against their will, by the decree of the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Since then, on July 21st, the Belgians have celebrated enthusiastically this anniversary as their national birthday. There can be no disguising the fact that amid all their rejoicing, on this 21st of July, 1919, over the termination of the war, there is in Belgium a keen sense of disappointment on the part of the people at the treatment which they have received at the hands of the Entente at the Peace Conference at Paris. It is perhaps necessary to explain just what this means to them. The Belgians are resentful because of the very general impression which prevails among the people of America, as well as among the British and the French, that the Belgians

have been so generously dealt with in a financial way, during the war, and since its ending, that they have no manner of right to complain if their territorial claims have failed to receive the attention to which they are entitled.

The Belgians claim that there is great misunderstanding on the subject of the generosity of the Powers of the Entente. They point out the universal belief abroad, that when the United States and England sent food to Belgium by the shipload, to save the Belgians from starvation, after they had been robbed by the Germans of every vestige of sustenance, these shiploads of foodstuffs, so ably distributed by Hoover, were gifts to the starving Belgians, called forth by our profound pity. This was by no means the fact. All the food thus contributed was paid for by the Belgian Government, not in cash, but by means of promissory notes, signed by the Belgian Plenipotentiaries in the United States, which notes still remain as obligations upon which the Government is paying interest at six per cent.

The United States, France, and Great Britain advanced to Belgium the sum of one billion dollars, between August, 1914 and November, 1918. This sum spent in the maintenance of the Belgian army, upon which Belgium has been paying six per cent. to the United States, but not to either France or England, has now been cancelled in the sense that the three powers concerned are taking in liquidation thereof, a billion dollars'

worth of obligations signed by Germany, and forming part of the total amount which she has undertaken to turn over to the Allies in payments to be spread over a term of years in the form of war indemnity or reparation. Due to the insistence of President Wilson, Belgium is to receive the sum of $500,000,000 in gold from the first money paid by Germany, before the first of May, 1921, and this money is to be used in redeeming the face amount of the so-called interprovincial bonds, which were issued in order to enable the cities, towns and villages to pay the extortionate fines imposed by the Germans. It is understood, however, that these fines will only be paid provided Germany lives up to the terms of the treaty of peace. It is not generally known that during the German occupation, the military Governors seized every cent of Belgian money, and on the retreat of the army, left in the Belgian banks nearly two billions of German marks in lieu thereof. This virtually represents the total sum of Belgian assets.

The circulation of this German currency is forbidden in Belgium. It is not legal tender, and owing to the depreciation of German paper money, it is unsalable and doomed to remain in the Belgian banks, bearing not one cent of interest, until it has eventually been disposed of by means of commerce and trade with Germany.

The Belgians are most bitterly disappointed at the lack of encouragement by American, French and British mer-

chants and financiers and the producers of raw and manufactured materials to grant extended credits to Belgian industry and trade. The result of which is that lacking this official encouragement from America, and its allies, these foreign merchants are loath to engage in business with the Belgian producers except upon a strictly cash basis.

The Germans, meanwhile, are delaying in every possible way the restoration of the machinery which they stole during the war, and removed to Germany, with the result that many of the great industrial centers like Liége and Mons, which were stripped bare, remain in enforced idleness.

Naturally Belgium is demanding that to her shall be accorded a guarantee of protection against a recurrence of German invasion. This is the least that can be done for Belgium, who sacrificed herself in endeavoring to observe faithfully the neutrality which had been guaranteed to her by solemn treaty. The Entente has so far neglected to rectify the frontiers of Belgium, and to satisfy her natural territorial aspirations in such a way as to assure the military and economic safety of the Kingdom. Limburg, the Dutch Province on the East, still remains a source of anxiety to her, and an obstacle to Belgium's access by rail, or by the projected canal, to the industrial districts of the Rhine, and the Peace Congress has left the Flemish territory on the south bank of the

Scheldt in the possession of Holland, which thus retains the absolute control of the mouth of the River Scheldt, by means of which access to Antwerp at any time can be cut off at pleasure of the Netherlands. The opening of this river is vital to the economic welfare and interests of Belgium. In the name of freedom and justice Belgium demands it. It is the least that can be granted to her for her heroic sacrifice.

The recent discovery that the Army of Holland now exceeds that of Germany has caused some excitement in Belgium and France, and even some of the Dutch newspapers are suggesting that it is too great an expense and tax upon the nation, now that war is at an end. But on the other hand, the Dutch themselves are vain and boastful of this powerful fighting force. Because of the dispute with Belgium over the question of the absolute freedom of the Scheldt, the Dutch evince entire willingness to fight the Belgians at any moment. Very naturally the threat against Limburg causes annoyance to the Hollanders. They will entertain no suggestion as to giving up territory which they regard as entirely Dutch. The contention of Belgium that the land extending along their eastern frontier makes possible a fresh invasion by Germany certainly is plausible, considering the fact that it was so used during the war, although as a matter of fact, Germany got more trouble than advantage through their use of it.

The question of Dutch control over the mouth of the Scheldt [1920], while it affects less territory, is supported by much more practical argument. Certainly, weighing all these questions, the unprejudiced onlooker finds much to be said on both sides of the disagreement, but the one fact in favor of which nothing can be said is war between the two nations. The Dutch point out with great earnestness the fact that the Netherlands rendered great services to Belgian refugees during the whole period of the war, and think they have reason to complain of Belgian ingratitude. Against this, Belgium occupies to-day a position which would make it very difficult for any nation involved in hostilities against her, to gain any sympathy whatever. Should Belgian cities be bombarded, it is hard to see just what the Netherlands could gain that would compensate them for all that they would lose. Aside from these considerations, war should be out of the question between two civilized nations such as Holland and Belgium, two of the most highly cultured nations of the world. The Belgians have learned all the horrors that can be named. The Dutch have had it at their very door for years. Neither can have any illusions as to what war means.

In view of such solution, it is surprising that a Statesman of the caliber of Dr. Abraham Kuypers, who is one of the most representative of Dutchmen, and generally most conservative and moderate in speech, should vehe-

mently complain that Belgium now maintains embassies to the Great Powers, thereby obtaining diplomatic advantage over the Netherlands, ignoring the fact that Belgium has achieved this distinction as a reward for the heroism of its King and its suffering people, whose fair land was invaded and devastated. Forgetting likewise that Holland waxed fat and prosperous by trade with Germany, while Belgium lay torn and bleeding under the heel of the war lord "whom they were furnishing with food and material to continue the war."

The Belgian Government has undertaken a vast project for reclaiming the devastated farm lands in the battle zone. The farms will be taken over from their owners and worked under the latest scientific principles and then return to them in first class condition. Owners are to be paid 5 per cent. interest on the pre-war valuation of the property during operation by the Government, which, however, is prepared to purchase outright the land in the event owners do not desire to keep the farms. King Albert will fix the limit of the operation of the project, which is designed merely to hasten, in the national interest, the restoration of the vast territory laid waste by shellfire.

The newspaper, *La Libre Belgique*, enjoys great popularity. When the Germans occupied Belgium the newspapers ceased publication; the newspaper men knew that the papers would be controlled by the enemy and they refused to aid in the circulation of German "news" and German propaganda. As a result, the Germans undertook the publication of their own organs. The Belgians refused to read them and were apparently left without any source of information and news,—when, as if by magic, they had a paper of their own placed in their hands. This was *La Libre Belgique*. It published not only the news but the writings of distinguished Belgian authors, the works of the cleverest and keenest cartoonists; the words of encouragement and inspiration by Car-

dinal Mercier; the King; and Belgium's patriotic leaders. The paper reached every part of Belgium and came into the hands of every Belgian. It was one of the strongest influences for patriotism and cheerful endurance of privation that Belgians had during the war.

In November, 1919, the names of men "sentenced to death in their absence," were posted officially in the Grand' Place at Brussels. The names thus posted by the public executioner on the walls of the town hall, were those of the directors and editors of *Le Bruxellois*, the pro-German paper published in Belgium during the German occupation. The patriotic Belgians had so many brilliant examples of heroism by their writers and printers during the war that they must have felt something of a regret that the laws of Belgium prevented the actual execution of these traitors to their country.

How *La Libre Belgique* always managed to come out became a fascinating mystery that was never told until after the Germans were driven out. General Von Bissing, of hated memory, made every possible effort to suppress the publication. Spies were sent to trap the publishers; rewards were offered for the arrest of the editors, publishers and distributors. But *La Libre Belgique* was not the only paper published in defiance of the Germans and secretly put into circulation in Belgium. There were many others; among them were *L'Independence*. That was driven from Ghent to Ostende; the *Metropole*,

into the following comprehensive definition: "All Belgians [male] are entitled to one vote on attaining the age of twenty-five, and on having resided in the same commune for one year." The electorate was thus increased so as to include the larger half of the nation.

Important modifications and additions were also introduced into the system in 1894, that will require some fuller explanation. The revision of this year contained and covered a wider ground than the qualification of the electorate, although its salient feature was the extension of the franchise. The first constitution related exclusively to Europe, and had not contemplated the possibility of Belgian colonies beyond the sea. The formation of the Congo State altered the position and a new article was introduced to the effect that the garrisons of such possessions must be composed of volunteers. A second article strengthened the hands of the Sovereign by providing that the Prince who weds without the King's consent should forfeit all rights. The payment of members of the representative chamber, rendered necessary by its being more Democratic, was fixed at Francs 4,000 a year, with privileges of railway travel. The senators remained unpaid, but have the same railway privileges as the last named. The most important change was the addition of the plural vote, which formed the most striking feature of the revision of 1894. Up to that date the Belgian citizen had but one vote. There were then 137,-

772 voters, and the Socialists vehemently demanded universal suffrage—one man, one vote—the concession of which it was feared would sweep away the established political landmarks. So long as the great majority had no vote, it was useless to assure the people that they occupied the freest country in Europe. Something had to be done to satisfy them; at the same time it was clear that the old exclusive system could not longer be maintained.

Then in the Spring of 1893, M. Beernaert pronounced his resolution in favor of the establishment of the plural vote. It found favor at once. This resolution removed the property qualification, gave every male Belgian a vote at the age of twenty-five, specifying also additional and extra votes for certain qualifications, which either doubled or trebled the voting power of the wealthy and educated class, and provided a safeguard against Socialism. For the time being this satisfied popular opinion and at the same time allayed the well founded fears of society. This resolution became a law in April, 1894, and was carried by the overwhelming majority of 119 to 14.

To make the matter clear to the reader. Each Belgian citizen reaching the age of twenty-five, was entitled to one vote in any commune in which he had lived for one full year. One extra vote was allotted to every elector at the age of thirty-five, provided that he was married or if a widower, he had legitimate children. Also provided

that he paid a tax [personal]of 5 francs, or was exempt from such by reason of his profession. Two extra votes were given to any elector, who was proprietor of an estate with a minimum revenue of 48 francs, or who had an investment in State Stock, or State Savings Bank producing annually the sum of 100 francs. Two extra votes were given to the elector who held certain diplomas, specified, or who held Government office or certain professional positions, but the maximum number of votes under any heads is three. The new law also made voting obligatory so that all elections must be decided by a full poll. M. Beernaert soon discovered that the consequences of this law were not what he had anticipated. He had conceived it as a liberal measure which would operate to diminish the power of the Catholic Right, and thus lead to the more equal distribution of political power between the parties, and finally strengthen the Liberal Center. It did nothing of the sort. The Catholic Government is still in power after twenty-four years and the hopes of establishing a strong Central party between it and the Socialists have increased in number and power.

Under date of February 3, 1920, it was reported that the Belgian Senate had annulled the election of several of the newly elected Socialist Senators, on the ground that the Senators did not pay the amount of taxation prescribed by the Constitution as a qualification for election to the Upper House of the Belgian Parliament.

But the people believe in the King, and his integrity and his ability to lead them safely through the problems that now confront them.

Dinant and the Mosan Towns

THE winding river Meuse, which has a total length of five hundred and fifty miles, flows through eastern Belgium for only about one hundred miles. Nevertheless, it must be reckoned as one of the most important of Belgian streams, not merely for its singular beauty, nor for the importance of the towns on its banks which are of the greatest interest commercially as well as historically.

In the early days when the Lys and the Dender sluggishly coursed through the lonely marshes and sandy solitary stretches of mediæval Flanders, the lovely valley of the Meuse was the busy haunt of the tireless workers and keen merchants; and the rocky heights of the river's banks were already crowned with the great castles and strongholds of the Austrasian chieftains and nobles; the robber barons of history who dominated the region.

Far from its source the river enters Belgium just below Givet, whence it formed in mediæval times the recognized division between the territories of the Count of Namur and Prince Bishop of Liége. This Belgian portion of the Meuse is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque,

the vine clad banks rising in lofty and broken walls of limestone full of curious caverns which lie at their feet squeezed in between river and rock, while the lofty summits are clothed in dark luxuriant foliage hiding the ruins of many an ancient castle. The valley contains now but few traces of the Roman occupation, but of the roads built by the Romans, there are many vestiges easily discoverable. The great military road leading from Boulogne to Cologne, crossed the Meuse at Maestricht. The "Trajectus Mosae" of history and the stone bridges, blown up by the Germans in the great war just closed, are believed to be of Roman foundation. The one at Maestricht, which was formed of stone piers with its roadway laid upon level wooden beams, can certainly claim that antiquity. The restoration of these ancient roadways was due, says history, to the capable if notorious Merovingian Queen Brunehault, "the daughter, the sister, the mother and the grandmother of kings," who reigned or governed in Austrasia for forty-eight years; and these roads generally known in Belgium as "Brunhault pavements," are, as well as any other buildings exceptionally strong, great or ancient, usually attributed to her. "It was perhaps due to her influence that the Austrasian nobility settled in the valley of the Meuse, which resulted in its eventually becoming the cradle of the Carlovingian race of kings and a center for the revival of the arts which took place later on under Charlemagne." ("Dinande-

rie" by J. Tavernor Perry.) Herstal (named for Pepin of Heristal) is now a small manufacturing suburb of Liége, which famous city owed its origin to the ancient stronghold.

With the coming of the famous son of Pepin, Charlemagne, commenced the art history of the Meuse valley, and to his care and influence are due the foundation and importance of all of the cities and towns that line its banks, and when not engaged in his warlike expeditions he usually resided in the country of Juliers, between the Meuse and the Rhine, in his castle built upon the ruins of the Roman town of Aquisgranum, where he founded his northern capital, now Aix-la-Chapelle. Here he constructed the great minster which later formed his tomb. The inscription reads:

> Aquis granum urbs regalis,
> Sedes Regni Principalis.

Of these Mosan towns, unfortunate Dinant, although neither the oldest nor the most important, for Maestricht, Huy and Liége were of far greater consequence, seems to have taken the lead, and this was due to the fact that apart from the great skill and industry of its inhabitants, they were sufficiently far sighted enough to make permanent connection with the great Hanseatic League, which controlled trade with the merchants of Bruges and Cologne.

The present town of Dinant, or what is sadly left of it —a heap of ruins wantonly destroyed by the Germans when they first entered Belgium—is situated on the right bank of one of the most picturesque parts of the upper Meuse, just below the point where the little River Lesse discharges its pure waters, and sixteen miles above its junction with the Sambre.

It lies at the foot of a lofty limestone cliff, crowned by a picturesque dismantled fortress, and is squeezed into a narrow space which lies between the base of the rock and the river. My picture will give a fair idea of what the town looked like before the German soldiers destroyed it. The tower with its quaint Flemish bulb is that of Notre Dame, which contained the only ancient work that survived the ravages of many wars, fire and flood which the hapless town had so often suffered. It consisted of a nave, with aisles, transepts and a choir and lifted its fantastic spire as though to rival the great vine clad cliff which formed its background. The old town with its straggling line of quaint houses along the river bank, had many times been rebuilt, and in recent years much modernized, while the remarkable old stone bridge had for no good reason been demolished and replaced by an incongruous structure of iron.

Many laughable tales are related of the amazing simplicity of the townspeople, who were noted the country around for the same sort of foolishness as attaches to the

famous wise men of Gotham: the inscription on a stone which they caused to be placed at the town side of the ancient bridge is recorded as follows, "This bridge was made here." (Ce Pont fut fait ici.)

The town was famous for its copper work from the very earliest times, and although Dinant was not the first town identified with copper ware, its product was of such excellence that all copper and brass work produced in the Netherlands became known as "Dinanderie," much for instance as the name Ghent or Gand was perpetuated in the French "Gants" and the English "Gauntlet," the name "Diaper," which came from Ypres (d'Ypres) and the word "Cambric" which was derived from "Cambrai." The term "Dinanderie" thus denoted all brass or bronze whether beaten or "re-pousse" used for domestic purposes. An inventory dated 1389 uses the word in connection with a "batterye de cuyvre fait a Dynant," and also spells the name of the town "Dynon." So it was that Dinant and the neighboring Mosan towns, having availed of and profited by the art revival under the protection of Charlemagne, received all of the credit for the copper work which was carried on at Bruges and Antwerp in later years after Dinant and its busy factories had ceased to exist.

The people of Dinant in the remote times though most industrious were strangely quarrelsome, and the chronicles preserved in the library at Bruges deal with the

Cathedral—Dinant

stupid and most destructive conflict called the "War of the Cow," which broke out in the year 1273 between Namur and Liége and soon involved the people of Dinant, who, of course, supported their overlord the Prince Bishop of Liége, and also because it gave them an opportunity for a "scrap" with Bouvigne, a small rival town on the opposite bank of the Meuse.

Long after the two years of fighting between Liége and Namur was settled by the intervention of the King of France, the people of Dinant continued the squabble on their own account, because during the fight between the two rival towns of Namur and Liége, the trade in copper had been neglected by Dinant. The people of Bouvigne started a copper factory under their very noses, and managed not only to supply the merchants, thus stealing the business, but also succeeded in "cornering" the available supply of the copper metal upon which the prosperity of Dinant depended. Dinant lay within the province of the Prince Bishop of Liége, while Bouvigne on the opposite bank of the river was under the control of the Count of Namur, who was delighted to aid and establish within his domain a guild of craftsmen who could conduct so lucrative a business as that of the coppersmiths. All of the materials required in the work were to be had on the Bouvigne side of the river, and furthermore he had the advantage, for the plastic clay used by the workmen of Dinant and indispensable to the

work in the making of their crucibles and their basic models, known as "Derle," could only be found in the hills on the Bouvigne side of the river. Thus the already enraged people of Dinant found themselves not only at the mercy of a rival colony of workmen powerfully protected, who could manufacture a product equal to their own, but cut off and deprived of one of the essentials to their process of manufacture.

Under the action of the Count of Namur, the clay pits (Derlieres) at Andoy, Mozel and Maizeroul from which the Dinantois had obtained their clay were closed to Dinant, and a monopoly of all other pits that might be afterwards opened was given the "Mestier de la baterie de Bouvigne." The factories of Dinant were forced to shut down and starvation faced the workmen and their families.

War faced both the Bishop and the Count, who vainly attempted to pacify the people. The two towns built great offensive castles; the Dinantois on their side, Mont Orgueil, and the Bouvignes, the great stronghold of Crévecourt. Craft now stepped in and it was found that Bouvignes had induced some of the starving skilled workmen of Dinant to come over to their side by the offer of higher pay and better protection. A company of Dinantois, heavily armed, passed over the bridge to assail and destroy the portion of Bouvigne which lay below the castle walls, but these men were captured by ambush and

their leader, one Pierre Doivre, was taken and hanged in an iron cage from the walls of Crévecourt, "where all might see." Judge the excitement in Dinant when it was discovered that his captor was Guilluame Doivre, a half son of the unfortunate man who had turned traitor and joined the forces at Bouvigne.

The matter was reported to the Bishop, who had Guillaume brought before him, and sentenced him "to do penance in the Church of Notre Dame at Dinant, and afterwards to make a pilgrimage to Cyprus, the island of copper."

From the Chronicles we learn that finally Pope Urban VI endeavored, with ill success, to arrange some sort of basis for peace between the towns, but Bouvigne further aggravated the Dinantois by erecting strong fortifications on the river bank directly opposite Mont Orgueil, but Dinant then engaged in another squabble with the other towns in revolt against the Bishop of Liége. Let the matter rest, for Jean Sans Peur, the Duke of Burgundy coming to the assistance of the Bishop defeated the insurgent towns, with terrible results for Dinant, for it was heavily fined, its great castle and all of its defenses razed, and fifty of its leading merchants taken and interned at Arras as hostages of peace.

Notwithstanding such a warning the Dinantois continued in their quarrel. Someness, the Count of Namur, in 1421, tiring of battle, transferred his entire rights and

title to the country over to the Duke of Burgundy, and when again war broke out between the famous malcontents on the Meuse, the coleric Dinantois were confronted by the heavy jawed Philip le Bon, who showed no mood to temporize with them. They failed to remember, or disregarded, Philip's notoriously ruthless dealing with his own turbulent towns, and failed to appreciate the fact that he would be little disposed to show any leniency or consideration towards a town with such a reputation as Dinant.

The inevitable happened. With a great show of boldness they made a close alliance with Liége, Huy, St. Trond and Tongres, and with the assistance of German mercenaries they made a new attack upon Bouvigne, but the castle of Crévecourt resisted all their efforts to take it. So after a truce which existed several years, a "permanent" peace was signed, which lasted just two years, and in spite of all their foolish failures and losses, they once more took up arms against Bouvigne. This exasperated Philip, who, discovering that the Prince Bishop of Liége had so little control over them, took over their punishment, sending an army of thirty thousand men under the leadership of the Count of Charleroi.

The fiery Dinantois received the Count's advance messengers whom he sent to command them to surrender and lay down their arms, by hanging them on the walls of the castle, whereupon the Count's army "besieged and

captured the town and castle in three days, after which the town was pillaged and burned, eight hundred of the inhabitants were tied in couples and drowned in the river, and the remainder were driven off to exist as best they might." Dinant was done for as a place of importance —it never recovered. Many of its skilled workmen went to Flanders, and there started the great manufactories of Tournai, Bruges and Antwerp, localities that afterwards became famous for the art of "Dinanderie." Some of the masters of the craft fled to Huy (pronounced Whee) lower down the Meuse where, allied by kinship, they remained. Others found refuge at Liége and at Namur, but with the fall of Dinant the art ceased to exist in the Walloon country, and the ring of the master artisan's hammer on the banks of the Meuse, fashioning those wondrous art objects in copper, the despair and the delight of the modern workman, was never more heard. A relic of the trade remained at the outbreak of the great war, in the "coques" or flat cakes of honey and flour of similar shape to the old copper plaques, decorated with figures of fruit, birds or flowers, so common in the shops of the old town.

The tower of the old Gothic church dating from the Thirteenth Century, now destroyed, was over two hundred feet high. The baptistry on the right of the nave was noteworthy, belonging to an earlier church destroyed in the year 1227 by the fall of a great granite bowlder

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The bell in the quaint bulbous tower [illegible] a warning [illegible] of the [illegible] of the German [illegible]. There was no thought [illegible] in the minds of the people. The Mayor

[illegible]

of Dinant had posted a proclamation counseling them to remain calm and refrain from any act calculated to affront the soldiery. No flags were flying in the town, save that over the door of the Town Hall. Soon a considerable body of cavalry entered the small square where they dismounted. These were followed by a regiment, which passed along the road without halting and disappeared from view.

The Colonel in command of the cavalry at once demanded the presence of the Mayor to whom he delivered a printed sheet of orders for food and shelter for the cavalry and stabling and fodder for the horses. He also handed him a printed proclamation in French and Flemish addressed to the people, ordering them to remain indoors during certain hours with doors and windows wide open, and all firearms to be piled before each door on pain of punishment for any concealment or infraction of the orders. A plainly written list of the number of people in each house was ordered attached to the house doors. The Mayor was ordered to furnish the Colonel with a complete list of the leading citizens with a statement of the amount of their properties in francs. These men were to immediately present themselves before the Colonel in the public square.

This order was immediately carried out, and thirty-five merchants presented themselves before the German Colonel, who addressed them brusquely and read from

Portal of the Virgin—Huy

He denied that he had fired a shot. He was ordered executed at once. This sentence was carried out a hundred yards from where the Colonel sat in the square. The body was left lying where it fell. All the townspeople were lined up in the square surrounded by soldiery. The Colonel continued to take evidence from the soldiers, who stated that the firing began from the hilltop, and was aimed at the troops in the square below. It was proved by the evidence then that the peasants had fired upon the German soldiers from bushes on the cliff. The Colonel read the evidence to the thirty-five citizens —read the terms under which they were held as hostages, and ordered them shot at once. Under guard they were taken a short distance down the river road and lined up against a high yellow stuccoed wall. A file of soldiers armed with rifles were marched up; took their places; leveled their rifles; and at the word of command, fired upon this body of defenseless innocent citizens, and they fell martyrs to the German lust for domination.

The Colonel then withdrew his troops to the hills opposite Dinant across the Meuse River at Bouvignes and aiming his field pieces upon the hapless town already in flames, the roadway lined with terrified men, women and children, so destroyed it that there now remains but a dreary pile of bricks and ashes and half consumed charred beams, over which stands the ragged wall of the ruined tower of the old church reflected in the choked, swiftly

running river. That is all that remains of Dinant, Queen of the Meuse. In all probability the town will not be rebuilt. It is not worth while.

This is the region of woods and hills known by the name of the Ardennes (See "The Forest of Arden" by the present author) extending from the prosperous towns of Namur and Liége in the north as far as Luxemburg in the southeast, and to the valley of the Semois and the French frontier in the west. It is a land which though wanting in the grandeur and majesty of the Swiss mountains, yet possesses a charm all its own, which grows upon the traveler.

The well furnished "tables d'hôte" at any of the neat inns are a feature of the country. Here will be found good fare, and interesting company, and the moderate charge will be a surprise.

The people speak the Walloon dialect, and are entirely of a different character from their grave and somewhat sullen neighbors, the Flemings.

Since 1830, the greater portion of the Ardennes has belonged to Belgium, and now according to report [1919] the Duchy of Luxemburg is to come under control of the crown. It has been a neutral state since 1867.

At one time the whole of the Ardennes was an immense forest, taking its name from the two Celtic words "Ard" and "Duen" signifying height and depth (alluding to its height above sea level, and the depth of its

forests). Cæsar mentions the forest as stretching from east to west, from the Rhine to the Rhone; so that as Berthollet remarks: "It stretched over the Archbishoprics of Treves, Cologne and Mayence; the Bishoprics of Liége and Metz, and Duchies of Lorraine, Luxemburg, Limburg, Juliers, Brabant; the counties of Namur, Hainaut, Flanders and Artois."

There was comparatively little left of this great forest at the outbreak of the Great War, and even this little has been destroyed by the Germans, according to the report of the Foresters.

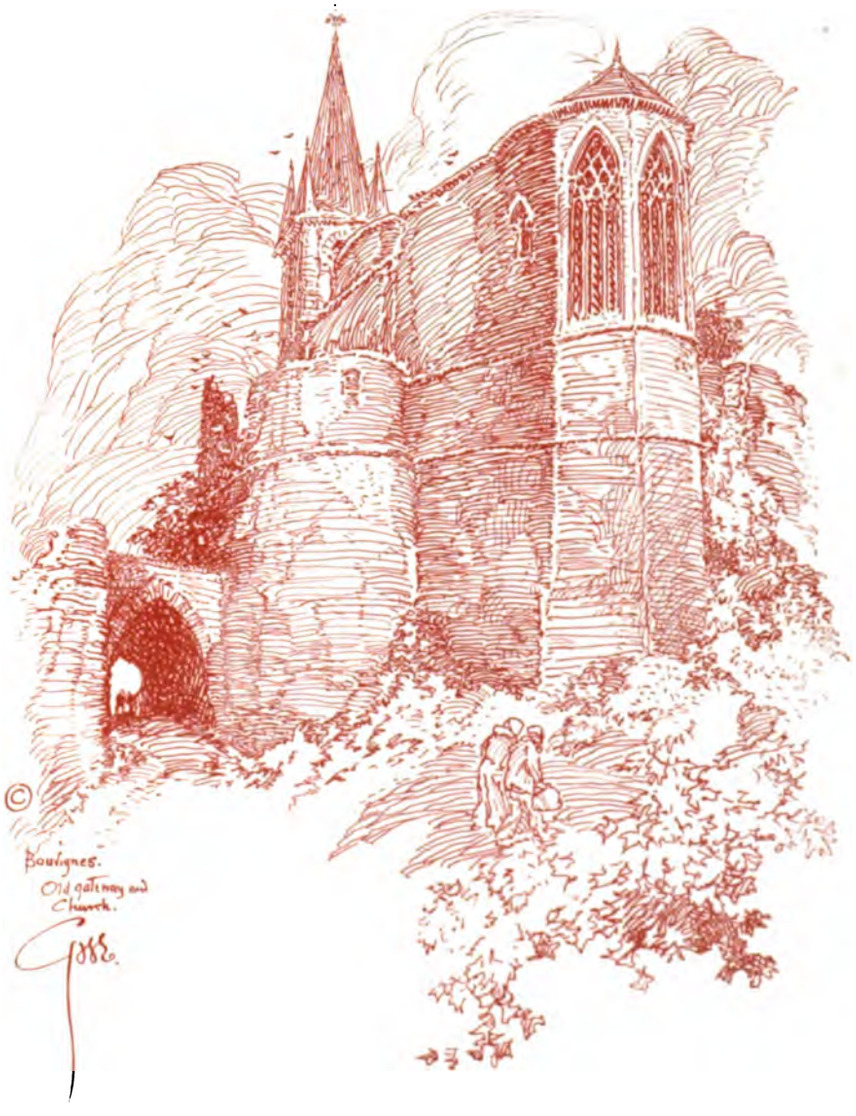
In the report of the Central Forestry Association of Belgium, regarding the deforestation of the country by skilled workmen sent into the occupied regions by Germany, Count Visart de Bocarne, who is the Mayor of Bruges as well as the President of the Forestry Association, details the misfortune suffered by Belgium in the destruction of her forests once the pride of the kingdom.

According to the figures given, Belgium's forest area of 1,299, 450 acres constituted about seventeen per cent. of the entire area of the country, while more than one-fourth of the former German Empire, and one-third of Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden is in forest. Belgium is one of the heaviest lumber consuming nations of the world, and in view of this fact, and the needs of her industries, these German forests will undoubtedly be forced to replace the lumber which Belgium has lost.

Only long years of careful and skillful work can restore the ruined Belgian forests, and he calls attention to the fact that climatic changes due to the denudation of vast areas may yet cause further damage impossible to estimate, which will add to the other injuries sustained by the kingdom.

The destruction and deforestation (to the valuation of two hundred million dollars) of the occupied territory by the professional German foresters sent into Belgium during the four years of occupation is really appalling. Only a few small areas remain untouched, but it is a fact that the trees now standing were only spared because the foresters were forced to desist and retreat by the acceptance of the armistice before they had completed the work upon which they were engaged. The magnificent forests of the provinces of Namur, Luxemburg, Liége and Hainault are those that have suffered the most. In the communes of Forges and Chimay, the great resinous tracts belonging to M. F. Beugmann in the regions of the Riezes and Escaillere, and that in the commune of Macquenoise, the property of M. Charles Malengreau, was seized and cut down in July, 1916, according to the report of the Forestry Society, while the exploitation of the spruce reserve on the Rivers d'Oise, and in the Fagne, both cantons of the town of Chimay, and likewise the reserve of wild white pines in the commune of Forges was quickly accomplished by the

Old Gateway and Church Bouvignes


©
Boulogne.
Old gateway and
Church.

expert enemy foresters. The sixty year old magnificent group of white pine trees at the entrance of the oak groves of the commune of Salles were cut down without the formality elsewhere observed of sending notice of seizure to the municipality. The communes of Seloignies and Forges-Philippe suffered in this way the destruction of their forests of Thierarche.

The work was done with remarkable thoroughness and dispatch, but it required more time and labor to fell the splendid forest of spruce trees in the Hautes-Marais. These were pronounced to be the most perfect and beautiful examples of spruce in all Belgium, having been planted in 1862 and their tops fairly reaching to the clouds, their lower branches being so thickly foliaged that they grew in a semi-twilight, the ground being carpeted with a thick cushion of dried needles. Of this beautiful forest, the report says, nothing now exists save stumps remaining two or more feet above the ground. The owner was not indemnified for his loss. A small single track Docanville railway was constructed by the devastators to transport the logs to the station of Momignies; on this a diminutive puffing locomotive pulled to and fro a car which loaded at most a couple of cubic meters of logs, but the work proceeded with such system and regularity that the task was soon completed and little remained of the forest but unsightly stumps. The reason why the Thierarche forests suffered more than the region

of Fagne is given in the report as being due to the great quantity of oaks which were concentrated in the forests of the Chimay region, these being better adapted to the German needs in their enterprises.

The great need of the communities' workshops hereabouts was white wood used in the manufacture of wooden shoes, this industry being the only one in this region that continued during the early part of the war. The deforesters quickly turned their attention, however, to this wood, and on discovering that it had all been sold for consumption to the wooden shoe makers, proceeded to place every obstacle possible in the way of their using it, but for some reason soon turned their attention elsewhere and permitted the industry to continue; this being the only local work carried on during the period of the war.

They attacked first the high oak forests of Bouriers and Forges, felling the great communal forests in direct violation of all rights and conventions. The report says that strangely enough, "The frenzied desire to injure and destroy the forest, to wipe out the forest reserve and resources for the future, this desire, we will say, does not appear. Only the large trees fell, and enough others were (here) preserved so that the forest still has the appearance of high timber of a thin copse."

It says, "The forest of Monceau-Imbrechies is traversed from south to north by the road from Monceau to

Seloignes, reached by the Seloignes-Monceau railroad station. It was one of the richest forests of the region, well served by two metaled roads, and situated between the railroad station and the locality which comprises many makers of wooden shoes, all being circumstances which gave value to the various classes of timber. Its big oaks, while not all of excellent quality, were known far and wide, and offered dimensions not known elsewhere. One of these veterans measured 13¾ feet at a height of five feet (from the ground) and was fifty-three feet high; it was named the Big Benefit Oak. Trees from six feet to eight feet in diameter were common there; those measuring from eight to eleven feet were not uncommon, and there were several gauging over eleven feet. Groups of beeches, both modern and ancient were met with, and distinguished themselves by an exceedingly rapid growth. Tall birches and great sycamore maples completed this fine high timbered forest.

"To this forest region was given the names of Tailles Indre, Benefice, Richots, Mauvais Pas, and Atelier; the cuttings dated from 1916 to 1917. Apart from the high timber, every thing has disappeared. Secular oaks, groups of imposing beeches, tall birches, big maples, rooted saplings, staddles, moderns, ancients, super ancients, young cadets, tall timber of young cuttings, reserves of Middle Age stature, and old exploitations—

everything was chopped down to within twenty inches of the ground and dragged through copses of all ages to the roads by the cable worked by a tractor. The copse was thus broken, crushed and destroyed.

"The forest of Imprechies, a section of the same commune, was cut to the ground. It was stocked with about the same growth as that of Monceau, though a little less rich in trees. The commune of Bearewelz owned high timber on copse less thickly planted than the Monceau forests, but of all the great oaks, beeches, birches and maples, practically nothing is left." (*American Forestry Magazine*, July ,1919.)

Situated on the banks of the Meuse, at the spot where the river is joined by the Mehaigne and the Hoyoux, the romantic looking town of Huy (pronounced Whee) is uniquely and admirably placed. To lovers of antiquity Huy has a wealth of attractions. The four "marvels" of Huy are: the lovely rose windows of the great tower with flamboyant mullions, in Walloon "Rondia"; the Bassinia, a curious fountain with basins of chased copper (Dinanderie), dated 1407, which adorns the Grand' Place; "The Dontia" or bridge, remarkable for its massiveness, and the old citadel on the heights.

At the end of the "Promenade" beyond the leafy grove is the old abbey of Neufmonstier founded by Pierre L'Hermite in the year 1100. This monk's eloquence is said to have resulted in the first crusade to the East. In

the crypt, where he was buried, is a statue erected in his memory.

There are many ancient structures here that have survived the bitter wars and sackings of the conquerors. Here, for instance, is the Refuge of "Batta" beyond the bridge, the tales of which would fill volumes, and the old Mosan house called the "Trente Six Menages," the cellars of which extend far beneath the bed of the river. On the right bank is the "Tour d' Oultremont" near the Court of Justice. In the valley are huge paper factories, and distilleries with chimneys belching forth black smoke; the engines often running both night and day. The great square squat citadel on the height above the Cathedral and the old stone arched bridge are sights never to be forgotten.

The whole region is filled with legend and poetry, and one longs to include in this chapter the tale of the Vale of "Loregnée"; the castle of "Moha," the seigneurial abode of "Fallais," which sheltered Louis XIV; the Abbey of Val Notre Dame founded in 1202; and in the valley of the Hoyoux, with its capricious turnings and gurgling waters, abode of the Ardennes trout, the castle of Moldave, and beyond "Amay" the hills of "Courri"; of the "Sarte" and the "Falhize" where wonderful views of the "Hesbayé" and "Condroz" are to be had.

Beyond Huy, the valley widens and on the right is "Tihange" hidden away in a forest of fruit trees. Far-

ther on is the charming château of "la Neuville," and then comes "Ombret," where Julius Cæsar built a bridge for the crossing of the Roman legions. Some vestiges of the piers still remain in the river. In this neighborhood is the great Abbey of Flone, dating from the eleventh century. Beyond Clermont is "Ramioul," where Godefroid de Bouillon lived; and on the left bank the old gray "Castle of Aigremont," placed like a sentry over the valley. The Germans touched none of these. They remain as they were before the Great War.

The Glorious Story of the Yser

THIS little Flemish river, scarcely known outside the region which it waters, has become forever famous for all that symbolizes patriotism, courage and endurance. The river borders a now sacred territory, where, for more than four long and bitter years, the brave Belgian soldiers erected a rampart with their bodies in defense of a man of clear vision and stalwart frame, who fought with them, and counseled them, and ever encouraged them with brave and truthful words. A man, every inch of him, whom the enemy had already tauntingly named "the King without a kingdom." (Broqueville.)

From the town of Nieuport to Dixmude and Ypres, the flat plains formed on either side of the Yser were the scenes of remarkable battles with the invader, the details of which are emblazoned upon the colors of the Flemish army—the splendid courage and strength of the troops which forced their way to the ancient gates of Ghent under command of King Albert started from the banks of the Yser, after an agonizing struggle of forty-nine months in which it never for one instant lost its

sublime faith in the King. Therefore this little corner of Belgium is a national reliquary which enshrines the souls of those valiant soldiers to whom Belgium owes its liberty and independence to-day.

After the siege of Antwerp, the small Belgian army succeeded in retiring intact to the coast and establishing the line of the Yser. It numbered at this time approximately 80,000 men, of whom about 48,000 were armed and equipped. It had 300 cannon of 75 millimeters, and 24 howitzers of the 150 M., together with munitions and provisions for a limited period.

Upon arrival at the coast, the troops had lost a great part of their clothing and their boots were worn out. The men themselves seemed to have reached the limit of their endurance, and presented a sad spectacle. Their spirit, however, upheld them. The King at once addressed them in the admirable manner that has never failed him. He called upon the men to show their qualities of tenacity and bravery that had ever animated them in the face of danger. He told them that now they were called upon to join and fight with the armies of the Allies. "In the positions in which you are placed, in which I have placed you," said he, "your concern will be only to advance, and you are to consider him a traitor to his country who speaks of retreat, until your King commands it."

He did not hide from them the fact that a supreme test was about to begin. What he asked was that they should

hold out until death. He told them that they were no longer without allies; that it was entirely possible to drive the invaders before them and free the country. His words filled the ragged soldiers with courage and renewed energy. How they cheered him!

One hundred and fifty thousand freshly formed German troops, aided by more than five hundred cannon, including those enormous pieces which had broken down the defenses of Antwerp, formed on the Yser on the morning of the sixteenth day of October, and the battle began. General Foch had come to Furnes to arrange matters with King Albert, who promised him that the Belgians would hold Furnes at any cost. How they did so makes glorious history.

"The situation, however, was more than critical. The worn out Belgian army, with the sole support of 6,000 French marines, deprived of artillery, was obliged to defend a front of thirty-six kilometers from the sea to Zuydschoote. Its initial task, it is true, was limited to bearing the first shock of the adversary, in order to allow allied reënforcements to intervene. General Foch demanded now 'a resistance of only forty-eight hours!' To cover this extended front, it was necessary to deploy almost the entire Belgian forces. From the coast to the north of the town of Dixmude, there were drawn up the second, first and fourth divisions of the army. They held in advance of the Yser, the posts of Lombaertzyde,

Manckensvere, Schoone, Keyem and Beerst, and on the river two bridgeheads of Nieuport and Schoorbakke.

"At the right the Dixmude bridgehead and vicinity were defended by a brigade of French marines and two regiments of the Meiser brigade. (Third division.) Further, the fifth division occupied the region of Noordschoote, while the sixth prolonged the line to the environs of Beosinghe, where it was joined to the positions of the French reserves.

"The first cavalry division covered the right flank of the army towards Roulers and Houthulst with the French cavalry, so that there remained only at the disposition of the Belgian Commander two brigades of the third division and the second cavalry division placed between Nieuport and Furnes.

"Such was the arrangement when the enemy cannon opened fire on the banks of the Yser on October 16th, and were most vigorously met and repulsed by the little Belgian Army.

"On the seventeenth information received clearly indicated that a considerable enemy force was advancing toward the Nieuport-Dixmude front, which thus became absolutely necessary to reënforce. The fifth division was brought toward Lampernisse while a brigade of the sixth replaced it at Noordschoote-DrieGrachten.

"On the eighteenth of October, the German effort was accentuated in front of the bridgeheads of Nieuport and

Schoorbakke, where the enemy attacked the advanced posts. A Franco-British flotilla aided in a successful resistance before Lombartzyde, but the enemy captured Mannekensvere and held it, as well as Schoone to the south, but Beerst resisted all assaults.

"From that time the enemy became so strong that it was necessary to consolidate the whole imperiled front at no matter what cost. The strength of the Franco-English cavalry operating near Roulers permitted the moving in its turn of the sixth division towards Lampernaise, then to Pervyse, where it supported the center.

"The combat became furious on the nineteenth of October, when the stoutly resisting outposts of Nieuport were assailed. But the operations under the Belgian Commander, at first successful, had to yield to the superior forces of a German army corps debouching from Roulers.

"From the twentieth of October on, the front of the Yser, now accessible to the enemy, was the object of continuous bombardment, the intensity of which increased as the day waned. The system of trenches built by the Belgian engineers were destroyed by the shells. Nieuport and Dixmude burst into flames, but the enemy was prevented from occupying them.

"The situation was tragic. The six Belgian divisions greatly reduced in numbers, alone remained to defend

units had already spent seventy-two consecutive hours in the muddy trenches.

"On the twenty-fifth of October, by order of General Foch, to whom King Albert at Furnes had explained the gravity of the situation, the entire forty-second division was brought to the center where the situation improved a little inasmuch as the enemy began to show signs of fatigue. Not being able to count on the arrival of other units, his troops being practically worn out, the Belgian Commander gave the order to cut the dyke and inundate the 'terrain' between the Yser and the railroad, which served as the last rampart. The preliminary work was undertaken on the twenty-fifth at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"The decision appeared to have been wise as a new enemy drive on the twenty-sixth caused the abandonment of Beverdyk. During the evening the Franco-Belgian troops still held Nieuport and Dixmude, between these points a line along the railroad up to Pervyse, then via Stuyvekenskerke and milestone 16. They went back no further.

"The twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth were quieter days, although the bombardment was persistent. Imperceptibly the inundation began its work. The enemy who had not yet suspected the intervention of this new adversary, prepared a last effort. A bombardment of

mand of the situation and established themselves strongly in a series of muddy ditches between the two extremities of the bend.

"On the twenty-third day of October, after the Belgians had endured the battle for a whole week, the forty-second division of the French under General Grossetti appeared and directed its efforts towards Nieuport, a useless procedure, for the Belgian Commander pointed out two days before the necessity of intervention in the center of the shaken battle front. The greatly fatigued Belgian troops could not prevent the Schoorbakke bridgehead from falling into the hands of the enemy, and it was necessary to organize a retreat towards the intermediary line of Noordvaart and Beverdyk which still successfully resisted the assault. This was the last stand before the railroad line.

"The Belgian Commander insisting that the French troops should be used here, General d'Urbal ordered a brigade of the Grossetti division to take up a position at this point on the twenty-fourth, when the Union and St. George Bridge had to be abandoned in its turn under the withering fire of the enemy and his converging attacks. The Germans then made a supreme attack upon Dixmude. During the darkness of night they made fifteen successive assaults on the bridgehead, with hand to hand fighting, in which the marines and the Belgians were victorious, in spite of the fact that certain of the Belgian

of Belgium remained free though frightfully mutilated. From this sacred spot four years later came forth the liberating spirit of our brave soldiers. And that is why the name the Victor King had embroidered on the flags of his heroic regiments shines forth in a halo of splendid and immortal glory: YSER!" (C. Willy Breton.)

unusual violence was a preliminary on the 29th to the attacks planned for the 30th against the railroad.

"They were everywhere repulsed except at Ramscapelle where the enemy had gained a footing. The retreat of the enemy transformed itself into a disorderly rout when he suddenly perceived all around him the rapidly rising muddy water.

"This ended the battle of the Yser. Resisting for forty-eight hours, the Belgian army reënforced by 6,000 marines, fought alone the invading hordes for one week, and then continued its effort up to October 31st, thus fighting unceasingly for fifteen mortal days.

"In the course of these three hundred and sixty hours of fierce battle, it gave all it had without respite or rest; crouched in shallow, muddy, unfinished trenches, without covering or shelter, feebly nourished and exposed to inclement weather these heroic men held their ground. In tattered rags of uniforms, they hardly had the appearance of human beings. The number of wounded for the thirteen last days of October exceeded 9,000. The number of killed or missing was more than 11,000. The corps of officers suffered particularly, one regiment having less than twelve remaining.

"Due to prodigious sacrifices and unexampled bravery the Belgian Army barred the route to Dunkirk and Calais. The left wing of the Allies was not broken; a tiny corner

the fourth of April, 1874, just forty-six years ago, in the twenty-third year of his age. He became a student of theology for the next three years at the celebrated University of Louvain, from which he was selected for his scholarly attainments to occupy the chair of philosophy at the Seminary of Malines, where he remained until he was called to the University of Louvain to become the professor of philosophy. He occupied this position with such signal success that Pope Leo XIII, in 1886, conferred upon him the title of Monseigneur, which appointment gave universal satisfaction to the church in Belgium.

In the world of science and philosophy, the name of Monseigneur Desiré Joseph Mercier became famous, and his published works upon "Psychology" and "Logic" attracted much attention, and were translated into several languages. His "Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy" is his latest work. Pope Leo XIII so admired him that he recommended a special chair for him at the University of Louvain, in the study of neo-scholastic philosophy, and this was erected in the University by the Bishops of Belgium. It may be explained here that neo-scholasticism is the development of the great scholastic movement which Saint Thomas Aquinas inaugurated in the Middle Ages, and to this task Cardinal Mercier brought the rare equipment of a mind trained in philosophy and a remarkably complete knowledge of all the details of the sciences of both Aristotle and Aquinas.

He was not yet a Cardinal. In 1906, his Eminence Cardinal Goosens, the Archbishop of Malines, passed away crowned with honors, and at his funeral in Saint Rombaud, Monseigneur Mercier preached a remarkable sermon and panegyric. In the following month, Monseigneur Mercier was appointed successor to Cardinal Goosens, and, remaining in Malines in the active office and care of the diocese, he brought to his work the remarkable knowledge and qualities for which he has since become renowned.

In this diocese, in which there are now upwards of 2,500,000 Catholics, and nearly eight hundred parishes, he is an indefatigable worker. His tasks and accomplishments are set forth in the volumes "Retraite Pastorale" and "A Mes Seminaristes," both of which have been translated into English. They are exemplifications of simplicity, purity of style, and of the loftiest thought and thoroughness.

Cardinal Mercier, is, as is well known here in America through his visit last fall, when thousands beheld his remarkable and towering figure at the gatherings in his honor, a very tall and priestly looking man, with the face of an ascetic, beaming with light and enthusiasm,—very simple in manner and speech, yet of a dignity of presence that brings before one the very exemplification of the motto on his coat of arms

"Apostolus Jesu Christi."

A long scar upon his face is the mark of an injury he received several years ago when, in his car near Antwerp, he came upon a child playing in the road, and his chauffeur turned the car suddenly into a stone wall, throwing out the Cardinal, who was severely injured, but saving the child. "Better that I should suffer thus," said he, when he recovered consciousness, "than that the child should be killed"—and so he bears the scar.

Read what he wrote in his address to his priests on Christmas, 1914:—"We may now say, my Brethren, without unworthy pride, that our little Belgium has taken a foremost place in the esteem of nations. I am aware that certain onlookers, notably in Italy and in Holland, have asked how it could be necessary to expose this country to so immense a loss of wealth and life, and whether a verbal manifesto against hostile aggression, or a single cannon-shot on the frontier, would not have served the purpose of protest. But assuredly all men of good feeling will be with us in our rejection of these paltry counsels. Mere utilitarianism is no sufficient rule of Christian citizenship.

"On the 19th of April, 1839, a treaty was signed in London by King Leopold, in the name of Belgium, on the one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other: and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and per-

petually neutral State, and should be held to the observance of this neutrality in regard to all other States. The cosignatories promised, for themselves and for their successors, upon their oath, to fulfill and to observe that treaty in every point and every article without contravention or tolerence of contravention. Belgium was thus bound in honor to defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other powers were bound to respect and protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath: England kept hers. These are the facts. . . .

. . . "My dear Brethren. . . . You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient: history will do you justice. I to-day bear my witness for you." . . .

[Extract from the pastoral letter addressed to the Bishops of Belgium—Christmas, 1914.]

From the very first day of the criminal invasion of Belgium up to the signing of the Armistice, the heroic Belgian Cardinal did not for an instant cease to defy the invader. His great Pastoral on "Patriotism and Endurance," openly accusing the enemy, stands as a unique document which will live forever, and his letters addressed to the Bishops of Belgium, and those to his people, are "most wisely enlightening and tenderly encouraging." They show this militant cardinal as one of the remarkable men of our time. He brought to the attention of the whole

world the various cruelties and atrocities invented by the invaders to terrify the unfortunate Belgian people. It was he who called attention to the brutal enslavements of the men and young women in the system of "deportations." His letter "For those in captivity," shocked the whole world.

The answer to this from Berlin was a denial of any and all atrocities on their part, and a cynically humorous accusation against the Belgians, of "most abominable crimes" committed upon the German soldiers. To this the Cardinal issued "An appeal to Truth" in a letter addressed to the Bishops of Germany, Bavaria, and Austro-Hungary. All undaunted by the hordes of gray clad men, who were trampling the little country into dust, he strove to keep up the courage of his people by his powerful and eloquent Pastorals—such as that entitled "Courage, My Brethren." He eloquently reminded his people of their good and valiant King, who was in the trenches with the heroic little army. He spoke to the priests of Belgium upon "Christian Vengeance," and through them to the almost despairing people. His letters and allocutions present a very clear and remarkable picture of the condition of little Belgium, struggling under the iron heel of the oppressor, and fixes indelibly in our minds the successive harrowing episodes of the terrible tragedy suffered by the unfortunate and innocent people.

Certainly no more thrilling record can be found in his-

tory than the story of the dual fought by the militant cardinal [1] against all the powers of a great hostile nation: One man against a whole nation with all its might, and all of its terrible cunning! How speciously the Prussian propaganda worked to induce the whole world to accept and believe that the actions of the invading army in Belgium were kindly, and pacific, and always tolerant towards the fleeing and terrified people, and that the severities inflicted upon them were always necessary to keep order among them, and for their own good,—in other words the force used was both tolerant and paternal! To this end all the news printed in Germany was carefully censored and so distorted by the authorities, that it was taken for "Gospel truth" by the German people. Of course, the authorities justified this, because "Deutschland" is by them considered always before the truth; before honor; before individual liberty.

In proof of this one has only to read the correspondence between the Hero Cardinal and Von Bissing, Governor-General of Belgium. Before even the beginning of the war, the war lords of Germany well knew that the Belgian priests stood as a wall which must be broken down, solidly devoted to the liberties of their country. Behind these priests, who rallied about the Cardinal, was a great and famous university, which taught that pa-

[1] The Rev. J. F. Stillemans, has collected the remarkable letters of Cardinal Mercier in a volume in which they are printed in detail. "Cardinal Mercier, Pastorals, Letters, and Allocutions, 1914–1917," P. J. Kenedy.

triotism and love of liberty was only secondary to their religion. In the Primate of Belgium was embodied the spirit and will of the whole Belgian priesthood, and this gave him his strength and resolve to resist to the end.

For years the Belgian people had labored and lived in the fancied security of the promises and provisions of a "scrap of paper." Red war burst upon them out of a blue sky. The Belgian army, after a valiant struggle, was swept aside. The Belgian people had been taught to believe that war was unthinkable. Their Socialists had impressed this upon them for years—perhaps this was part of the German propaganda. We have seen how the awakening from this dream of peace acted upon the people. How worthy of their ancient traditions were these peaceful workers when the primate "who was not less a man because he was a priest," stepped forth to do battle at their head.

Baron Von Bissing did not estimate the Cardinal and the priesthood of Belgium at their proper value. He failed to consider that these quiet men were most potent factors in the defense of the country. He failed too to consider the very great power they wielded over their people whom they had for years instructed in the love of patriotism and liberty, and likewise their love and veneration for Cardinal Mercier.

Reading over the correspondence between Von Bissing and his Government it is made plain that the war lords

in Berlin had planned to so hem in the priests of Belgium on every hand that they would be entirely powerless. The plan provided for driving the King out of the country, and thus, being without a leader around whom they could rally, the people would soon lose heart, and turn in despair with hands outstretched towards the invaders.

This plan looked well on paper. Had not Cardinal Mercier stepped forth fearlessly, who knows what might not have happened? Without that ringing eloquent voice raised in behalf of his suffering people, might not the spirit of the Belgian people have been broken down in profound discouragement? So Von Bissing determined to close the lips of the Cardinal and his priests once and for all time, and in 1914 addressed his first communication to him couched in no uncertain terms. "The Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, his suffragan bishops and the priests have been paid servants of the Belgian Government," Wilhelmstrasse argues. There is of course religious liberty in Belgium, but the connection of the Catholic Church with the State is so close that if the State should withdraw the stipends of the priests, small as they are, there would be much dissatisfaction among them and great loss, for, according to St. Paul, those who serve the altar must live by the altar. The grinding poverty and the inability of the priests to follow their custom of assisting the poor Belgian patriot brought about many personal sacrifices. Rather than accept

these sacrifices, it was presumed in Berlin, the Belgian priests would be willing to stifle their patriotism, remain silent, except when they uttered the kind of prayer which would be pleasant to the German Government, and reluctantly submit to the will of the conquerors.

Baron Von Bissing either on his own volition, or under instruction from Berlin, therefore issued a letter to the priests, in which he, with a great air of graciousness, undertook and agreed to pay them their stipend with the understanding that they first appear before him and sign a document agreeing "not to undertake anything against the German Government and the administration in the occupied Belgian territories, and to avoid anything that could in any way prejudice its interests." Von Bissing proposed to pay the salaries of the ecclesiastics of Belgium from the State revenues of Belgium. Germany thus would lose little and gain much. Von Bissing would thus preserve an attitude of benevolence, and a high regard, not only for Christianity, but for The Hague Convention. Therefore, from his point of view, the matter was definitely disposed of, and the whole Belgian priesthood were by this cunning act reduced to paid Acolytes of the All Highest, that is, the Kaiser.

But Cardinal Mercier blocked this plan by his letter of January 27, 1915, in which he calls the attention of His Excellency Von Bissing to the fact that Belgian priests are not State functionaries: that under the Bel-

Cardinal Mercier (with his benediction)

Mon souvenir reconnaissant et ma
paternelle bénédiction.

✝ D. J. Card. Mercier, Arch. de Malines.

gian law they are not paid for their services; that the Belgian law provides that certain sums be paid to them as indemnity for ecclesiastical property confiscated by the State, and that the members of the clergy neither give pledge nor take oath to the Belgian Government, "but are merely subject like ordinary citizens to the general laws of the country."

Cardinal Mercier, in proof of this, quoted the XIII and XIV articles of the Concordat of 1801. The National Congress of Belgium at the time of the Independence, "appropriated" a great amount of ecclesiastical property, with the consent of the Holy See, under the stipulation that the Belgian Government, in compensation, should bear the expense of public worship, as well as the maintenance of the priests.

He likewise quoted the finding of the Belgian Court of Appeals, ruling that (under date 1847) "Ministers of public worship had no executive authority, nor were they delegated by the Government to exercise any kind of authority, and therefore were not in any sense servants of the State."

This was indeed a body blow for the wily Von Bissing. He could find no answer for it. All he could say was that he "waived all claims to a personal declaration from each member of the clergy." This was mere "camouflage," and after a period calculated to allay the Cardinal's suspicions, he dispatched a threatening letter to him

demanding an "immediate" answer to three questions, and this letter was handed to the Primate by no less a person than his right hand man, Von Strimpel, who waited in the Cardinal's anteroom for the reply.

These questions were as follows: (1) What relations has your Eminence had after the occupation of the country by German troops with the King of the Belgians, and in particular with the King of England? (2) Through what channel have these communications been maintained? (3) What are the legal grounds on which your Eminence rests to ordain days of penance in accordance with a desire manifested by the King of England?

He got his answer, but it was not what he had expected. Never was a German commander so discomfited as Von Bissing, who raged and fumed as he read the Pastoral letter of January 1, 1915, "Patriotism and Endurance." "The only legitimate power in Belgium is that which belongs to our King, his Government, and the representatives of the nation. He alone has a right to the affection of our hearts and to submission; for us he alone represents authority."

Cardinal Mercier understood exactly the power and the rights invested in his office as Primate, and he was certain that the Pontiff at Rome would uphold him in his actions. Nor for one moment would he infringe upon the duty of a priest, layman, or the humblest citizen in his defense of his country. Von Bissing understood this

as well, so no appeal was made to Rome. In vain he sought some plan whereby this calm and fearless churchman might be trapped and convicted of some act which might be construed as treasonable. One was more blundering than the other; all were tried in turn and failed, some ludicrously. His threatening sword was turned against himself. That great pastoral, entitled "Patriotism and Endurance" "is one of the most splendid apologies for national freedom expressed in modern times." [Says Maurice Francis Egan, reviewing "Cardinal Mercier's Own Story," New York *Times:*]

"I do not deny," writes the Cardinal, "that you have your part to play when you close all avenues leading abroad and you arrest those of our fellow-countrymen who attempt to cross the frontiers:—but do not treat as traitors these heroic young fellows who, at the risk of their liberty and their life, have the ambition to go and enroll themselves in our armies. Tolerate no longer the military courts that regard the purest civic virtue as treason.

"No longer condemn the teachers of youth for having approved, or for not having disapproved, a legitimate desire for the exercise of valor; do not inflict imprisonment or fine for their failing to denounce to the vengeance of your tribunals a pupil, perhaps a spiritual son.

"No longer make it a crime for generous souls to refuse a morsel of bread, an alms, a temporary shelter to the man of the people who tears himself away from his fireside to fly to the defense of his fatherland. Do not punish charity.

"Do not set traps for noble young fellows by inviting them to furnish or transmit correspondence of uncensored documents to keep recruits and to betray companions in misfortune.

"When a wretched young fellow is arrested, do not uselessly prolong his preventive detention. Grant him counsel to sustain him and to defend him before his judges. He has that right; see to it that there is some proportion between the crime and the penalty. Stop the promiscuous awarding of penal servitude, the pain of death deterrent to breaches of the law."

Von Bissing was forced to transmit this letter to Berlin together with his report. He could find no excuse for imprisoning the Cardinal, a Prince of the Church. He dared not. He was forced even to give him a passport to proceed to Rome, and he found that the Cardinal on his return was even more than ever determined to fight him on his own ground. He received from the Cardinal a copy of Article XVI of the Belgian Constitution which declared that "the State has not the right to forbid the ministers of any form of worship the publication of their acts," and also quotes Article XLIII, of The Hague Convention (of which Germany was signatory) "imposing on the power occupying a country respect for the Constitution and laws of said country."

So progressed the remarkable struggle of Von Bissing with the German army and the Kaiser at his back, against the Cardinal of Belgium, Desiré Joseph Mercier, until in April, 1917, when he died, and who shall say if chagrin did not hasten his end.

Of Von Bissing, Cardinal Mercier said in his letter, "The Baron Von Bissing was a believer: I remember

he said to me one day in unmistakable accents: '*I am not a Catholic, but I believe in Christ.*' I shall pray to our Lord in all sincerity for the repose of his soul."

The King and the Queen

UNDOUBTEDLY, the most striking and noble figure of the world war is that of King Albert; his manhood, his character, his record for fearlessness and bravery, transcend name or office, and the whole world unites to do honor to him to-day. Called unexpectedly in the year 1909 to take the throne and lead the destiny of the Belgians, his remarkable personality and his earnestness of purpose, evident from the moment of his succession, inaugurated a new era in the history of Belgium.

The little country was torn by the ancient struggles of the two parties which had been in hostile array against each other for centuries. These parties, or rather races, for as before related, the Flemings speak Dutch, and the Walloons, French,—number millions. They refused to mingle, each cherishing its own tongue and customs, and in a way respecting each other's idiosyncracies. Yet curiously enough, unless one were cognizant of the state of affairs, one would never suspect the fierce character of the strife between them, so entirely peaceful and har-

monious do they appear to the stranger, who views them superficially.

The task of leadership to which Albert was so suddenly summoned by the death of Leopold II, who had reigned for forty-four years, was certainly no easy one. The state of Belgium, a creation of diplomacy, its perpetual neutrality guaranteed by the powers (including Germany), was fraught with difficulties. The Kingdom was not a sovereign state. No navy was allowed it, and there were a number of other prerogatives which were distinctly forbidden.

If these restrictions were irksome to the Crown or the people, they gave no sign of their dissatisfaction but went about their task of development with singular enthusiasm. They achieved a commercial success which is in no small sense to be attributed to the wise and far-seeing policy of the young King in these difficult days following the year 1909. This was the period when Germany was exploiting with infinite camouflage her plans for world conquest under the name of "Kultur."

Observant travelers found all over Germany ominous and unmistakable evidences of this plan, which they reported to deaf ears—the world would not believe them. They told of the increase and mobilization of troops in Alsace and Lorraine, the vastly increased military budgets, and the extension of double track railway lines to the western frontiers. Belgium was swarming with Ger-

man merchants, Antwerp and Brussels being their headquarters. Within the last few years, since the Brussels exposition in 1910, they dominated trade. The newly constructed boulevards in both these towns were lined with their palatial residences. One wonders if the Belgians suspected the plans of the Kaiser—if so they gave no sign.

King Albert was born April 8, 1875. His full name is Albert Leopold Clement Maria Meinrad. In 1899 he first visited the United States as an earnest student and investigator. While here he charmed all who met him by his democratic and tactful ways, and made many lasting and enthusiastic friends. He returned to Belgium with outspoken admiration of our institutions, and with a profound understanding and knowledge of our many problems. He next went to Africa at the request of Leopold II, to explore and study the Belgian Congo-land. His report of conditions, and of the great wealth of the Congo, is said to be a model of succinctness and remarkable for its prophecies since realized.

In the years that followed, the full proof of the character and nobility of the young King has been made manifest to the world. The story of the world war certainly holds no more striking and heroic figure than that of Albert at the head of his tiny valiant army on the wide plains of Flanders, defending to the end that small cor-

ner of his Kingdom. The English historian's prophecy that on the day of peace, after his heroic resistance, "The name of Albert would lead all the rest," is fulfilled. Belgium refused to sell her soul. Belgium was not a road for the Kaiser's armies.

The whole world to-day pays homage to this valiant King and his brave Queen. Albert was to show his mettle in June, 1913, when the will of the Belgians was expressed at the polls and again defeated, as often before, because in the Constitution of 1830 the plural vote, an English device, had been adopted. It was unsatisfactory to the people. The Liberals, to change the already long rule of the Clericals and thus secure manhood suffrage, used another method by which men of all classes, creeds, and political affiliations could take part.

For days the entire traffic and business of the country was well nigh paralyzed. An overthrow of the throne was imminent and openly discussed. The King remained calm and self-contained in the face of the storm. There was neither destruction of property nor bloodshed, and the King steered the ship of state through these perilous days with a firm hand; he knew the spirit of his people, and he led them to safety. In spite of the fears of the party in power who urged upon the King the need of the military for protection, the sovereign refused their demands, and ignoring parties, sections and creeds, he stood

alone, the leader of the nation; the chosen supreme arbitrator, using only the power of Justice, without fear or passion.

His refusal to use the military decided the matter; those who had opposed him now turned, and it was resolved to abolish the plural vote, allowing instead one vote to each qualified voter, and a new law was framed. But before it could be acted upon, the terrible storm of war swept over the land; Belgium was overrun by the Kaiser's hordes. Amid the thunder of guns and the accompaniment of brute force, and unspeakable cruelty of the marching invaders, the stalwart figure of this valiant King at bay stood out before the eyes of an admiring world—and now the throne is "Broad-based upon a people's will," and the freeman's vote prevails in Belgium, a sovereign country and a complete nation.

Albert was just twenty-five when he married Elizabeth, who was the daughter of a Ducal house of Bavaria, with the title of Duchess. Her father, the Duke, was an oculist of fame as well as a philanthropist. Elizabeth is herself Doctor of Medicine of the University of Liége, and also a musician, being an expert violinist. The people of Belgium rejoiced in this marriage of Prince Albert, as he was then, and heartily welcomed the slender Duchess Elizabeth to their country, where she won all hearts by her charm of manner and by her untiring interest in the daily life of the people.

There are three children: Leopold, who was born in 1901, Charles in 1903, and the Princess Marie-Jose in 1906. When, in 1909, Albert and Elizabeth became King and Queen of the Belgians, they were beloved by all. The more the people saw of them, the better they liked them.

"To the education of their children they gave the most untiring attention. They were taught to learn and perform difficult tasks; to obey unquestioningly; to regard the feelings and happiness of others above their own; to deny themselves that others might have pleasure, and above all, to avoid vain-glory, or pride of position. Thus they have grown up under the proud eyes of the people. Think then, M'sieur, what the outbreak of the World War meant to this united family—when our country was thrilled to the core by the brave and fearless words of our King in answer to the brutal demand of the invader who suddenly crossed our frontier. When our King drew his sword that morning in August, facing with calmness and determination his ministers and members of the Parliament who thronged the house and said in a ringing voice, 'Faith have I in our destinies, a country which defends itself commands the respect of all. That country shall not perish! God will support us in a just cause. Long live an independent Belgium!' well he knew the temper of his people, and that loyalty to the throne was the dominant feeling that moved them.

They thrilled to his courageous words! The streets filled with people as the King departed to place himself at the head of his troops."

" 'Belgium is not a road,' cried the King, and the people took up that cry,—it rang from one end of the Kingdom to the other. The world knows well what followed. Throughout the period of the war the King and Queen were side by side with their loyal troops on the plains of Flanders. From the day when she was forced to leave the palace at Brussels, which she had turned into a hospital, and follow the army into exile, she worked unremittingly, as a nurse by the side of her hero King. The world knows, M'sieur, the record of those four terrible years in the trenches, and among the sand dunes at La Panne where their lives were in constant danger from the German shells. The King and Queen suffered with their soldiers, and shared with them their daily food. In the hospital founded by Dr. Depage in the dunes, the Queen, clad in a nurse's dress, without any other distinguishing mark, toiled daily with the others. At this time they lived in a small cottage at La Panne, within range of the German shells which fell constantly about them." A nun writes:

"Near by was the town of Furnes, and here were established two large refuge schools for destitute children, in which the Queen took an active interest. In these schools there were over six hundred children who had lost their

parents. For four years she toiled thus, M'sieur, our sainted Queen! And then came the day when, as if by magic, the great guns of war were silenced! The war was at an end! Can you picture to yourself what this meant to Belgium? The exile was over, and the King and Queen could return to Brussels. Belgium will never forget that clear, bright, November day, when at the head of his war worn, loyal troops with their battle flags flying, and the bands playing our anthem, the 'Brabançon,' the tall erect figure of our King Albert on his white horse rode into the town. Beside him was the Queen, clad in khaki, on a bay horse, and behind her the two princes Leopold and Charles, and little fair-haired Princess Marie-Jose, at the head of thirty thousand Allied troops, riding beneath triumphant arches of flags and flowers,—flowers and flags, and a cheering, crying, multitude. Then, the review being over, the King went to the Parliament to address the members, but what a difference there was in his words now!—The King had come home to the Capital of a free Belgium, and the cheers that greeted him came from the hearts of a free people, and their prayers of thankfulness went out to those who had aided them, above all to the people of America—to whom their gratitude is everlasting." (Extract from the letter of the Soeur Jeannette Cornu. Beguine. 1919.)

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[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the small fenced-off gar-
den [illegible] them with enough potatoes, beets, and
[illegible] There are one or two so called
"hotels," and during the war these were used as hospi-

tals and shelters for the women and children refugees.

Ten years or so ago, La Panne was unknown save to the wandering painters, who dwelt in the cabins of the fishermen, paying two and a half to four francs a day for board and lodging, such as it was, and finding splendid material for their canvases. But all at once, to the wonderment of the fishermen and their families, there came engineers and surveyors bearing strange instruments, who engaged in mysterious performances on the dunes. These were followed by masons and builders, laborers, donkey engines, and heaps of lumber, brick and cement. And lo! up sprang lines of quaint small villas along the melancholy dunes, and on the ocean front a brick paved "esplanade," and then—*a hotel.* La Panne awoke to the fact that it was a sea side resort. Some of these "villas" are perched high up on the dune tops; others are in the shelter of the hollows, and the effect is amusing and incongruous.

The fishing population is unique for the reason that the fishing is done on horseback. The men and women, mounted on the backs of the small horses, of a breed not seen elsewhere, present a strange picture on the sands, armed with long poles to which the nets are attached. They ride out boldly into the surf, pushing the nets before them, and scraping up whatever comes in their way. They seem to fish in bands of four or six, but occasionally a solitary figure, seeming in the mist like a centaur, is

seen and the picture is weird in the extreme. The catch seems to be shrimp more than anything else, and these are packed in sea weed and sent on to Antwerp by rail.

Small, narrow-gauge railways called "Chemins de fer vicinaux" run along the coast behind the dunes, connecting the small towns. The fare is very low, and the trains consist of a small squatty engine belching forth volumes of heavy sooty smoke, driven by a soot blackened engineer, who incessantly operates a loud gong with his foot and three or four small cars, labeled "I, II, and III Klasse." The latter are the most popular, and the former, differing only in its lace hung window and corduroy cushions, invariably is unoccupied. The "guard" in uniform takes up the fares in a sort of tin dipper in which there is a slot for the coin, and gives a receipt which must be kept in sight.

The third class carriage has plain wooden benches, and is generally crowded uncomfortably by the peasants who are noisy of speech, and smelly of person. But if one does not mind these drawbacks, the experience is apt to be most amusing and worth while. Before the outbreak of the war there was a most grandiose plan or project actually commenced to connect all of the small towns of the Flemish "Litoral." These were to be converted into fashionable sea side and bathing resorts, by means of a great wide brick paved boulevard, with a splendidly equipped tramway running beside it from Dunkirk, on

the French border, to Knocke at the mouth of the Scheldt. This was named "La Route Royale," and as a matter of fact some portion of it was completed between Ostende and Blankenberge. The Flemish coast line of about forty-five miles, from the French frontier to that of Dutch or Flemish Leeland, is an unvarying monotony of sand dunes topped with an undulating fringe of stunted scrub pine, and a growth of heavy grayish green wiry grass which is sown to keep the wind from blowing the sand away. Upon this long line of sand dunes the yellow waters of the North Sea roll and dash continually.

Here and there behind the towering sand hills are dark clumps of stunted Lombardy poplars. This land, behind the dunes, is called "Ter Streep" (the flats). In the furious storms of winter the sand is driven into great drifts, sometimes burying almost out of sight the huts of the fishermen, laying bare here and there evidences of the great prehistoric forests which once covered this part of Flanders.

Bortier, in his "Le Littoral de la Flandre, au IXe, et au XIXe Siecles," speaks of the great fight waged by the inhabitants against the invasions of the sea, and relates that the first of the dikes for the protection of the land were built in the Tenth Century, and called "Evendyck," and ran from the village of Heyst to Wenduyne. During the terrible storms and inundations of the Twelfth Century the whole physical aspect of the coast changed

and it was in consequence of one of these storms that "Nieuport" (so terribly bombarded by the Germans) owed its origin.

In those days Lombaertzyde, then a seaport, was destroyed, and its inhabitants driven away inland to a small village named Santhoven. Settling here they changed its name to Neoportus (New Harbor). In almost every corner hereabouts one finds some evidence of the past. Derode's "Histoire Religieuse de la Flandre Maritime" is filled with fascinating tales and legends of the Abbey of the Dunes, which flourished here in the Middle Ages.

Where the road turns in the direction of La Panne at Coxyde is a field with a few ruined walls and half filled crypts. This is all that remains of the famous Abbey of the Dunes, and the chronicle relates that in the last of the Eleventh Century a wandering monk named Lygar, or Lyger, build among the sand dunes a small hut which soon grew into a monastery; "for hearing of his holy life other monks joined him," and in the year 1122 the Abbey of the Dunes was erected by these Holy Eremites.

Of this abbey, said to have been the first built in Flanders of brick, and which consisted of "a great group of buildings and a church with no less than one hundred and five windows, carved stalls and a chime of wondrous bells, together with a library of precious MSS. and missals upon which the monks of skill labored long hours limn-

ing in gold and colors," the monks made a garden spot of the waste land behind the dunes. "No less than one hundred and fifty friars, and two hundred converts were thus engaged," says Derode.

"Ter Streep" is splendid ground for the painter, but apt to be "ennuyant" for the ordinary traveler. The roads lead across flat fields inland, and there are few farms; yet before the great flood in the Middle Ages, we are told that it was a most thriving and populous part of the country. Now there are few windmills, no boat builders, no milkwomen with yokes and brass bound pails, clattering along in their heavy wooden shoes. Nothing remains but tender-colored willows, waving grass, and thick masses of tall reeds surrounding one without end, stretches of dried and wet weed, where the whole country side had been flooded, and sand hillocks rising above them. The stillness is broken only by the heron as he flaps lazily along over the shallows. So these roads extend away from the coast, north, east, and south for miles.

The present writer recalls tramping one of them near Furnes. All the morning crowds of peasants had been pouring into the town for the market, driving before them herds of cows, pigs and sheep. As it was the first Monday in the month there was a great fair held, one street being full of cows, others cheese and butter, and yet another leading into the quaint old square, close to the red brick tower of the ancient church, for the pigs.

A man, evidently some sort of official, passed up and down the row of grunting porkers putting rings in their noses; a proceeding which they bore with amazing nonchalance, and the chime in the belfry of the old church overhead keeping up a clangor the whole time. These are the self-same people that Teniers painted, and daily they are doing the very same things which he depicted in his paintings. Certainly no one can fully appreciate the great masters of Flanders until he has seen the country in which they lived and painted. Theirs are pictures which have been painted by men who were content to depict their country as it really appeared, they

> "Descry abundant worth
> In trivial commonplace."

And so, if one carries a "holiday rejoicing spirit," one will find great profit in the trivial commonplace; whether he chooses to imitate Hazlitt who said "one of the pleasantest things in the world is going on a journey, but I like to go by myself," or whether he prefers like Sterne, "to have a companion, were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines," is a matter for his own decision. In any event it will do him great good to read Motley again.

But to return to the future of La Panne, and the others like Coxyde and Lombaertzyde; it is likely now that Belgium is so rapidly recovering from the effects of the

war, that the attention of the capitalists will again be fixed upon this Flemish Litoral. There were more than twenty busy embryo watering places, surrounded by villas and cottages, dotting the dunes, and a residential population of about sixty thousand, raised during the summer season to something like one hundred and twenty-five thousand. So these windy and solitary sand dunes, which were so savagely and so often fought over, have now turned into veritable gold mines for their owners. All about are picturesque and charming spots, gay with grass and flowers, ready to be built upon; and always within sound is the restless yellow and gray North Sea rolling in on the smooth sandy beach that stretches for miles on either side.

To the stranger Belgium holds out a welcoming hand; the gesture is at once appealing and pathetic.

"VIVE LA BELGIQUE!"

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